THE

WORKS

OF

HENRY FIELDING, Esq;

WITH

The LIFE of the AUTHOR.

VOL. VIII.

THE FIFTH EDITION.

EDINBURGH:
Printed for A. DONALDSON.
(According to ACT of PARLIAMENT.)

MDCCLXXI.

BODLEIAN
P
4 APR 1952

THE HISTORY OF TOM JONES, A FOUNDLING.

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THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

BOOK VIII.

Containing above two days.

CHAP. I.

A wonderful long chapter concerning the marvellous; being much the longeſt of all our introductory chapters.

AS we are now entering upon a book, in which the courſe of our hiſtory will oblige us to relate ſome matters of a more ſtrange and ſurpriſing kind than any which have hitherto occurred, it may not be amiſs in the prolegomenous, or introductory chapter, to ſay ſomething of that ſpecies of writing which is called the *marvellous*. To this we ſhall, as well for the ſake of o...ſelves, as of others, endeavour to ſet ſome certain bounds; and indeed nothing can be more neceſſary, as critics * of different complexions are here apt to run into very different extremes; for while ſome are, with M. Dacier, ready to allow, that the ſame thing which is impoſſible may be yet probable †, others have ſo little hiſtoric or poetic faith, that they

* By this word here, and in moſt other parts of our work, we mean every reader in the world.

† It was happy for M. Dacier that he was not an Iriſhman.

believe nothing to be either poſſible or probable, the like to which hath not occurred to their own obſervation.

Firſt then, I think, it may very reaſonably be required of every writer, that he keeps within the bounds of poſſibility; and ſtill remembers that what it is not poſſible for man to perform, it is ſcarce poſſible for man to believe he did perform. This conviction perhaps, gave birth to many ſtories of the ancient Heathen deities (for moſt of them are of poetical original.) The poet, being deſirous to indulge a wanton and extravagant imagination, took refuge in that power, of the extent of which his readers were no judges, or rather which they imagined to be infinite, and conſequently they could not be ſhocked at any prodigies related of it. This hath been ſtrongly urged in defence of Homer's miracles; and it is, perhaps, a defence; not, as Mr. Pope would have it, becauſe Ulyſſes told a ſet of fooliſh lies to the Phæacians, who were a very dull nation; but becauſe the poet himſelf wrote to heathens, to whom poetical fables were articles of faith. For my own part, I muſt confeſs, ſo compaſſionate is my temper, I wiſh Polypheme had confined himſelf to his milk diet, and preſerved his eye; nor could Ulyſſes be much more concerned than myſelf, when his companions were turned into ſwine by Circe, who ſhewed, I think, afterwards, too much regard for man's fleſh to be ſuppoſed capable of converting it into bacon. I wiſh, likewiſe, with all my heart, that Homer could have known the rule preſcribed by Horace, to introduce ſupernatural agents as ſeldom as poſſible. We ſhould not then have ſeen his gods coming on trivial errands, and often behaving themſelves ſo as not only to forfeit all title to reſpect, but to become the object of ſcorn and deriſion. A conduct which muſt have ſhocked the credulity of a pious and ſagacious heathen; and which could never have been defended, unleſs by agreeing with a ſuppoſition to which I have been ſometimes almoſt inclined, that this moſt glorious poet, as he certainly was, had an intent to burleſque the ſuperſtitious faith of his own age and country.

But

But I have reſted too long on a doctrine which can be of no uſe to a chriſtian writer; for as he cannot introduce into his works any of that heavenly hoſt which make a part of his creed; ſo is it horrid puerility to ſearch the heathen theology for any of thoſe deities who have been long ſince dethroned from their immortality. Lord Shafteſbury obſerves, that nothing is more cold than the invocation of a muſe by a modern; he might have added that nothing can be more abſurd. A modern may with much more elegance invoke a ballad, as ſome have thought Homer did, or a mug of ale with the author of Hudibras; which latter may perhaps have inſpired much more poetry as well as proſe, than all the liquors of Hippocrene or Helicon.

The only ſupernatural agents which can in any manner be allowed to us moderns, are ghoſts; but of theſe I would adviſe an author to be extremely ſparing. Theſe are indeed like arſenic, and other dangerous drugs in phyſic, to be uſed with the utmoſt caution; nor would I adviſe the introduction of them at all in thoſe works, or by thoſe authors to which, or to whom a horſe-laugh in the reader would be any great prejudice or mortification.

As for elves and fairies, and other ſuch mummery, I purpoſely omit the mention of them, as I ſhould be very unwilling to confine within any bounds thoſe ſurpriſing imaginations, for whoſe vaſt capacity the limits of human nature are too narrow; whoſe works are to be conſidered as a new creation; and who have conſequently juſt right to do what they will with their own.

Man therefore is the higheſt ſubject (unleſs on very extraordinary occaſions indeed) which preſents itſelf to the pen of our hiſtorian, or of our poet; and in relating his actions, great care is to be taken, that we do not exceed the capacity of the agent we deſcribe.

Nor is poſſibility alone ſufficient to juſtify us, we muſt keep likewiſe within the rules of probability. It is, I think, the opinion of Ariſtotle; or if not, it is the opinion of ſome wiſe man, whoſe authority will be as weighty, when it is as old; 'That it is no ex-

'cuſe for a poet who relates what is incredible, that 'the thing related is really matter of fact.' This may perhaps be allowed true with regard to poetry, but it may be thought impracticable to extend it to the hiſtorian: for he is obliged to record matters as he finds them; though they may be of ſo extraordinary a nature, as will require no ſmall degree of hiſtorical faith to ſwallow them. Such was the ſucceſsleſs armament of Xerxes, deſcribed by Herodotus, or the ſucceſsful expedition of Alexander related by Arrian. Such of later years was the victory of Agincourt obtained by Harry the Fifth, or that of Narva won by Charles the Twelfth of Sweden. All which inſtances, the more we reflect on them, appear ſtill the more aſtoniſhing.

Such facts, however, as they occur in the thread of the ſtory; nay, indeed, as they conſtitute the eſſential parts of it, the hiſtorian is not only juſtifiable in recording as they really happened; but indeed would be unpardonable, ſhould he omit or alter them. But there are other facts not of ſuch conſequence nor ſo neceſſary, which though ever ſo well atteſted, may nevertheleſs be ſacrificed to oblivion in complaiſance to the ſcepticiſm of a reader. Such is that memorable ſtory of the ghoſt of George Villers, which might with more propriety have been made a preſent of to Dr. Drelincourt, to have kept the ghoſt of Mrs. Veale company, at the head of his diſcourſe upon death, than have been introduced into ſo ſolemn a work as the hiſtory of the rebellion.

To ſay the truth, if the hiſtorian will confine himſelf to what really happened, and utterly reject any circumſtance, which, though never ſo well atteſted, he muſt be well aſſured is falſe, he will ſometimes fall into the marvellous, but never into the incredible. He will often raiſe the wonder and ſurprize of his reader, but never that incredulous hatred mentioned by Horace. It is by falling into fiction therefore, that we generally offend againſt this rule, of deſerting probability, which the hiſtorian ſeldom if ever quits, till he forſakes his character, and commences a writer of romance. In this, however, thoſe hiſtorians who relate public tranſactions have the advantage of us who confine

fine ourſelves to ſcenes of private life. The credit of the former is by common notoriety ſupported for a long time; and public records, with the concurrent teſtimony of many authors, bear evidence to their truth in future ages. Thus a Trajan and an Antoninus, a Nero and a Caligula, have all met with the belief of poſterity; and no one doubts but that men ſo very good, and ſo very bad, were once the maſters of mankind.

But we who deal in private character, who ſearch into the moſt retired receſſes, and draw forth examples of virtue and vice, from holes and corners of the world, are in a more dangerous ſituation. As we have no public notoriety, no concurrent teſtimony, no records to ſupport and corroborate what we deliver, it becomes us to keep within the limits not only of poſſibility, but of probability too; and this more eſpecially in painting what is greatly good and amiable. Knavery and folly, though never ſo exorbitant, will more eaſily meet with aſſent; for ill-nature adds great ſupport and ſtrength to faith.

Thus we may, perhaps, with little danger, relate the hiſtory of Fiſher; who having long owed his bread to the generoſity of Mr. Derby, and having one morning received a conſiderable bounty from his hands, yet in order to poſſeſs himſelf of what remained in his friends ſcrutore, concealed himſelf in a public office of the temple, through which there was a paſſage into Mr. Derby's chambers. Here he overheard Mr. Derby for many hours ſolacing himſelf at an entertainment which he that evening gave his friends, and to which Fiſher had been invited. During all this time, no tender, no grateful reflections aroſe to reſtrain his purpoſe; but when the poor gentlemen had let his company out through the office, Fiſher came ſuddenly from his lurking place, and walking ſoftly behind his friend into his chamber, diſcharged a piſtol-ball into his head. This may be believed, when the bones of Fiſher are as rotten as his heart. Nay, perhaps, it will be credited that the villain went two days afterwards with ſome young ladies to the play of Hamlet; and with an unaltered countenance heard one of the ladies,

who little ſuſpected how near ſhe was to the perſon, cry out, 'Good God! if the man that murdered Mr. 'Derby was now preſent!' Manifeſting in this a more ſeared and callous conſcience than even Nero himſelf; of whom we are told by Suetonius, 'that the conſci-'ouſneſs of his guilt, after the death of his mother, 'became immediately intolerable, and ſo continued; 'nor could all the congratulations of the ſoldiers, of 'the ſenate, and the people, allay the horrors of his 'conſcience.'

But now, on the other hand, ſhould I tell my reader, that I had known a man whoſe penetrating genius had enabled him to raiſe a large fortune in a way where no beginning was chalked out to him: that he had done this with the moſt perfect preſervation of his integrity, and not only without the leaſt injuſtice or injury to any one individual perſon, but with the higheſt advantage to trade, and a vaſt increaſe of the public revenue: that he had expended one part of the income of this fortune in diſcovering a taſte ſuperior to moſt, by works where the higheſt dignity was united with the pureſt ſimplicity, and another part in diſplaying a degree of goodneſs ſuperior to all men, by acts of charity to objects whoſe only recommendations were their merits, or their wants: that he was moſt induſtrious in ſearching after merit in diſtreſs, moſt eager to relieve it, and then as careful, (perhaps too careful) to conceal what he had done: that his houſe, his furniture, his gardens, his table, his private hoſpitality, and his public beneficence, all denoted the mind from which they flowed, and were all intrinſically rich and noble, without tinſel, or external oſtentation: that he filled every relation in life with the moſt adequate virtue: that he was moſt piouſly religious to his creator, moſt zealouſly loyal to his ſovereign; a moſt tender huſband to his wife, a kind relation, a munificent patron, a warm and firm friend, a knowing and a chearful companion, indulgent to his ſervants, hoſpitable to his neighbours, charitable to the poor, and benevolent to all mankind. Should I add to theſe the epithets of wiſe, brave, elegant, and indeed every other amiable epithet in our language, I might ſurely ſay,

—*Quis*

—Quis credit? nemo Hercule! nemo;
Vel duo, vel nemo.

And yet I know a man who is all I have here deſcribed. But a ſingle inſtance (and I really know not ſuch another) is not ſufficient to juſtify us, while we are writing to thouſands who never heard of the perſon, nor of any thing like him. Such *Raræ Aves* ſhould be remitted to the epitaph writer, or to ſome poet, who may condeſcend to hitch him in a diſtich, or to ſlide him into rhime with an air of careleſſneſs and neglect, without giving any offence to the reader

In the laſt place, the actions ſhould be ſuch as may not only be within the compaſs of human agency, and which human agents may probably be ſuppoſed to do; but they ſhould be likely for the very actors and characters themſelves to have performed: for what may be only wonderful and ſurpriſing in one man, may become improbable, or indeed impoſſible, when related of another.

This laſt requiſite is what the dramatic critics call converſation of character: and it requires a very extraordinary degree of judgment, and a moſt exact knowledge of human nature.

It is admirably remarked by a moſt excellent writer, that zeal can no more hurry a man to act in direct oppoſition to itſelf, than a rapid ſtream can carry a boat againſt its own current. I will venture to ſay, that for a man to act in direct contradiction to the dictates of his nature, is, if not impoſſible, as improbable and as miraculous as any thing which can well be conceived. Should the beſt parts of the ſtory of M. Antoninus be aſcribed to Nero, or ſhould the worſt incidents of Nero's life be imputed to Antoninus, what would be more ſhocking to belief than either inſtance; whereas both theſe being related of their proper agent, conſtitute the truly marvellous.

Our modern authors of comedy have fallen almoſt univerſally into the error here hinted at: their heroes generally are notorious rogues, and their heroines abandoned jades, during the firſt four acts; but in the fifth, the former become very worthy gentlemen, and the

the latter, women of virtue and diſcretion: nor is the writer often ſo kind as to give himſelf the leaſt trouble, to reconcile or account for this monſtrous change and incongruity. There is, indeed, no other reaſon to be aſſigned for it, than becauſe the play is drawing to a concluſion; as if it was no leſs natural in a rogue to repent in the laſt act of a play, than in the laſt of his life; which we perceive to be generally the caſe at Tyburn, a place which might, indeed cloſe the ſcene of ſome comedies with much propriety, as the heroes in theſe are moſt commonly eminent for thoſe very talents which not only bring men to the gallows, but enable them to make an heroic figure when they are there.

Within theſe few reſtrictions, I think, every writer may be permitted to deal as much in the wonderful as he pleaſes; nay, if he thus keeps within the rules of credibility, the more he can ſurprize the reader, the more he will engage his attention, and the more he will charm him. As a genius of the higheſt rank obſerves in his 5th chapter of the Bathos, 'The great 'art of all poetry is to mix truth with fiction; in or-'der to join the credible with the ſurpriſing.'

For though every good author will confine himſelf within the bounds of probability, it is by no means neceſſary that his characters, or his incidents, ſhould be trite, common, or vulgar; ſuch as happen in every ſtreet, or in every houſe, or which may be met with in the home articles of a news-paper. Nor muſt he be inhibited from ſhewing many perſons and things, which may poſſibly have never fallen within the knowledge of great part of his readers. If the writer ſtrictly obſerves the rules above-mentioned, he hath diſcharged his part; and is then intitled to ſome faith from his reader, who is indeed guilty of critical infidelity if he diſbelieves him. For want of a portion of ſuch faith, I remember the character of a young lady of quality, which was condemned on the ſtage for being unnatural, by the unanimous voice of a very large aſſembly of clerks and apprentices; though it had the previous ſuffrages of many ladies of the

firſt

firſt rank; one of whom, very eminent for her underſtanding, declared it was the picture of half the young people of her acquaintance.

CHAP. II.

In which the landlady pays a viſit to Mr. Jones.

WHEN Jones had taken leave of his friend the lieutenant, he endeavoured to cloſe his eyes, but all in vain; his ſpirits were too lively and wakeful to be lulled to ſleep. So having amuſed, or rather tormented himſelf, with the thoughts of his Sophia, till it was open day light, he called for ſome tea; upon which occaſion my landlady herſelf vouchſafed to pay him a viſit.

This was indeed the firſt time ſhe had ſeen him, or at leaſt had taken any notice of him; but, as the lieutenant had aſſured her that he was certainly ſome young gentleman of faſhion, ſhe now determined to ſhew him all the reſpect in her power; for, to ſpeak truly, this was one of thoſe houſes where gentlemen, to uſe the language of advertiſements, meet with civil treatment for their money.

She had no ſooner begun to make his tea, than ſhe likewiſe began to diſcourſe, 'La! Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'I think it is great pity that ſuch a pretty young 'gentleman ſhould undervalue himſelf ſo, as to go 'about with theſe ſoldier fellows. They call themſelves gentlemen, I warrant you; but, as my firſt 'huſband uſed to ſay, they ſhould remember it is we 'that pay them. And to be ſure it is very hard upon 'us to be obliged to pay them, and to keep 'em too, 'as we publicans are. I had twenty of 'um laſt night 'beſides officers; nay, for matter o'that, I had rather have the ſoldiers than officers: for nothing is 'ever good enough for thoſe ſparks; and I am ſure, 'if you was to ſee the bills, la, Sir, it is nothing. 'I have had leſs trouble, I warrant you, with a good 'ſquire's family, where we take forty or fifty ſhillings of a night, beſides horſes. And yet I warrants me, there is narrow a one of all thoſe officer

'fellows,

'fellows, but looks upon himſelf to be as good as 'arrow a 'ſquire of 500 l. a year. To be ſure it doth 'me good to hear their men run about after 'um, 'crying your honour and your honour. Marry come 'up with ſuch honour, and an ordinary at a ſhilling 'a head. Then there's ſuch ſwearing among 'um, 'to be ſure, it frightens me out of my wits; I thinks 'nothing can ever proſper with ſuch wicked people. 'And here one of 'um has uſed you in ſo barbarous a 'manner. I thought indeed how well the reſt would 'ſecure him; they all hang together; for if you had 'been in danger of death, which I am glad to ſee 'you are not, it would have been all as one to ſuch 'wicked people. They would have let the murderer 'go. Laud have mercy upon 'um; I would not have 'ſuch a ſin to anſwer for, for the whole world. But 'though you are likely, with the bleſſing, to recover, 'there is laa for him yet; and if you will employ law-'yer Small, I dareſt be ſworn he'll make the fellow 'fly the country for him; though perhaps he'll have 'fled the country before; for it is here to-day and 'gone to morrow with ſuch chaps. I hope, however, 'you will learn more wit for the future, and return 'back to your friends: I warrant they are all miſer-'able for your loſs; and if they was but to know what 'had happened La, my ſeeming! I would not for 'the world they ſhould. Come, come, we know 'very well what all the matter is; but if one wont, 'another will; ſo pretty a gentleman need never 'want a lady. I am ſure, if I was as you, I would 'ſee the fineſt ſhe that ever wore a head hanged, be-'fore I would go for a ſoldier for her.—Nay, don't 'bluſh ſo (for indeed he did to a violent degree:) 'why, you thought Sir, I knew nothing of the 'matter, I warrant you, about Madam Sophia.' 'How,' ſays Jones, ſtarting up, 'do you know my 'Sophia?' 'Do I! ay marry,' cries the landlady, 'many's the time hath ſhe lain in this houſe.' 'With 'her aunt, I ſuppoſe,' ſays Jones—'Why there it 'is now,' cries the landlady 'Ay, ay, ay, I know 'the old lady very well. And a ſweet young creature

'is

'is Madam Sophia, that's the truth on't.' 'A ſweet 'creature!' cries Jones, 'O heavens!

'Angels are painted fair to look like her.
'There's in her all that we believe of heaven,
'Amazing brightneſs, purity, and truth,
'Eternal joy, and everlaſting love.

'And could I ever have imagined that you had 'known my Sophia!' 'I wiſh,' ſays the landlady, 'you knew half ſo much of her. What would you 'have given to have ſat by her bed ſide? What a 'delicious neck ſhe hath! Her lovely limbs have 'ſtretched themſelves in that very bed you now lie 'in.' Here!' cries Jones, 'hath Sophia ever laid 'here?—'Ay, ay, here: there; in that very bed,' ſays the landlady, 'where I wiſh you had her this 'moment; and ſhe may wiſh ſo too for any thing I 'know to the contrary: for ſhe hath mentioned your 'name to me.'—Ha,' cries he, 'did ſhe ever men-'tion her poor Jones?—You flatter me now; I can 'never believe ſo much.' 'Why then,' anſwered ſhe, 'as I hope to be ſaved, and may the devil fetch me, 'if I ſpeak a ſyllable more than the truth. I have 'heard her mention Mr. Jones; but in a civil and 'modeſt way, I confeſs; yet I could perceive ſhe 'thought a great deal more than ſhe ſaid.' 'O my 'dear woman,' cries Jones, 'her thoughts of me I 'ſhall never be worthy of. O ſhe is all gentleneſs, 'kindneſs, goodneſs. Why was ſuch a raſcal as I 'born, ever to give her ſoft boſom a moment's un-'eaſineſs? why am I curſed? I, who would ungergo 'all the plagues and miſeries which any dæmon ever 'invented for mankind, to procure her any good; 'nay, torture itſelf could not be miſery to me, did 'I but know that ſhe was happy.' 'Why, look you 'there now,' ſays the landlady, 'I told her you 'was a conſtant lover.' 'But pray, Madam, tell me 'when or where you knew any thing of me; for 'I never was here before, nor do I remember ever 'to have ſeen you.' 'Nor is it poſſible you ſhould,' anſwered

anſwered ſhe; 'for you was a little thing when I 'had you in my lap at the 'ſquire's.'——'How 'the 'ſquire's,' ſays Jones, 'what do you know that 'great and good Mr. Allworthy then?' 'Yes, 'marry do I,' ſays ſhe; 'who in the country doth 'not?'—'The fame of his goodneſs indeed, anſwered Jones, 'muſt have extended farther than 'this; but heaven only can know him, can know 'that benevolence which it copied from itſelf, and 'ſent upon earth as its own pattern. Mankind are 'as ignorant of ſuch divine goodneſs, as they are 'unworthy of it; but none ſo unworthy of it as my-'ſelf. I who was raiſed by him to ſuch a height; 'taken in, as you muſt well know, a poor baſe-'born child, adopted by him, and treated as his own 'ſon, to dare by my follies to diſoblige him. to 'draw his vengeance upon me. Yes, I deſerve it 'all for I will never be ſo ungrateful as ever to 'think he hath done an act of injuſtice by me. No, 'I deſerve to be turned out of doors as I am. And 'now, Madam, ſays he, I believe you will not blame 'me for turning ſoldier, eſpecially with ſuch a fortune 'as this in my pocket' At which words he ſhook a purſe, which had but very little in it, and which ſtill appeared to the landlady to have leſs.

My good landlady was (according to vulgar phraſe) ſtruck all of a heap by this relation. She anſwered coldly. 'That to be ſure people were the beſt judges 'what was moſt proper for their circumſtances.—— 'But hark,' ſays ſhe, 'I think I hear ſomebody 'call. Coming! Coming! the devil's in all our volk, 'nobody hath any ears. I muſt go down ſtairs, if 'you want any more breakfaſt, the maid will come 'up. Coming!' At which words, without taking any leave, ſhe flung out of the room: for the lower ſort of people are very tenacious of reſpect; and though they are contented to give this gratis to perſons of quality, yet they never confer it on thoſe of their own order, without taking care to be well paid for their pains.

CHAP. III.

In which the ſurgeon makes his ſecond appearance

BEFORE we proceed any farther, that the reader may not be miſtaken in imagining the landlady knew more than ſhe did, nor ſurpriſed that ſhe knew ſo much, it may be neceſſary to inform him, that the lieutenant had acquainted her that the name of Sophia had been the occaſion of the quarrel; and as for the reſt of her knowledge, the ſagacious reader will obſerve how ſhe came by it in the preceding ſcene. Great curioſity was indeed mixed with her virtues; and ſhe never willingly ſuffered any one to depart from her houſe without enquiring as much as poſſible into their names, families, and fortunes.

She was no ſooner gone than Jones, inſtead of animadverting on her behaviour, reflected that he was in the ſame bed, which he was informed had held his dear Sophia. This occaſioned a thouſand fond and tender thoughts, which we would dwell longer upon did we not conſider that ſuch kind of lovers will make a very inconſiderable part of our readers. In this ſituation the ſurgeon found him, when he came to dreſs his wound. The doctor, perceiving, upon examination, that his pulſe was diſordered, and hearing that he had not ſlept, declared that he was in great danger: for he apprehended a fever was coming on; which he would have prevented by bleeding, but Jones would not ſubmit, declaring he would loſe no more blood; and 'doctor,' ſays he, 'if you will be 'ſo kind only to dreſs my head, I have no doubt of 'being well in a day or two.'

'I wiſh,' anſwered the ſurgeon, 'I could aſſure 'your being well in a month or two. Well indeed! 'No, no, people are not ſo ſoon well of ſuch contuſi-'ons; but, Sir, I am not at this time of day to be 'inſtructed in my operations by a patient, and I in-'ſiſt on making a revulſion before I dreſs you.'

Jones perſiſted obſtinately in his refuſal, and the doctor at laſt yielded; telling him at the ſame time,

that he would not be anſwerable for the ill conſequence, and hoped he would do him the juſtice to acknowledge that he had given him a contrary advice; which the patient promiſed he would.

The doctor retired into the kitchen, where, addreſſing himſelf to the landlady, he complained bitterly of the undutiful behaviour of his patient, who would not be blooded, though he was in a fever.

'It is an eating fever then,' ſays the landlady: 'for 'he hath devoured two ſwinging buttered toaſts this 'morning for breakfaſt.'

'Very likely,' ſays the doctor; 'I have known 'people eat in a fever; and it is very eaſily account-'ed for; becauſe the acidity occaſioned by the febrile 'matter, may ſtimulate the nerves of the diaphragm, 'and thereby occaſion a craving, which will not be 'eaſily diſtinguiſhable from a natural appetite; but 'the aliment will not be concreted, nor aſſimilated 'into chyle, and ſo will corrode the vaſcular orifices, 'and thus will aggravate the febrific ſymptoms. In-'deed I think the gentleman in a very dangerous 'way, and if he is not blooded, I am afraid will 'die.'

'Every man muſt die ſome time or other,' anſwered the good woman; 'it is no buſineſs of mine. I 'hope, Doctor, you would not have me hold him 'while you bleed him.——But, harkee, a word in 'your ear; I would adviſe you before you proceed 'too far, to take care who is to be your paymaſter.'

'Paymaſter!' ſaid the doctor, ſtaring, 'why, I've 'a gentleman under my hands, have I not?'

'I imagined ſo as well as you,' ſaid the landlady; 'but as my firſt huſband uſed to ſay, 'every thing is 'not what it looks to be. He is an arrant ſcrub, I 'aſſure you. However, take no notice that I men-'tioned any thing to you of the matter; but I think 'people in buſineſs oft always to let one another 'know ſuch things.'

'And have I ſuffered ſuch a fellow as this,' cries the doctor, in a paſſion, 'to inſtruct me? Shall I 'hear my practice inſulted by one who will not pay 'me! I am glad I have made this diſcovery in time.

'I

'I will ſee now whether he will be blooded or no.' He then immediately went up ſtairs, and flinging open the door of the chamber with much violence, awaked poor Jones from a very ſound nap, into which he was fallen, and what was ſtill worſe, from a delicious dream concerning Sophia.

'Will you be blooded or no?' cries the doctor in a rage. 'I have told you my reſolution already.' anſwered Jones, 'and I wiſh with all my heart you 'had taken my anſwer: for you have awaked me out 'of the ſweeteſt ſleep which I ever had in my life.'

'Ay, ay,' cries the doctor, 'many a man hath 'doſed away his life. Sleep is not always good, no 'more than food; but remember I demand of you 'for the laſt time, will you be blooded?' 'I an-'ſwer you for the laſt time,' ſaid Jones, 'I will not.' 'Then I waſh my hands of you,' cries the doctor; 'and I deſire you to pay me for the trouble I have 'had already. Two journies at 5 s. each, two dreſ-'ſings at 5 s. more, and half a-crown for phlebotomy.' 'I hope,' ſaid Jones, 'you don't intend to 'leave me in this condition.' 'Indeed but I ſhall,' ſaid the other. 'Then,' ſaid Jones, you have uſed 'me raſcally, and I will not pay you a farthing.' 'Very well,' cries the doctor, 'the firſt loſs is the 'beſt. What a pox did my landlady mean by ſend-'ing for me to ſuch vagabonds?' At which words he flung out of the room, and his patient turning himſelf about ſoon recovered his ſleep; but his dream was unfortunately gone.

CHAP. IV.

In which is introduced one of the pleaſanteſt barbers that was ever recorded in hiſtory, the barber of Bagdad, or he in Don Quixote not excepted.

THE clock had now ſtruck five, when Jones awaked from a nap of ſeven hours, ſo much refreſhed, and in ſuch perfect health and ſpirits, that he reſolved to get up and dreſs himſelf: for which purpoſe he unlocked his portmanteau, and took out

clean linen, and a ſuit of cloaths; but firſt he ſlipt on a frock, and went down into the kitchen to beſpeak ſomething that might pacify certain tumults he found riſing within his ſtomach.

Meeting the landlady, he accoſted her with great civility, and aſked 'what he could have for dinner.' 'For dinner!' ſays ſhe, 'it is an odd time of day 'to think about dinner. There is nothing dreſt in 'the houſe, and the fire is almoſt out.' 'Well 'but,' ſays he, 'I muſt have ſomething to eat, and 'it is almoſt indifferent to me what: for to tell you 'the truth, I was never more hungry in my life.' 'Then,' ſays ſhe, 'I believe there is a piece of cold 'buttock and carrot, which will fit you.'—'Nothing 'better,' anſwered Jones, but I ſhould be obliged 'to you if you would let it be fryed.' To which the landlady conſented, and ſaid ſmiling, 'ſhe was 'glad to ſee him ſo well recovered:' for the ſweetneſs of our heroe's temper was almoſt irreſiſtible; beſides, ſhe was really no ill-humoured woman at the bottom; but ſhe loved money ſo much, that ſhe hated every thing which had the ſemblance of poverty.

Jones now returned in order to dreſs himſelf, while his dinner was preparing, and was, according to his orders, attended by the barber.

This barber, who went by the name of Little Benjamin, was a fellow of great oddity and humour, which had frequently led him into ſmall inconveniencies, ſuch as ſlaps in the face, kicks in the breech, broken bones, &c. For every one doth not underſtand a jeſt; and thoſe who do, are often diſpleaſed with being themſelves the ſubjects of it. This vice was however incurable in him; and though he had often ſmarted for it, yet if ever he conceived a joke, he was certain to be delivered of it, without the leaſt reſpect of perſons, time, or place.

He had a great many other particularities in his character, which I ſhall not mention, as the reader will himſelf very eaſily perceive them, on his farther acquaintance with this extraordinary perſon.

Jones

Jones being impatient to be dreſt, for a reaſon which may eaſily be imagined, thought the ſhaver was very tedious in preparing his ſuds, and begged him to make haſte; to which the other anſwered, with much gravity: for he never diſcompoſed his muſcles on any account. 'Feſtina lentè is a proverb 'which I learnt long before I ever touched a razor.' 'I find, friend, you are a ſcholar,' replied Jones. 'A poor one,' ſaid the barber, 'non omnia poſſumus 'omnes.' 'Again!' ſaid Jones; 'I fancy you are 'good at capping verſes.' 'Excuſe me, Sir,' ſaid the barber, 'non tanto me dignor honori.' And then proceeding to his operation, 'Sir,' ſaid he, 'ſince 'I have dealt in ſuds, I could never diſcover more 'than two reaſons for ſhaving, the one is to get a 'beard, and the other to get rid of one. I conjec-'ture, Sir, it may not be long ſince you ſhaved from 'the former of theſe motives. Upon my word you 'have had good ſucceſs; for one may ſay of your 'beard, that it is tondenti gravior.' 'I conjecture,' ſays Jones, 'that thou art a very comical fellow.' 'You miſtake me widely, Sir,' ſaid the barber, 'I 'am too much addicted to the ſtudy of philoſophy, 'hinc illæ lacrymæ, Sir, that's my misfortune. Too 'much learning hath been my ruin.' 'Indeed,' ſays Jones, 'I confeſs, friend, you have more learning 'than generally belongs to your trade; but I can't 'ſee how it can have injured you.' 'Alas, Sir,' anſwered the ſhaver, 'my father diſinherited me for it. 'He was a dancing-maſter; and becauſe I could read 'before I could dance, he took an averſion to me, 'and left every farthing among his other children. '——Will you pleaſe to have your temples——O 'la! I aſk your pardon, I fancy there is hiatus in 'manuſcriptis. I heard you was going to the wars: 'but I find it was a miſtake.' 'Why do you con-'clude ſo?' ſays Jones. 'Sure, Sir,' anſwered the 'barber, you are too wiſe a man to carry a broken 'head thither; for that would be carrying coals to 'Newcaſtle.'

'Upon my word,' cries Jones, 'thou art a very 'odd fellow, and I like thy humour extremely; I

'shall be very glad if thou wilt come to me after dinner, and drink a glaſs with me; I long to be better acquainted with thee.'

'O dear Sir,' ſaid the barber, 'I can do you twenty 'times as great a favour if you will accept of it.' 'What is that, my friend,' cries Jones. 'Why, I 'will drink a bottle with you, if your pleaſe; for I 'dearly love good-nature; and as you have found 'me out to be a comical fellow, ſo I have no ſkill in 'phyſiognomy, if you are not one of the beſt na-'tured gentlemen in the univerſe.' Jones now walked down ſtairs neatly dreſt, and perhaps the fair Adonis was not a lovelier figure; and yet he had no charms for my landlady: for as that good woman did not reſemble Venus at all in her perſon, ſo neither did ſhe in her taſte. Happy had it been for Nanny the chambermaid, if ſhe had ſeen with the eyes of her miſtreſs; for that poor girl fell ſo violently in love with Jones in five minutes, that her paſſion afterwards coſt her many a ſigh. This Nancy was extremely pretty, and altogether as coy; for ſhe had refuſed a drawer, and one or two young farmers in the neighbourhood, but the bright eyes of our hero thawed all her ice in a moment.

When Jones returned to the kitchen, his cloth was not yet laid: nor indeed was there any occaſion it ſhould, his dinner remaining in *ſtatu quo*, as did the fire which was to dreſs it. This diſappointment might have put many a philoſophical temper into a paſſion; but it had no ſuch effect on Jones. He only gave the landlady a gentle rebuke, ſaying, 'ſince it 'was ſo difficult to get it heated, he would eat the 'beef cold.' But now the good woman, whether moved by compaſſion, or by ſhame, or by whatever other motive, I cannot tell, firſt gave her ſervants a round ſcold for diſobeying the orders which ſhe had never given, and then bidding the drawer lay a napkin in the Sun, ſhe ſet about the matter in good earneſt, and ſoon accompliſhed it.

This Sun, into which Jones was now conducted, was truly named, as *lucus a non lucendo*; for it was an apartment into which the ſun had ſcarce ever looked.

It

It was indeed the worſt room in the houſe; and happy was it for Jones that it was ſo. However, he has now too hungry to find any fault; but having once ſatisfied his appetite, he ordered the drawer to carry a bottle of wine into a better room, and expreſſed ſome reſentment at having been ſhewn into a dungeon.

The drawer having obeyed his commands, he was, after ſome time, attended by the barber; who would not indeed have ſuffered him to wait ſo long for his company. had he not been liſtening in the kitchen to the landlady, who was entertaining a circle that ſhe had gathered round her with the hiſtory of poor Jones, part of which ſhe had extracted from his own lips, and the other part was her own ingenious compoſition; 'for ſhe ſaid he was a poor pariſh boy, 'taken into the houſe of 'ſquire Allworthy, where 'he was bred up as an apprentice, and now turned 'out of doors for his miſdeeds, particularly for making love to his young miſtreſs, and probably for 'robbing the houſe; for how elſe ſhould he come 'by the little money he hath; and this,' ſays ſhe, 'is your gentleman forſooth.' 'A ſervant of 'ſquire 'Allworthy!' ſays the barber, 'what's his name?'— 'Why he told me his name was Jones,' ſays ſhe, 'perhaps he goes by a wrong name. Nay, and he 'told me too, that the 'ſquire had maintained him as 'his own ſon, thof he had quarrelled with him now.' 'And if his name be Jones, he told you the truth.' ſaid the barber; 'for I have relations who live in 'that country, nay, and ſome people ſay he is his 'ſon.' 'Why doth he not go by the name of his 'father? 'I can't tell that,' ſaid the barber, 'many 'people's ſons don't go by the name of their father.' 'Nay' ſaid the landlady, 'if I thought he was a 'gentleman's ſon. thof he was a bye-blow, I ſhould 'behave to him in another gueſs manner; for many 'of theſe bye-blows come to be great men, and, as 'my poor firſt huſband uſed to ſay, never affront a-'ny cuſtomer that's a gentleman.'

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

A dialogue between Mr. Jones and the barber.

THIS converſation paſſed partly while Jones was at dinner in his dungeon, and partly while he was expecting the barber in the parlour. And, as ſoon as it was ended, Mr. Benjamin, as we have ſaid, attended him, and was very kindly deſired to ſit down. Jones then filling out a glaſs of wine, drank his health by the appellation of *doctiſſime tonſorum*. *Ago tibi gratias, domine*, ſaid the barber; and then looking very ſtedfaſtly at Jones, he ſaid, with great gravity, and with a ſeeming ſurpriſe, as if he had recollected a face he had ſeen before, 'Sir, may 'I crave the favour to know if your name is not 'Jones?' To which the other anſwered, that it was. 'Proh deûm atque hominum fidem,' ſays the barber, 'how ſtrangely things come to paſs! Mr. Jones, I 'am your moſt obedient ſervant. I find you do not 'know me, which indeed is no wonder, ſince you 'never ſaw me but once, and then you was very 'young. Pray, Sir, how doth the good 'ſquire All-'worthy? how doth *ille optimus omnium patronus?*' 'I find,' ſaid Jones, 'you do indeed know me; but 'I have not the like happineſs of recollecting you.'— 'I do not wonder at that,' cries Benjamin; 'but 'I am ſurpriſed I did not know you ſooner, for you 'are not in the leaſt altered And pray, Sir, may I 'without offence inquire whither you are travelling 'this way? Fill the glaſs, Mr. Barber,' ſaid Jones, 'and aſk no more queſtions' 'Nay, Sir,' anſwered Benjamin, 'I would not be troubleſome; and 'I hope you don't think me to be a man of an impertinent curioſity, for that is a vice which no-body 'can lay to my charge; but I aſk pardon, for when 'a gentleman of your figure travels without his ſervants, we may ſuppoſe him to be, as we ſay, in '*caſu incognito*, and perhaps I ought not to have 'mentioned your name.' 'I own,' ſays Jones, 'I 'did not expect to have been ſo well known in this

'country

'country as I find I am, yet for particular reaſons, 'I ſhall be obliged to you if you will not mention 'my name to any other perſon, till I am gone from 'hence.' 'Pauca verba,' anſwered the barber; 'and 'I wiſh no other here knew you but myſelf; for 'ſome people have tongues; but I promiſe you I can 'keep a ſecret. My enemies will allow me that vir-'tue.' 'And yet that is not the characteriſtic of 'your profeſſion, Mr. Barber,' anſwered Jones. 'Alas, 'Sir,' replied Benjamin, 'Non ſi male nunc et olim 'ſic erit. I was not born nor bred a barber, I aſſure 'you I have ſpent moſt of my time among gentle-'men, and, though I ſay it, I underſtand ſomething 'of gentility. And if you had thought me as worthy 'of your confidence as you have ſome other people, 'I ſhould have ſhewn you I could have kept a ſecret 'better I ſhould not have degraded your name in 'a public kitchen; for indeed, Sir, ſome people have 'not uſed you well; for beſides making a public 'proclamation of what you told them of a quarrel 'between yourſelf and 'ſquire Allworthy, they added 'lies of their own, things which I knew to be lies.' 'You ſurprize me greatly,' cries Jones. 'Upon 'my word, Sir,' anſwered Benjamin, 'I tell the 'truth, and I need not tell you my landlady was the 'perſon. I am ſure it moved me to hear the ſtory, 'and I hope it is all falſe; for I have a great reſpect 'for you, I do aſſure you I have, and have had, e-'ver ſince the good-nature you ſhewed to Black 'George, which was talked of all over the coun-'try, and I received more than one letter about it. 'Indeed it made you beloved by every body. You 'will pardon me, therefore; for it was real concern 'at what I heard made me aſk ſo many queſtions; 'for I have no impertinent curioſity about me; but 'I love good-nature, and thence became *amoris a-'bundantia erga te.*'

Every profeſſion of friendſhip eaſily gains credit with the miſerable; it is no wonder, therefore, if Jones, who, beſides his being miſerable, was ex-tremely open-hearted, very readily believed all the profeſſions of Benjamin, and received him into his boſom.

boſom. The ſcraps of Latin, ſome of which Benjamin applied properly enough, though it did not ſavour of profound literature, ſeemed yet to indicate ſomething ſuperior to a common barber, and ſo indeed did his whole behaviour. Jones therefore believed the truth of what he had ſaid, as to his original and education, and at length, after much entreaty, he ſaid, 'Since you have heard, my friend, 'ſo much of my affairs, and ſeem ſo deſirous to 'know the truth, if you will have patience to hear 'it, I will inform you of the whole.' 'Patience,' cries Benjamin, 'that I will, if the chapter was never 'ſo long, and I am very much obliged to you for the 'honour you do me.'

Jones now began, and related the whole hiſtory, forgetting only a circumſtance or two, namely, every thing which paſſed on that day in which he had fought with Thwackum, and ended with his reſolution to go to ſea, till the rebellion in the North had made him change his purpoſe, and had brought him to the place where he then was.

Little Benjamin, who had been all attention, never once interrupted the narrative; but when it was ended, he could not help obſerving, that there muſt be ſurely ſomething more invented by his enemies and told Mr Allworthy againſt him, or ſo good a man would never have diſmiſſed one he had loved ſo tenderly, in ſuch a manner. To which Jones anſwered, 'He doubted not but ſuch villainous arts had been 'made uſe of to deſtroy him.'

And ſurely it was ſcarce poſſible for any one to have avoided making the ſame remark with the barber; who had not, indeed, heard from Jones, one ſingle circumſtance upon which he was condemned; for his actions were not now placed in thoſe injurious lights, in which they had been miſrepreſented to Allworthy: nor could he mention thoſe many falſe accuſations which had been from time to time preferred againſt him to Allworthy; for with none of theſe he was himſelf acquainted. He had likewiſe, as we have obſerved, omitted many material facts in his preſent relation. Upon the whole, indeed, every thing now appeared

appeared in ſuch favourable colours to Jones, that malice itſelf would have found it no eaſy matter to fix any blame upon him.

Not that Jones deſired to conceal or to diſguiſe the truth; nay, he would have been more unwilling to have ſuffered any cenſure to fall on Mr. Allworthy for puniſhing him, than on his own actions for deſerving it, but, in reality, ſo it happened, and ſo it always will happen: for let a man be never ſo honeſt, the account of his own conduct will, in ſpite of himſelf, be ſo very favourable, that his vices will come purified through his lips, and, like foul liquors well ſtrained, will leave all their foulneſs behind. For though the facts themſelves may appear, yet ſo different will be the motives, circumſtances, and conſequences, when a man tells his own ſtory, and when his enemy tells it, that we ſcarce can recognize the facts to be one and the ſame.

Though the barber had drank down this ſtory with greedy ears, he was not yet ſatisfied. There was a circumſtance behind, which his curioſity, cold as it was, moſt eagerly longed for. Jones had mentioned the fact of his amour, and of his being the rival of Bliſil, but had cautiouſly concealed the name of the young lady. The barber therefore, after ſome heſitation, and many hums and ha's, at laſt begged leave to crave the name of the lady, who appeared to be the principal cauſe of all this miſchief. Jones pauſed a moment, and then ſaid, 'Since I have truſted you 'with ſo much, and ſince, I am afraid, her name is 'become too publick already on this occaſion, I will 'not conceal it from you. Her name is Sophia 'Weſtern.'

'*Prob Deum atque hominum fidem!* 'ſquire Weſtern 'hath a daughter grown a woman!' 'Ay, and ſuch 'a woman,' cries Jones, 'that the world cannot 'match. No eye ever ſaw any thing ſo beautiful; 'but that is her leaſt excellence. Such ſenſe! ſuch 'goodneſs! O I could praiſe her for ever, and yet 'ſhould omit half her virtues.' 'Mr. Weſtern a 'daughter grown up!' cries the barber, 'I re-

'member

'member the father a boy: well, *Tempus edax re-*
'*rum.*'

The wine being now at an end, the barber preſſed very eagerly to be his bottle; but Jones abſolutely refuſed, ſaying, 'He had already drunk more than 'he ought; and that he now choſe to retire to his 'room, where he wiſhed he could procure himſelf a 'book.' 'A book!' cries Benjamin, 'what book 'would you have? Latin or Engliſh? I have ſome 'curious books in both languages Such as *Eraſmi* '*Colloquia*, *Ovid de Triſtibus*, *Gradus ad Parnaſſum*; 'and in Engliſh I have ſeveral of the beſt books, 'though ſome of them are a little torn; but I have 'a great part of Stowe's Chronicle; the ſixth volume 'of Pope's Homer; the third volume of the Spec-'tator; the ſecond volume of Echard's Roman 'Hiſtory; the Craftſman; Robinſon Cruſoe; Tho-'mas a Kempis, and two volumes of Tom Brown's 'works.'

'Thoſe laſt,' cries Jones, 'are books I never 'ſaw, ſo if you pleaſe to lend me one of thoſe vo-'lumes.' The barber aſſured him he would be highly entertained; for he looked upon the Author to have been one of the greateſt wits that ever the nation produced. He then ſtepped to his houſe, which was hard by, and immediately returned; after which, the barber having received very ſtrict injunctions of ſecrecy from Jones, and having ſworn inviolably to maintain it, they ſeparated; the barber went home, and Jones retired to his chamber.

CHAP. VI.

In which more of the talents of Mr. Benjamin will appear, as well as who this extraordinary perſon was.

IN the morning Jones grew a little uneaſy at the deſertion of his ſurgeon, as he apprehended ſome inconvenience, or even danger, might attend the not dreſſing his wound: he enquired therefore of the drawer what other ſurgeons were to be met with in that neighbourhood. The drawer told him there was one

not far off; but he had known him often refuſe to be concerned after another had been ſent for before him, 'but, Sir,' ſays he, 'if you will take my advice, 'there is not a man in the kingdom can do your buſi-'neſs better than the barber who was with you laſt 'night. We look upon him to be one of the ableſt 'men at a cut in all this neighbourhood. For though 'he hath not been here above three months, he hath 'done ſeveral great cures.'

The drawer was preſently diſpatched for Little Benjamin, who being acquainted in what capacity he was wanted, prepared himſelf accordingly, and attended; but with ſo different an air and aſpect from that which he wore when his baſon was under his arm, that he could ſcarce be known to be the ſame perſon.

'So, tonſor,' ſays Jones, 'I find you have more 'trades than one; how came you not to inform me of 'this laſt night?' 'A ſurgeon, anſwered Benjamin, with great gravity, 'is a profeſſion, not a trade. The 'reaſon why I did not acquaint you laſt night that I 'profeſſed this art, was that I then concluded you was 'under the hands of another gentleman, and I never 'love to interfere with my brethren in their buſineſs. '*Ars omnibus communis.* But now, Sir, if you pleaſe, 'I will inſpect your head, and when I ſee into your 'ſkull, I will give my opinion of your caſe.'

Jones had no great faith in this new profeſſor; however, he ſuffered him to open the bandage, and to look at his wound, which as ſoon as he had done, Benjamin began to groan and ſhake his head violently. Upon which Jones, in a peeviſh manner, bid him not play the fool, but tell him in what condition he found him. 'Shall I anſwer you as a ſurgeon, or a friend?' ſaid Benjamin. 'As a friend, and ſeriouſly,' ſaid Jones. 'Why then upon my ſoul,' cries Benjamin, 'it would require a great deal of art to keep you from 'being well after a very few dreſſings; and if you 'will ſuffer me to apply ſome ſalve of mine, I will 'anſwer for the ſucceſs.' Jones gave his conſent, and the plaiſter was applied accordingly.

'There, Sir,' cries Benjamin, 'now I will, if you 'pleaſe, reſume my former ſelf; but a man is obliged

'to keep up ſome dignity in his countenance whilſt he 'is performing theſe operations, or the world will not 'ſubmit to be handled by him. You can't imagine, 'Sir, of how much conſequence a grave aſpect is to a 'grave character. A barber may make you laugh, 'but a ſurgeon ought rather to make you cry.'

'Mr. Barber, or Mr Surgeon, or Mr. Barber-ſur-'geon,' ſaid Jones.—'O dear Sir, anſwered Benjamin, interrupting him, '*Infandum, Regina, jubes re-'novare Dolorem*, You recal to my mind that cruel 'ſeparation of the united fraternities, ſo much to the 'prejudice of both bodies, as all ſeparations muſt be, 'according to the old adage, *Vis unita fortior*; which 'to be ſure there are not wanting ſome of one or of 'the other fraternity who are able to conſtrue. What 'a blow was this to me who unite both in my own 'perſon'—'Well, by whatever name you pleaſe to 'be called,' continued Jones, 'you certainly are one 'of the oddeſt, moſt comical fellows I ever met with, 'and muſt have ſomething very ſurpriſing in your 'ſtory, which you muſt confeſs I have a right to hear.' 'I do confeſs it,' anſwered Benjamin, 'and will ve-'ry readily acquaint you with it, when you have ſuf-'ficient leiſure; for I promiſe you it will require a 'good deal of time.' Jones told him, he could never be more at leiſure than at preſent. 'Well then,' ſaid Benjamin, 'I will obey you; but firſt I will faſten the 'door, that none may interrupt us.' He did ſo, and then advancing with a ſolemn air to Jones, ſaid; 'I 'muſt begin by telling you, Sir, that you yourſelf 'have been the greateſt enemy I ever had.' Jones was a little ſtartled at this ſudden declaration. 'I your 'enemy, Sir!' ſays he, with much amazement, and ſome ſternneſs in his look. 'Nay, be not angry,' ſaid Benjamin, 'for I promiſe you I am not. You are per-'fectly innocent of having intended me any wrong; 'for you was then an infant; but I ſhall, I believe, 'unriddle all this the moment I mention my name. 'Did you never hear, Sir, of one Partridge, who had 'the honour of being reputed your father, and the miſ-'fortune of being ruined by that honour?' 'I have 'indeed heard of that Partridge,' ſays Jones, 'and

'have

'have always believed myself to be his son.' 'Well, 'Sir,' answered Benjamin, 'I am that Partridge; 'but I here absolve you from all filial duty; for I do 'assure you, you are no son of mine.' 'How!' replied Jones, 'and is it possible that a false suspicion 'should have drawn all the ill consequences upon 'you with which I am too well acquainted?' 'It is 'possible,' cries Benjamin, 'for it is so; but though 'it is natural enough for men to hate even the innocent causes of their sufferings, yet I am of a different 'temper. I have loved you ever since I heard of your 'behaviour to Black George, as I told you; and I 'am convinced, from this extraordinary meeting, 'that you are born to make me amends for all I have 'suffered on that account. Besides, I dreamt, the 'night before I saw you, that I stumbled over a stool 'without hurting myself; which plainly shewed me 'something good was towards me; and last night I 'dreamt again, that I rode behind you on a milk-'white mare, which is a very excellent dream, and 'betokens much good fortune, which I am resolved 'to pursue, unless you have the cruelty to deny me.'

'I should be very glad, Mr. Partridge,' answered Jones, 'to have it in my power to make you amends 'for your sufferings on my account, though at pre-'sent I see no likelihood of it: however, I assure 'you I will deny you nothing which is in my power 'to grant.'

'It is in your power sure enough,' replied Benjamin; 'for I desire nothing more than leave to attend 'you in this expedition. Nay, I have so entirely set 'my heart upon it, that if you should refuse me, you 'will kill both a barber and a surgeon in one breath.'

Jones answered smiling, That he should be very sorry to be the occasion of so much mischief to the public. He then advanced many prudential reasons, in order to dissuade Benjamin (whom we shall hereafter call Partridge) from his purpose; but all were in vain. Partridge relied strongly on his dream of the milk-white mare. 'Besides, Sir,' says he, 'I 'promise you, I have as good an inclination to the 'cause as any man can possibly have; and go I will,

'whether you admit me to go in your company or 'not.'

Jones, who was as much pleaſed with Partridge, as Partridge could be with him, and who had not conſulted his own inclination, but the good of the other in deſiring him to ſtay behind, when he found his friend ſo reſolute, at laſt gave his conſent; but then recollecting himſelf, he ſaid, 'Perhaps, Mr. 'Partridge, you think I ſhall be able to ſupport you, 'but I really am not;' and then taking out his purſe, he told out nine guineas, which he declared were his whole fortune.

Partridge anſwered, 'That his dependance was only 'on his future favour: for he was thoroughly con-'vinced he would ſhortly have enough in his power. 'At preſent, Sir,' ſaid he, 'I believe I am rather the 'richer man of the two; but all I have is at your ſer-'vice, and at your diſpoſal. I inſiſt upon your taking 'the whole, and I beg only to attend you in the qua-'lity of your ſervant, *Nil deſperandum eſt Teucro duce 'et auſpice Teucro*;' but to this generous propoſal concerning the money, Jones would by no means ſubmit.

It was reſolved to ſet out the next morning, when a difficulty aroſe concerning the baggage; for the portmanteau of Mr. Jones was too large to be carried without a horſe.

'If I may preſume to give my advice,' ſays Partridge, 'this portmanteau, with every thing in it, ex-'cept a few ſhirts, ſhould be left behind. Thoſe I 'ſhall be eaſily able to carry for you, and the reſt of 'your cloaths will remain very ſafely locked up in 'my houſe.'

This method was no ſooner propoſed than agreed to, and then the barber departed, in order to prepare every thing for his intended expedition.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

Containing better reaſons than any which have yet appeared for the conduct of Partridge; an apology for the weakneſs of Jones; and ſome farther anecdotes concerning my landlady.

THOUGH Partridge was one of the moſt ſuperſtitious of men, he would hardly perhaps have deſired to accompany Jones on his expedition merely from the omens of the joint-ſtool, and white mare, if his proſpect had been no better than to have ſhared the plunder gained in the field of battle. In fact, when Partridge came to ruminate on the relation he had heard from Jones, he could not reconcile to himſelf, that Mr. Allworthy ſhould turn his ſon (for ſo he moſt firmly believed him to be) out of doors, for any reaſon which he had heard aſſigned. He concluded therefore, that the whole was a fiction, and that Jones, of whom he had often from his correſpondents heard the wildeſt character, had in reality run away from his father. It came into his head, therefore, that if he could prevail with the young gentleman to return back to his father, he ſhould by that means render a ſervice to Allworthy, which would obliterate all his former anger; nay, indeed, he conceived that very anger was counterfeited, and that Allworthy had ſacrificed him to his own reputation. And this ſuſpicion, indeed, he well accounted for from the tender behaviour of that excellent man to the fondling child; from his great ſeverity to Partridge, who knowing himſelf to be innocent, could not conceive that any other ſhould think him guilty; laſtly, from the allowance which he had privately received long after the annuity had been publicly taken from him; and which he looked upon as a kind of ſmart-money, or rather by way of atonement for injuſtice, for it is very uncommon, I believe, for men to aſcribe the benefactions they receive to pure charity, when they can poſſibly impute them to any other motive. If he could by any means, therefore, perſuade

ſuade the young gentleman to return home, he doubted not but that he ſhould again be received into the favour of Allworthy, and well rewarded for his pains; nay, and ſhould be again reſtored to his native country; a reſtoration which Ulyſſes himſelf never wiſhed more heartily than poor Partridge.

As for Jones he was well ſatisfied with the truth of what the other had aſſerted, and believed that Partridge had no other inducements but love to him, and zeal for the cauſe. A blameable want of caution and diffidence in the veracity of others, in which he was highly worthy of cenſure. To ſay the truth, there are but two ways by which men become poſſeſſed of this excellent quality. The one is from long experience, and the other is from nature; which laſt, I preſume is often meant by genius or great natural parts; and it is infinitely the better of the two, not only as we are maſters of it much earlier in life, but as it is much more infallible and concluſive: for a man who hath been impoſed upon by ever ſo many, may ſtill hope to find others more honeſt; whereas he who receives certain neceſſary admonitions from within, that this is impoſſible, muſt have very little underſtanding indeed, if he ever renders himſelf liable to be once deceived As Jones had not this gift from nature, he was too young to have gained it by experience; for at the diffident wiſdom which is to be acquired this way we ſeldom arrive till very late in life; which is perhaps the reaſon why ſome old men are apt to deſpiſe the underſtandings of all thoſe who are a little younger than themſelves.

Jones ſpent moſt part of the day in the company of a new acquaintance. This was no other than the landlord of the houſe, or rather the huſband of the landlady He had but lately made his deſcent down ſtairs, after a long fit of the gout, in which diſtemper he was generally confined to his room during one half of the year: and during the reſt he walked about the houſe, ſmoaked his pipe, and drank his bottle with his friends, without concerning himſelf in the leaſt with any kind of buſineſs. He had been bred, as they call it, a gentleman, that is, bred up to do nothing,

thing, and had ſpent a very ſmall fortune, which he inherited from an induſtrious farmer his uncle, in hunting, horſe-racing, and cock-fighting, and had been married by my landlady for certain purpoſes, which he had long ſince deſiſted from anſwering: for which ſhe hated him heartily. But as he was a ſurly kind of fellow, ſo ſhe contented herſelf with frequently upbraiding him by diſadvantageous compariſons with her firſt huſband, whoſe praiſe ſhe had eternally in her mouth; and as ſhe was for the moſt part miſtreſs of the profit, ſo ſhe was ſatisfied to take upon herſelf the care and government of the family, and after a long ſucceſsleſs ſtruggle, to ſuffer her huſband to be maſter of himſelf.

In the evening, when Jones retired to his room, a ſmall diſpute aroſe between this fond couple concerning him. 'What,' ſays the wife, 'you have 'been tippling with the gentleman! I ſee.' 'Yes,' anſwered the huſband, 'we have cracked a bottle 'together, and a very gentleman-like man he is, and 'hath a very pretty notion of horſe-fleſh. Indeed he 'is young and hath not ſeen much of the world: 'for I believe he hath been at very few horſe races.' 'O ho! he is one of your order, is he?' replies the landlady; 'he muſt be a gentleman to be ſure, if he 'is a horſe-racer. The devil fetch ſuch gentry; I 'am ſure I wiſh I had never ſeen any of them. I have 'reaſon to love horſe-racers truly.' 'That you have,' ſays the huſband; 'for I was one you know.' 'Yes,' anſwered ſhe, 'you are a pure one indeed. As my 'firſt huſband uſed to ſay, I may put all the good I 'have ever got by you in my eyes, and ſee never the 'worſe.' 'D—n your firſt huſband,' cries he.— 'Don't d—n a better man than yourſelf,' anſwered the wife; 'if he had been alive, you durſt not have 'done it.' 'Then you think,' ſays he, 'I have not 'ſo much courage as yourſelf: for you have d—n'd 'him often in my hearing.' 'If I did,' ſays ſhe, 'I have repented of it, many's the good time and 'oft. And if he was ſo good to forgive me a word 'ſpoken in haſte, or ſo, it doth not become ſuch a 'one as you to twitter me. He was a huſband to

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'me, he was; and if ever I did make uſe of an ill 'word or ſo in a paſſion. I never called him raſcal; 'I ſhould have told a lie, if I had called him raſ-'cal.' Much more ſhe ſaid, but not in his hearing: for having lighted his pipe, he ſtaggered off as faſt as he could. We ſhall therefore tranſcribe no more of her ſpeech, as it approached ſtill nearer and nearer to a ſubject too indelicate to find any place in this hiſtory.

Early in the morning Partridge appeared at the bedſide of Jones, ready equipped for the journey, with his knapſack at his back. This was his own workmanſhip; for beſides his other trades, he was no indifferent taylor. He had already put up his whole ſtock of linen in it, conſiſting of four ſhirts, to which he now added eight for Mr. Jones; and then packing up the portmanteau, he was departing with it towards his own houſe, but was ſtopt in his way by the landlady, who refuſed to ſuffer any removals till after the payment of the reckoning.

The landlady was, as we have ſaid, abſolute governeſs in theſe regions; it was therefore neceſſary to comply with her rules; ſo the bill was preſently writ out, which amounted to a much larger ſum than might have been expected, from the entertainment which Jones had met with. But here we are obliged to diſcloſe ſome maxims which publicans hold to be the grand myſteries of their trade. The firſt is, if they have any thing good in their houſe (which indeed very ſeldom happens) to produce it only to perſons who travel with great equipages. 2dly. To charge the ſame for the very worſt proviſions, as if they were the beſt. And, laſtly, if any of their gueſts call but for little, to make them pay a double price for every thing they have, ſo that the amount by the head may be much the ſame.

The bill being made and diſcharged, Jones ſet forward with Partridge, carrying his knapſack; nor did the landlady condeſcend to wiſh him a good journey: for this was it ſeems, an inn frequented by people of faſhion; and I know not whence it is, but all thoſe who get their livelihood by people of faſhion, contract

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as much inſolence to the reſt of mankind as if they really belonged to that rank themſelves.

CHAP. VIII.

Jones arrives at Glouceſter, and goes to the Bell; the character of that houſe, and of a pettyfogger, which he there meets with.

MR. Jones, and Partridge, or Little Benjamin, which epithet of Little was perhaps given him ironically, he being in reality near ſix feet high) having left their laſt quarters in the manner before deſcribed, travelled on to Glouceſter, without meeting any adventure worth relating.

Being arrived here, they choſe for their houſe of entertainment the ſign of the Bell, an excellent houſe indeed, and which I do moſt ſeriouſly recommend to every reader who ſhall viſit this ancient city. The maſter of it is brother to the great preacher Whitefield; but is abſolutely untainted with the pernicious principles of methodiſm, or of any other heretical ſect. He is indeed a very honeſt plain man, and, in my opinion, not likely to create any diſturbance either in church or ſtate. His wife hath, I believe, had much pretenſion to beauty, and is ſtill a very fine woman. Her perſon and deportment might have made a ſhining figure in the politeſt aſſemblies; but though ſhe muſt be conſcious of this, and many other perfections, ſhe ſeems perfectly contented with, and reſigned to that ſtate of life to which ſhe is called; and this reſignation is entirely owing to the prudence and wiſdom of her temper: for ſhe is at preſent as free from any methodiſtical notions as her huſband. I ſay at preſent: for ſhe freely confeſſes that her brother's documents made at firſt ſome impreſſion upon her, and that ſhe had put herſelf to the expence of a long hood, in order to attend the extraordinary motions of the ſpirit; but having found during an experiment of three weeks, no emotions, ſhe ſays, worth a farthing, ſhe very wiſely laid by her hood, and abandoned the ſect. To be conciſe, ſhe is a very friendly, good-

good-natured woman; and ſo induſtrious to oblige, that her gueſts muſt be of a very moroſe diſpoſition who are not extremely well ſatisfied in her houſe.

Mrs. Whitefield happened to be in the yard when Jones and his attendant marched in. Her ſagacity ſoon diſcovered in the air of our hero ſomething which diſtinguiſhed him from the vulgar. She ordered her ſervants, therefore, immediately to ſhew him into a room, and preſently afterwards invited him to dinner with herſelf; which invitation he very thankfully accepted, for indeed much leſs agreeable company than that of Mrs. Whitefield, and a much worſe entertainment than ſhe had provided, would have been welcome, after ſo long faſting, and ſo long a walk.

Beſides Mr. Jones and the good governeſs of the manſion, there ſat down at table an attorney of Saliſbury, indeed the very ſame who had brought the news of Mrs. Blifil's death to Mr. Allworthy, and whoſe name, which I think we did not before mention, was Dowling: there was likewiſe preſent another perſon, who ſtiled himſelf a lawyer, and who lived ſomewhere near Linlinch, in Somerſetſhire. This fellow, I ſay, ſtiled himſelf a lawyer, but was indeed a moſt vile petty-fogger, without ſenſe or knowledge of any kind; one of thoſe who may be termed train-bearers to the law; a ſort of ſupernumeraries in the profeſſion, who are the hackneys of attornies, and will ride more miles for half-a-crown than a poſt-boy.

During the time of dinner, the Somerſetſhire lawyer recollected the face of Jones, which he had ſeen at Mr. Allworthy's: for he had often viſited in that gentleman's kitchen. He therefore took occaſion to enquire after the good family there, with that familiarity which would have become an intimate friend or acquaintance of Mr. Allworthy; and indeed he did all in his power to inſinuate himſelf to be ſuch, though he had never had the honour of ſpeaking to any perſon in that family higher than the butler. Jones anſwered all his queſtions with much civility, though he never remembered to have ſeen the petty-fogger before, and though he concluded from the outward appearance and behaviour of the man, that

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he uſurped a freedom with his betters, to which he was by no means intitled.

As the converſation of fellows of this kind, is of all others the moſt deteſtable to men of any ſenſe, the cloth was no ſooner removed than Mr. Jones withdrew, and a little barbarouſly left poor Mrs. Whitefield to do a penance, which I have often heard Mr. Timothy Harris, and other publicans of good taſte, lament, as the ſevereſt lot annexed to their calling, namely, that of being obliged to keep company with their gueſts.

Jones had no ſooner quitted the room, than the petty-fogger in a whiſpering tone, aſked Mrs. Whitefield, 'if ſhe knew who that fine ſpark was?' She anſwered, 'ſhe had never ſeen the gentleman before.' 'The gentleman, indeed!' replied the petty-fogger; 'a pretty gentleman truly! Why, he's the baſtard of 'a fellow who was hanged for horſe-ſtealing. He 'was dropt at 'ſquire Allworthy's door, where one 'of the ſervants found him in a box ſo full of rain-'water, that he would certainly have been drowned, 'had he not been reſerved for another fate.' 'Ay, 'ay, you need not mention it, I proteſt; we under-'ſtand what that fate is very well,' cries Dowling, with a moſt facetious grin. 'Well,' continued the other, 'the 'ſquire ordered him to be taken in: for 'he is a timberſome man every body knows, and 'was afraid of drawing himſelf into a ſcrape; and 'there the baſtard was bred up and fed and cloathi-'fied all to the world like any gentleman; and there 'he got one of the ſervant maids with child, and 'perſuaded her to ſwear it to the 'ſquire himſelf; and 'afterwards he broke the arm of one Mr. Thwackum 'a clergyman, only becauſe he reprimanded him for 'following whores; and afterwards he ſnapt a piſtol 'at Mr. Blifil behind his back; and once when 'ſquire 'Allworthy was ſick, he got a drum, and beat it all 'over the houſe, to prevent him from ſleeping; and 'twenty other pranks he hath played; for all which, 'about four or five days ago, juſt before I left the 'country, the 'ſquire ſtripp'd him ſtark naked, and 'turned him out of doors.'

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'And very juſtly too, I proteſt,' cries Dowling; 'I would turn my own ſon out of doors, if he was 'guilty of half as much. And pray what is the name 'of this pretty gentleman?'

'The name o'un!' anſwered the petty-fogger, 'why, he is called Thomas Jones.'

'Jones!' anſwered Dowling, a little eagerly, 'what, Mr. Jones that lived at Mr. Allworthy's! 'was that the gentleman that dined with us?' 'The 'very ſame,' ſaid the other, 'I have heard of the 'gentleman,' cries Dowling, 'often; but I never 'heard any ill character of him.' 'And I am ſure,' ſays Mrs. Whitefield, 'if half what this gentleman 'hath ſaid be true, Mr. Jones hath the moſt deceitful countenance I ever ſaw; for ſure his looks promiſe ſomething very different; and I muſt ſay, for 'the little I have ſeen of him, he is as civil a well-'bred man as you would wiſh to converſe with.'

The petty-fogger calling to mind that he had not been ſworn, as he uſually was, before he gave his evidence, now bound what he had declared with ſo many oaths and imprecations, that the landlady's ears were ſhocked, and ſhe put a ſtop to his ſwearing, by aſſuring him of her belief. Upon which he ſaid, 'I 'hope, Madam, you imagine I would ſcorn to tell 'ſuch things of any man unleſs I knew them to be 'true. What intereſt have I in taking away the re-'putation of a man who never injured me? I pro-'miſe you every ſyllable of what I have ſaid is fact, 'and the whole country knows it.'

As Mrs. Whitefield had no reaſon to ſuſpect that the petty-fogger had any motive or temptation to abuſe Jones, the reader cannot blame her for believing what he ſo confidently affirmed with many oaths. She accordingly gave up her ſkill in phyſiognomy, and hence forwards conceived ſo ill an opinion of her gueſt, that ſhe heartily wiſhed him out of her houſe.

This diſlike was now farther increaſed by a report which Mr. Whitefield made from the kitchen, where Partridge had informed the company, 'That though 'he carried the knapſack, and contented himſelf with 'ſtaying among ſervants, while Tom Jones (as he cal-

'led him) was regaling in the parlour, he was not 'his ſervant, but only a friend and companion, and 'as good a gentleman as Mr. Jones himſelf.'

Dowling ſat all this while ſilent, biting his fingers, making faces, grinning, and looking wonderfully arch; at laſt he opened his lips, and proteſted that the gentleman looked like another ſort of man. He then called for his bill with the utmoſt haſte, declared he muſt be at Hereford that evening, lamented his great hurry of buſineſs, and wiſhed he could divide himſelf into twenty pieces, in order to be at once in twenty places.

The petty-fogger now likewiſe departed, and then Jones deſired the favour of Mrs. Whitefield's company to drink tea with him; but ſhe refuſed, and with a manner ſo different from that with which ſhe had received him at dinner, that it a little ſurprized him. And now he ſoon perceived her behaviour totally changed; for inſtead of that natural affability which we have before celebrated, ſhe wore a conſtrained ſeverity on her countenance, which was ſo diſagreeable to Mr. Jones, that he reſolved however late to quit the houſe that evening.

He did indeed account ſomewhat unfairly for this ſudden change; for beſides ſome hard and unjuſt ſurmiſes concerning female ſickleneſs and mutability, he began to ſuſpect that he owed this want of civility to his want of horſes; a ſort of animals which, as they dirty no ſheets, are thought, in inns, to pay better for their beds than their riders, and are therefore conſidered as the more deſirable company; but Mrs. Whitefield, to do her juſtice, had a much more liberal way of thinking. She was perfectly well-bred, and could be very civil to a gentleman, though he walked on foot. In reality, ſhe looked on our hero as a ſorry ſcoundrel, and therefore treated him as ſuch, for which not even Jones himſelf, had he known as much as the reader, could have blamed her; nay, on the contrary, he muſt have approved her conduct, and have eſteemed her the more for the diſreſpect ſhewn towards himſelf. This is indeed a moſt aggravating circumſtance which attends depriving men unjuſtly

of their reputation; for a man who is conſcious of having an ill character, cannot juſtly be angry with thoſe who neglect and ſlight him: but ought rather to deſpiſe ſuch as affect his converſation, unleſs where a perfect intimacy muſt have convinced them that their friend's character hath been falſely and injuriouſly aſperſed.

This was not, however, the caſe of Jones; for as he was a perfect ſtranger to the truth, ſo he was with good reaſon offended at the treatment he received. He therefore paid his reckoning and departed, highly againſt the will of Mr. Partridge, who having remonſtrated much againſt it to no purpoſe, at laſt condeſcended to take up his knapſack, and to attend his friend.

CHAP. IX.

Containing ſeveral dialogues between Jones and Partridge, concerning love, cold, hunger, and other matters; with the lucky and narrow eſcape of Partridge, as he was on the very brink of making a fatal diſcovery to his friend.

THE ſhadows began now to deſcend larger from the high mountains: the feathered creation had betaken themſelves to their reſt. Now the higheſt order of mortals were ſitting down to their dinners, and the loweſt order to their ſuppers. In a word, the clock ſtruck five juſt as Mr. Jones took his leave of Glouceſter; an hour at which (as it was now mid-winter) the dirty fingers of night would have drawn her ſable curtain over the univerſe, had not the moon forbid her, who now, with a face as broad and as red as thoſe of ſome jolly mortals, who, like her, turn night into day, began to riſe from her bed, where ſhe had ſlumbered away the day, in order to ſit up all night. Jones had not travelled far before he paid his compliments to that beautiful planet, and turning to his companion, aſked him, if he had ever beheld ſo delicious an evening. Partridge making no ready anſwer to his queſtion, he proceed-

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ed to comment on the beauty of the moon, and repeated ſome paſſages from Milton, who hath certainly excelled all other poets in his deſcription of the heavenly luminaries. He then told Partridge the ſtory from the Spectator, of two lovers who had agreed to entertain themſelves when they were at a great diſtance from each other, by repairing, at a certain fixed hour, to look at the moon; thus pleaſing themſelves with the thought that they were both employed in contemplating the ſame object at the ſame time. 'Thoſe lovers,' added he, 'muſt have had 'ſouls truly capable of feeling all the tenderneſs of 'the ſublimeſt of all human paſſions.' 'Very 'probably,' cries Partridge: 'but I envy them 'more, if they had bodies incapable of feeling 'cold; for I am almoſt frozen to death, and am 'very much afraid I ſhall loſe a piece of my noſe 'before we get to another houſe of entertainment. 'Nay, truly we may well expect ſome judgment 'ſhould happen to us for our folly in running away 'ſo by night from one of the moſt excellent inns I 'ever ſet my foot into. I am ſure I never ſaw more 'good things in my life, and the greateſt lord in the 'land cannot live better in his own houſe than he may 'there. And to forſake ſuch a houſe, and go a rambling about the country, the Lord knows whither, '*per devia rura viarum*, I ſay nothing for my part; 'but ſome people might not have charity enough to 'conclude we were in our ſober ſenſes.' 'Fie upon it, Mr. Partridge,' ſays Jones, 'have a better 'heart: conſider you are going to face an enemy; 'and are you afraid of facing a little cold? I wiſh, 'indeed, we had a guide to adviſe which of theſe 'roads we ſhould take.' 'May I be ſo bold,' ſays Partridge, 'to offer my advice: *Interdum ſtultus* '*opportuna loquitur.*' 'Why, which of them,' cries Jones, 'would you recommend?' 'Truly neither 'of them,' anſwered Partridge. 'The only road we 'can be certain of finding, is the road we came. 'A good hearty pace will bring us back to Glouceſter in an hour; but if we go forward, the Lord 'Harry knows when we ſhall arrive at any place;

'for I ſee at leaſt fifty miles before me, and no houſe 'in all the way.' 'You ſee, indeed, a very fair 'proſpect,' ſays Jones, 'which receives great ad-'ditional beauty from the extreme luſtre of the 'moon. However, I will keep the left-hand track, 'as that ſeems to lead directly to thoſe hills, which 'we were informed lie not far from Worceſter. And 'here, if you are inclined to quit me, you may, and 'return back again; but, for my part, I am reſolved 'to go forward.'

'It is unkind in you, Sir,' ſays Partridge, 'to 'ſuſpect me of any ſuch intention. What I have 'adviſed hath been as much on your account as on 'my own; but ſince you are determined to go on, 'I am as much determined to follow. *I præ, ſe-'quar te.*'

They now travelled ſome miles without ſpeaking to each other, during which ſuſpence of diſcourſe Jones often ſighed, and Benjamin groaned as bitterly, though from a very different reaſon. At length Jones made a full ſtop, and turning about, cries, 'Who 'knows, Partridge, but the loveliеſt creature in the 'univerſe may have her eyes now fixed on that very 'moon which I behold at this inſtant?' 'Very 'likely, Sir,' anſwered Partridge, 'and if my eyes 'were fixed on a good ſurloin of roaſt beef, the de-'vil might take the moon and her horns into the 'bargain.' 'Did ever Tramontane make ſuch an 'anſwer?' cries Jones. 'Prithee, Partridge, waſt 'thou ever ſuſceptible of love in thy life, or hath 'time worn away all the traces of it from thy me-'mory?' 'Alack-a-day,' cries Partridge, 'well 'would it have been for me if I had never known 'what love was. *Infanda Regina jubes renovare 'Dolorem.* I am ſure I have taſted all the tenderneſs 'and ſublimities, and bitterneſſes of the paſſion.' 'Was your miſtreſs unkind then?' ſays Jones. 'Very unkind indeed, Sir,' anſwered Partridge? 'for ſhe married me, and made one of the moſt con-'founded wives in the world. However, heaven be 'praiſed, ſhe's gone; and if I believed ſhe was in the 'moon, according to the book I once read, which

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'teaches that to be the receptacle of departed ſpirits, 'I would never look at it for fear of ſeeing her: 'but I wiſh, Sir, that the moon was a looking glaſs 'for your ſake, and that Miſs Sophia Weſtern was 'now placed before it.' 'My dear Partridge,' cries Jones, 'what a thought was there! A thought which 'I am certain could never have entered into any 'mind but that of a lover. O Partridge, could I 'hope once again to ſee that face; but, alas! all 'thoſe golden dreams are vaniſhed for ever, and my 'only refuge from future miſery is to forget the ob-'ject of all my former happineſs,' 'And do you 'really deſpair of ever ſeeing Miſs Weſtern again?' anſwered Partridge: 'If you will follow my advice, 'I will engage you ſhall not only ſee her, but have 'her in your arms.' 'Ha! do not awaken a thought 'of that nature,' cries Jones. 'I have ſtruggled 'ſufficiently to conquer all ſuch wiſhes already.' 'Nay,' anſwered Partridge, 'if you do not wiſh 'to have your miſtreſs in your arms, you are a moſt 'extraordinary lover indeed' 'Well, well,' ſays Jones, 'let us avoid this ſubject; but pray what is 'your advice?' 'To give it you in the military 'phraſe then,' ſays Partridge, 'as we are ſoldiers; 'To the right about.' 'Let us return the way we 'came; we may yet reach Glouceſter to-night, 'though late; whereas if we proceed, we are likely, 'for ought I ſee, to ramble about for ever without 'coming either to houſe or home.' 'I have already 'told you my reſolution is to go on,' anſwered Jones; 'but I would have you to go back. I am 'obliged to you for your company hither; and I beg 'you to accept a guinea as a ſmall inſtance of my 'gratitude Nay it would be cruel in me to ſuffer 'you to go any farther: for, to deal plainly with 'you, my chief end and deſire is a glorious death 'in the ſervice of my king and country.' 'As for 'your money,' replied Partridge, 'I beg, Sir, you 'will put it up: I will receive none of you at this 'time; for at preſent I am, I believe, the richer 'man of the two And as your reſolution is to go 'on, ſo mine is to follow you if you do. Nay, now

'my preſence appears abſolutely neceſſary to take 'care of you, ſince your intentions are ſo deſperate; 'for I promiſe you my views are much more pru-'dent; as you are reſolved to fall in battle if you 'can, ſo I am reſolved as firmly to come to no hurt, 'if I can help it. And indeed I have the comfort to 'think there will be but little danger; for a popiſh 'prieſt told me the other day, the buſineſs would 'ſoon be over, and he believed without a battle.' 'A popiſh prieſt,' cries Jones, 'I have heard is 'not always to be believed when he ſpeaks in behalf 'of his religion.' 'Yes, but ſo far,' anſwered the other, 'from ſpeaking in behalf of his religion, he 'aſſured me, the catholicks did not expect to be 'any gainers by the change; for that Prince Charles 'was as good a proteſtant as any in England; and 'that nothing but regard to right made him and the 'reſt of the popiſh party to be Jacobites.' 'I believe 'him to be as much a proteſtant as I believe he hath 'any right,' ſays Jones, 'and I make no doubt of 'our ſucceſs, but not without a battle. So that I 'am not ſo ſanguine as your friend the popiſh prieſt.' 'Nay, to be ſure, Sir,' anſwered Partridge, 'all 'the prophecies I have ever read, ſpeak of a great 'deal of blood to be ſpilt in the quarrel, and the 'miller with three thumbs, who is now alive, is to 'hold the horſes of three kings, up to his knees in 'blood. Lord have mercy upon us all, and ſend 'better times!' 'With what ſtuff and nonſenſe 'haſt thou filled thy head,' anſwered Jones? 'This 'too, I ſuppoſe, comes from the popiſh prieſt. 'Monſters and prodigies are the proper arguments 'to ſupport monſtrous and abſurd doctrines. The 'cauſe of King George is the cauſe of liberty and 'true religion. In other words, it is the cauſe of 'common ſenſe, my boy, and I warrant you will 'ſucceed, though Briareus himſelf was to riſe again 'with his hundred thumbs, and to turn miller.' Partridge made no reply to this. He was indeed caſt into the utmoſt confuſion by this declaration of Jones. For to inform the reader of a ſecret, which we had no proper opportunity of revealing before, Partridge

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was in truth a Jacobite, and had concluded that Jones was of the ſame party, and was now proceeding to join the rebels. An opinion which was not without foundation. For the tall long-ſided dame, mentioned by Hudibras; that many-eyed, many-tongued, many-mouthed, many-eared monſter of Virgil, had related the ſtory of the quarrel between Jones and the officer, with her uſual regard to truth. She had indeed changed the name of Sophia into that of the pretender, and had reported, that drinking his health was the cauſe for which Jones was knocked down. This Partridge had heard, and moſt firmly believed. 'Tis no wonder, therefore, that he had thence entertained the above-mentioned opinion of Jones; and which he had almoſt diſcovered to him before he found out his own miſtake. And at this the reader will be the leſs inclined to wonder, if he pleaſes to recollect the doubtful phraſe in which Jones firſt communicated his reſolution to Mr. Partridge; and, indeed, had the words been leſs ambiguous, Partridge might very well have conſtrued them as he did; being perſuaded, as he was, that the whole nation were of the ſame inclination in their hearts: nor did it ſtagger him that Jones had travelled in the company of ſoldiers; for he had the ſame opinion of the army which he had of the reſt of the people.

But however well affected he might be to James or Charles, he was ſtill much more attached to Little Benjamin than to either; for which reaſon he no ſooner diſcovered the principles of his fellow-traveller, than he thought proper to conceal, and outwardly to give up his own to the man on whom he depended for the making his fortune, ſince he by no means believed the affairs of Jones to be ſo deſperate as they really were with Mr. Allworthy; for as he had kept a conſtant correſpondence with ſome of his neighbours ſince he left that country, he had heard much, indeed more than was true, of the great affection Mr. Allworthy bore this young man, who, as Partridge had been inſtructed, was to be that gentleman's heir, and whom, as we have ſaid, he did not in the leaſt doubt to be his ſon.

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He imagined, therefore, that whatever quarrel was between them, it would be certainly made up at the return of Mr. Jones; an event from which he promiſed great advantages, if he could take this opportunity of ingratiating himſelf with that young gentleman; and, if he could by any means be inſtrumental in procuring his return, he doubted not, as we have before ſaid but it would as highly advance him in the favour of Mr Allworthy.

We have already obſerved that he was a very good-natured fellow, and he hath himſelf declared the violent attachment he had to the perſon and character of Jones; but poſſibly the views which I have juſt before mentioned, might likewiſe have ſome little ſhare in prompting him to undertake this expedition, at leaſt in urging him to continue it, after he had diſcovered that his maſter and himſelf, like ſome prudent fathers and ſons, though they travelled together in great friendſhip, had embraced oppoſite parties. I am led into this conjecture, by having remarked that though love, friendſhip, eſteem, and ſuch like, have very powerful operations in the human mind; intereſt, however, is an ingredient ſeldom omitted by wiſe men, when they would work others to their own purpoſes. This is indeed a moſt excellent medicine, and, like Ward's pill, flies at once to the particular part of the body on which you deſire to operate, whether it be the tongue, the hand, or any other member, where it ſcarce ever fails of immediately producing the deſired effect.

CHAP. X.

In which our travellers meet with a very extraordinary adventure.

JUST as Jones and his friend came to the end of their dialogue in the preceding chapter, they arrived at the bottom of a very ſteep hill. Here Jones ſtopt ſhort and directing his eyes upwards, ſtood for a while ſilent. At length he called to his companion, and ſaid, 'Partridge, I wiſh I was at the top of this 'hill;

'hill; it muſt certainly afford a moſt charming pro-
'ſpect, eſpecially by this light: for the ſolemn gloom
'which the moon caſts on all objects, is beyond ex-
'preſſion beautiful, eſpecially to an imagination which
'is deſirous of cultivating melancholy ideas.' 'Very
'probably,' anſwered Partridge; 'but if the top of
'the hill be propereſt to produce melancholy thoughts,
'I ſuppoſe the bottom is the likelieſt to produce merry
'ones, and theſe I take to be much the better of the two.
'I proteſt you have made my blood run cold with the
'very mentioning the top of that mountain; which
'ſeems to me to be one of the higheſt in the world.
'No, no, if we look for any thing, let it be for a
'place under-ground, to ſcreen ourſelves from the
'froſt.'—'Do ſo,' ſaid Jones, 'let it be but within
'hearing of this place, and I will halloo to you at my
'return back.' 'Surely, Sir, you are not mad,' ſaid
Partridge. 'Indeed, I am,' anſwered Jones, 'if aſcend-
'ing this hill be madneſs: but, as you complain ſo
'much of the cold already, I would have you ſtay be-
'low. I will certainly return to you within an hour.'
'Pardon me, Sir,' cries Partridge, 'I have deter-
'mined to follow you where-ever you go' Indeed he
was now afraid to ſtay behind; for though he was
coward enough in all reſpects, yet his chief fear was
that of ghoſts, with which the preſent time of night,
and the wildneſs of the place, extremely well ſuited.

At this inſtant Partridge eſpied a glimmering light
through ſome trees, which ſeemed very near to them.
He immediately cried out in a rapture, 'Oh, Sir!
'Heaven hath at laſt heard my prayers, and hath
'brought us to a houſe; perhaps it may be an inn.
'Let me beſeech you, Sir, if you have any compaſſion
'either for me or yourſelf, do not deſpiſe the good-
'neſs of Providence, but let us go directly to yon
'light. Whether it be a public-houſe or no, I am
'ſure if they be Chriſtians that dwell there they will
'not refuſe a little houſe-room to perſons in our mi-
'ſerable condition.' Jones at length yielded to the
earneſt ſupplications of Partridge, and both together
made directly towards the place whence the light
iſſued.

They

They ſoon arrived at the door of this houſe or cottage: for it might be called either, without much impropriety. Here Jones knocked ſeveral times, without receiving any anſwer from within; at which Partridge, whoſe head was full of nothing but of ghoſts, devils, witches, and ſuch like, began to tremble, crying, 'Lord have mercy upon us! ſure the people muſt be 'all dead. I can ſee no light neither now, and yet I 'am certain I ſaw a candle burning but a moment be-'fore.—Well! I have heard of ſuch things'—'What 'haſt thou heard of,' ſaid Jones. 'The people are 'either faſt aſleep, or probably, as this is a lonely 'place, are afraid to open their door.' He then began to vociferate pretty loudly, and at laſt an old woman, opening an upper caſement, aſked, 'who they 'were, and what they wanted?' Jones anſwered, 'they were travellers who had loſt their way, and, 'having ſeen a light in the window, had been led thi-'ther, in hopes of finding ſome fire to warm themſelves.' 'Whoever you are,' cries the woman, 'you 'have no buſineſs here; nor ſhall I open the door to 'any body at this time of night.' Partridge, whom the ſound of a human voice had recovered from his fright, fell to the moſt earneſt ſupplications to be admitted for a few minutes to the fire ſaying, 'he was 'almoſt dead with the cold,' to which fear had indeed contributed equally with the froſt. He aſſured her, that the gentleman who ſpoke to her, was one of the greateſt 'ſquires in the country, and made uſe of every argument ſave one, which Jones afterwards effectually added and this was the promiſe of half a crown. A bribe too great to be reſiſted by ſuch a perſon, eſpecially as the genteel appearance of Jones, which the light of the moon plainly diſcovered to her, together with his affable behaviour, had entirely ſubdued thoſe apprehenſions of thieves which ſhe had at firſt conceived. She agreed, therefore, at laſt to let them in, where Partridge, to his infinite joy, found a good fire ready for his reception.

The poor fellow, however, had no ſooner warmed himſelf, than thoſe thoughts which were always uppermoſt in his mind, began a little to diſturb his brain. There

There was no article of his creed in which he had a ſtronger faith, than he had in witchcraft, nor can the reader conceive a figure more adapted to inſpire this idea, than the old woman who now ſtood before him. She anſwered exactly to that picture drawn by Otway in his Orphan. Indeed, if this woman had lived in the reign of James the Firſt, her appearance alone would have hanged her, almoſt without any evidence.

Many circumſtances likewiſe conſpired to confirm Partridge in his opinion. Her living, as he then imagined, by herſelf in ſo lonely a place; and in a houſe, the outſide of which ſeemed much too good for her; but its inſide was furniſhed in the moſt neat and elegant manner. To ſay the truth, Jones himſelf was not a little ſurpriſed at what he ſaw: for, beſides the extraordinary neatneſs of the room, it was adorned with a great number of nicknacks and curioſities, which might have engaged the attention of a virtuoſo.

While Jones was admiring theſe things, and Partridge ſat trembling with the firm belief that he was in the houſe of a witch, the old woman ſaid. 'I hope, 'gentlemen, you will make what haſte you can; for 'I expect my maſter preſently, and I would not for 'double the money he ſhould find you here.' 'Then 'you have a maſter,' cried Jones; 'indeed you will 'excuſe me. good woman, but I was ſurpriſed to ſee 'all thoſe fine things in your houſe.' 'Ah, Sir!' ſaid ſhe, 'if the twentieth part of theſe things were 'mine, I ſhould think myſelf a rich woman; but 'pray, Sir, do not ſtay much longer: for I look for 'him in every minute.'—'Why ſure he would not be 'angry with you,' ſaid Jones, 'for doing a common 'act of charity.' 'Alack-a-day, Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'he 'is a ſtrange man, not at all like other people. He 'keeps no company with any body, and ſeldom walks 'out but by night, for he doth not care to be ſeen; 'and all the country people are as much afraid of 'meeting him; for his dreſs is enough to frighten thoſe 'who are not uſed to it. They call him, *the Man of 'the Hill* (for there he walks by night), and the coun-'try people are not, I believe, more afraid of the de-'vil himſelf. He would be terribly angry if he found

'you

'you here.' 'Pray, Sir,' ſays Partridge, 'don't let 'us offend the gentleman; I am ready to walk, and 'was never warmer in my life.—Do, pray Sir, let us 'go—here are piſtols over the chimney; who knows 'whether they be charged or no, or what he may do 'with them?' 'Fear nothing, Partridge,' cries Jones, 'I will ſecure thee from danger.'—'Nay, for matter o' 'that, he never doth any miſchief,' ſaid the woman; 'but to be ſure it is neceſſary he ſhould keep ſome 'arms for his own ſafety; for his houſe hath been be-'ſet more than once, and it is not many nights ago, 'that we thought we heard thieves about it for my 'own part, I have often wondered that he is not mur-'dered by ſome villain or other, as he walks out by 'himſelf at ſuch hours; but then, as I ſaid, the peo-'ple are afraid of him, and beſides they think, I ſup-'poſe, he hath nothing about him worth taking.' 'I 'ſhould imagine, by this collection of rarities,' cries Jones, 'that your maſter had been a traveller.' 'Yes, 'Sir,' anſwered ſhe, 'he hath been a very great one; 'there be few gentlemen that know more of all mat-'ters than he; I fancy he hath been croſt in love, or 'whatever it is, I know not, but I have lived with 'him above theſe thirty years, and in all that time he 'hath hardly ſpoke to ſix living people.' She then again ſolicited their departure, in which ſhe was back-ed by Partridge; but Jones purpoſely protracted the time: for his curioſity was greatly raiſed to ſee this extraordinary perſon. Though the old woman, there-fore, concluded every one of her anſwers with deſiring him to be gone, and Partridge proceeded ſo far as to pull him by the ſleeve, he ſtill continued to invent new queſtions, till the old woman with an affrighted coun-tenance, declared ſhe heard her maſter's ſignal: and at the ſame inſtant more than one voice was heard with-out the door, crying, 'D—n your blood, ſhew us 'your money this inſtant. Your money, you villain, 'or we will blow your brains about your ears.'

'O, good heaven!' cries the old woman, 'ſome 'villains, to be ſure, have attacked my maſter. O la! 'what ſhall I do? what ſhall I do?' 'How,' cries Jones, 'how—Are theſe piſtols loaded?' 'O, good

'Sir, there is nothing in them, indeed – O, pray don't 'murder us, gentlemen,' (for in reality ſhe now had the ſame opinion of thoſe within, as ſhe had of thoſe without.) Jones made her no anſwer; but ſnatching an old broad-ſword which hung in the room, he inſtantly ſallied out, where he found the old gentleman ſtruggling with two ruffians, and begging for mercy. Jones aſked no queſtions, but fell ſo briſkly to work with his broad-ſword, that the fellows immediately quitted their hold; and, without offering to attack our hero, betook themſelves to their heels, and made their eſcape; for he did not attempt to purſue them, being contented with having delivered the old gentleman; and indeed he concluded he had pretty well done their buſineſs: for both of them, as they ran off, cried out with bitter oaths, that they were dead men.

Jones preſently ran to lift up the old gentleman, who had been thrown down in the ſcuffle, expreſſing at the ſame time great concern, leſt he ſhould have received any harm from the villains. The old man ſtared a moment at Jones, and then cried,—'No, Sir, no, I 'have very little harm, I thank you. Lord have mercy 'upon me.' 'I ſee, Sir,' ſaid Jones, 'you are not 'free from apprehenſions even of thoſe who have had 'the happineſs to be your deliverers; nor can I blame 'any ſuſpicions which you may have; but indeed, 'you have no real occaſion for any: here are none 'but your friends preſent. Having miſt our way this 'cold night, we took the liberty of warming ourſelves 'at your fire, whence we were juſt departing when 'we heard you call for aſſiſtance, which I muſt ſay, 'Providence alone ſeems to have ſent you.' 'Provi-'dence indeed,' cries the old gentleman, 'if it be 'ſo'—'So it is, I aſſure you,' cries Jones, 'here is 'your own ſword, Sir. I have uſed it in your de-'fence, and I now return it into your own hand.' The old man having received the ſword, which was ſtained with the blood of his enemies, looked ſtedfaſtly at Jones during ſome moments, and then with a ſigh, cried out, 'You will pardon me, young gentleman, I 'was not always of a ſuſpicious temper, nor am I a 'friend to ingratitude.' 'Be thankful then,' cries

Jones, 'to that Providence to which you owe your de-
'liverance; as to my part, I have only diſcharged the
'common duties of humanity, and what I would have
'done for any fellow creature in your ſituation. Let
'me look at you a little longer,' cries the old gentle-
man—'You are a human creature then?—Well, per-
'haps you are. Come, pray walk into my little hutt.
'You have been my deliverer indeed.'

The old woman was diſtracted between the fears which ſhe had of her maſter, and for him; and Partridge was, if poſſible, in a greater fright. The former of theſe, however, when ſhe heard her maſter ſpeak kindly to Jones, and perceived what had happened came again to herſelf: but Partridge no ſooner ſaw the gentleman, than the ſtrangeneſs of his dreſs inſuſed greater terrors into that poor fellow, than he had before felt either from the ſtrange deſcription which he had heard, or from the uproar which had happened at the door.

To ſay the truth, it was an appearance which might have affected a more conſtant mind than that of Mr. Partridge. This perſon was of the talleſt ſize, with a long beard as white as ſnow. His body was clothed with the ſkin of an aſs, made ſomething into the form of a coat. He wore likewiſe boots on his legs, and a cap on his head, both compoſed of the ſkin of ſome other animals.

As ſoon as the old gentleman came into his houſe, the old woman began her congratulations on his happy eſcape from the ruffians. 'Yes,' cried he, 'I have
'eſcaped indeed, thanks to my preſerver.' 'O the
'bleſſing on him,' anſwered ſhe, 'he is a good gen-
'tleman, I warrant him. I was afraid your worſhip
'would have been angry with me for letting him in;
'and to be certain I ſhould not have done it, had not
'I ſeen by the moon-light, that he was a gentleman,
'and almoſt frozen to death. And to be certain it
'muſt have been ſome good angel that ſent him hi-
'ther, and tempted me to do it.'

'I am afraid Sir,' ſaid the old gentleman to Jones,
'that I have nothing in this houſe which you can either
'eat or drink, unleſs you will accept a dram of bran-
'dy;

'dy; of which I can give you ſome moſt excellent, 'and which I have had by me theſe thirty years.' Jones declined this offer in a very civil and proper ſpeech, and then the other aſked him, 'Whither he 'was travelling when he miſt his way; ſaying, I muſt 'own myſelf ſurpriſed to ſee ſuch a perſon as you ap-'pear to be journeying on foot at this time of night. 'I ſuppoſe, Sir, you are a gentleman of theſe parts: 'for you do not look like one who is uſed to travel 'far without horſes.'

'Appearances,' cried Jones, 'are often deceitful; 'men ſometimes look like what they are not. I aſ-'ſure you I am not of this country, and whither I 'am travelling, in reality I ſcarce know myſelf.'

'Whoever you are, or whitherſoever you are go-'ing,' anſwered the old man, 'I have obligations to 'you which I can never return.'

'I once more,' replied Jones, 'affirm, that you 'have none; for there can be no merit in having 'hazarded that in your ſervice on which I ſet no va-'lue. And nothing is ſo contemptible in my eyes as 'life.'

'I am ſorry, young gentleman,' anſwered the ſtranger, 'that you have any reaſon to be ſo unhap-'py at your years.'

'Indeed I am, Sir,' anſwered Jones, 'the moſt un-'happy of mankind.'—'Perhaps you have had a 'friend, or a miſtreſs,' replied the other. 'How 'could you,' cries Jones, 'mention two words ſuffi-'cient to drive me to diſtraction.' 'Either of them 'are enough to drive any man to diſtraction,' an-ſwered the old man. 'I inquire no farther, Sir. 'Perhaps my curioſity hath led me too far already.'

'Indeed, Sir,' cries Jones, 'I cannot cenſure a paſ-'ſion, which I feel at this inſtant in the higheſt de-'gree. You will pardon me, when I aſſure you, that 'every thing which I have ſeen or heard ſince I firſt 'entered this houſe, hath conſpired to raiſe the great-'eſt curioſity in me. Something very extraordinary 'muſt have determined you to this courſe of life, 'and I have reaſon to fear your own hiſtory is not 'without misfortunes.'

Here the old gentleman again ſighed, and remained ſilent for ſome minutes; at laſt, looking earneſtly on Jones, he ſaid, 'I have read that a good countenance 'is a letter of recommendation; if ſo, none ever can 'be more ſtrongly recommended than yourſelf. If I 'did not feel ſome yearnings towards you from ano-'ther conſideration, I muſt be the moſt ungrateful 'monſter upon earth; and I am really concerned it is 'no otherwiſe in my power, than by words, to con-'vince you of my gratitude.'

Jones after a moment's heſitation anſwered, 'That 'it was in his power by words to gratify him ex-'tremely. I have confeſt a curioſity, ſaid he, Sir; 'need I ſay how much obliged I ſhall be to you, if 'you would condeſcend to gratify it? Will you ſuffer 'me therefore to beg, unleſs ſome conſideration re-'ſtrains you, that you would be pleaſed to acquaint 'me what motives have induced you thus to withdraw 'from the ſociety of mankind, and to betake yourſelf 'to a courſe of life to which it ſufficiently appears you 'were not born?'

'I ſcarce think myſelf at liberty to refuſe you any 'thing after what hath happened,' replied the old man. 'if you deſire therefore to hear the ſtory of an 'unhappy man, I will relate it to you. Indeed you 'judge rightly, in thinking there is commonly ſome-'thing extraordinary in the fortunes of thoſe who fly 'from ſociety: for however it may ſeem a paradox, 'or even a contradiction, certain it is that great phi-'lanthropy chiefly inclines us to avoid and deteſt 'mankind: not on account ſo much of their private 'and ſelfiſh vices, but for thoſe of a relative kind; 'ſuch as envy, malice, treachery, cruelty, with every 'other ſpecies of malevolence. Theſe are the vices 'which true philanthropy abhors, and which rather 'than ſee and converſe with, ſhe avoids ſociety itſelf. 'However, without a compliment to you, you do 'not appear to me one of thoſe whom I ſhould ſhun 'or deteſt; nay, I muſt ſay, in what little hath dropt 'from you, there appears ſome purity in our for-'tunes; I hope however yours will conclude more 'ſucceſsfully.'

Here

Here ſome compliments paſſed between our hero and his hoſt, and then the latter was going to begin his hiſtory, when Partridge interrupted him. His apprehenſions had now pretty well left him; but ſome effects of his terrors remained; he therefore reminded the gentleman of that excellent brandy which he had mentioned. This was preſently brought, and Partridge ſwallowed a large bumper.

The gentleman then, without any farther preface, began as you may read in the next chapter.

CHAP. XI.

In which the Man of the Hill begins to relate his hiſtory.

'I Was born in a village of Somerſetſhire, called 'Mark, in the year 1657; my father was one of 'thoſe whom they call gentlemen farmers. He had 'a little eſtate of about 300 l. a year of his own, and 'rented another eſtate of near the ſame value. He 'was prudent and induſtrious, and ſo good a huſ-'bandman, that he might have led a very eaſy and 'comfortable life had not an arrant vixen of a wife 'ſoured his domeſtic quiet. But though this circum-'ſtance perhaps made him miſerable, it did not make 'him poor: for he confined her almoſt entirely at 'home, and rather choſe to bear eternal upbraidings 'in his own houſe, than to injure his fortune by in-'dulging her in the extravagancies ſhe deſired a-'broad.

'By this Xanthippe' (ſo was the wife of Socrates 'called, ſaid Partridge) 'By this Xanthippe he had 'two ſons, of which I was the younger. He de-'ſigned to give us both good education; but my 'elder brother, who, unhappily for him, was the 'favourite of my mother, utterly neglected his learn-'ing: inſomuch that after having been five or ſix 'years at ſchool with little or no improvement, my 'father being told by his maſter, that it would be to 'no purpoſe to keep him longer there, at laſt com-'plied with my mother in taking him home from the 'hands of that tyrant, as ſhe called his maſter;

'though indeed he gave the lad much leſs correction 'than his idleneſs deſerved, but much more it ſeems, 'than the young gentleman liked, who conſtantly 'complained to his mother of his ſevere treatment, 'and ſhe as conſtantly gave him a hearing.

"Yes, yes," cries Partridge, "I have ſeen ſuch "mothers, I have been abuſed myſelf by them, and "very unjuſtly; ſuch parents deſerve correction as "much as their children."

Jones chid the pedagogue for his interruption, and then the Stranger proceeded. 'My brother now, 'at the age of fifteen, bid adieu to all learning, and 'to every thing elſe but to his dog and gun, with 'which latter he became ſo expert, that, though 'perhaps you may think it incredible, he could not 'only hit a ſtanding mark with great certainty, but 'hath actually ſhot a crow as it was flying in the air. 'He was likewiſe excellent at finding a hare ſitting, 'and was ſoon reputed one of the beſt ſportſmen in 'the country. A reputation which both he and his 'mother enjoyed as much as if he had been thought 'the fineſt ſcholar.

'The ſituation of my brother made me at firſt 'think my lot the harder, in being continued at 'ſchool; but I ſoon changed my opinion; for as I 'advanced pretty faſt in learning, my labours be-'came eaſy, and my exerciſe ſo delightful, that holi-'days were my moſt unpleaſant time: for my mo-'ther, who never loved me, now apprehending that 'I had the greater ſhare of my father's affection, 'and finding, or at leaſt thinking, that I was more 'taken notice of by ſome gentlemen of learning, and 'particularly by the parſon of the pariſh, than my 'brother, ſhe now hated my ſight, and made home ſo 'diſagreeable to me, that what is called by ſchool-'boys Black Monday, was to me the whiteſt in the 'whole year.

'Having, at length gone through the ſchool at 'Taunton, I was thence removed to Exeter college 'in Oxford, where I remained four years; at the end 'of which an accident took me off entirely from my 'ſtudies;

'ſtudies; and hence I may truly date the riſe of all 'which happened to me afterwards in life.

'There was at the ſame college with myſelf one 'Sir George Greſham, a young fellow who was in-'titled to a very conſiderable fortune; which he was 'not, by the will of his father, to come into full poſ-'ſeſſion of, till he arrived at the age of twenty-five. 'However, the liberality of his guardians gave him 'little cauſe to regret the abundant caution of his 'father: for they allowed him five hundred pound 'a year while he remained at the univerſity, where he 'kept his horſes and his whore, and lived as wicked 'and as profligate a life, as he could have done, had 'he been never ſo entirely maſter of his fortune; for be-'ſides the five hundred a year which he received from 'his guardians, he found means to ſpend a thouſand 'more. He was above the age of twenty-one, and 'had no difficulty in gaining what credit he pleaſed.

'This young fellow, among many other tolerable 'bad qualities, had one very diabolical. He had a 'great delight in deſtroying and ruining the youth 'of inferior fortune, by drawing them into expences 'which they could not afford ſo well as himſelf; and 'the better, and worthier, and ſoberer, any young 'man was, the greater pleaſure and triumph had he 'in his deſtruction. Thus acting the character which 'is recorded of the devil, and going about ſeeking 'whom he might devour.

'It was my misfortune to fall into an acquaintance 'and intimacy with this gentleman. My reputation of 'diligence in my ſtudies made me a deſirable object 'of his miſchievous intention; and my own inclina-'tion made it ſufficiently eaſy for him to effect his 'purpoſe; for though I had applied myſelf with 'much induſtry to books, in which I took great de-'light, there were other pleaſures in which I was ca-'pable of taking much greater; for I was high-'mettled, had a violent flow of animal ſpirits, was 'a little ambitious, and extremely amorous.

'I had not long contracted an intimacy with Sir 'George, before I became a partaker of all his plea-'ſures; and when I was once entered on that ſcene,

'neither

'neither my inclination, nor my ſpirit, would ſuffer 'me to play an under-part. I was ſecond to none 'of the company in any acts of debauchery; nay, I 'ſoon diſtinguiſhed myſelf ſo notably in all riots and 'diſorders, that my name generally ſtood firſt in the 'roll of delinquents; and, inſtead of being lamented 'as the unfortunate pupil of Sir George, I was now 'accuſed as the perſon who had miſled and debauch-'ed that hopeful young gentleman; for though he 'was the ringleader and promoter of all the miſchief, 'he was never ſo conſidered. I fell at laſt under the 'cenſure of the vice-chancellor, and very narrowly 'eſcaped expulſion.

'You will eaſily believe, Sir that ſuch a life as I 'am now deſcribing muſt be incompatible with my 'further progreſs in learning; and that in proportion 'as I addicted myſelf more and more to looſe plea-'ſure, I muſt grow more and more remiſs in appli-'cation to my ſtudies. This was truly the conſe-'quence; but this was not all. My expences now 'greatly exceeded not only my former income, but 'thoſe additions which I extorted from my poor 'generous father, on pretences of ſums being neceſ-'ſary for preparing for my approaching degree of 'bachelor of arts. Theſe demands, however, grew 'at laſt ſo frequent and exorbitant, that my father, 'by ſlow degrees, opened his ears to the accounts 'which he received from many quarters of my preſent 'behaviour, and which my mother failed not to echo 'very faithfully and loudly; adding, "Ay, this is "the fine gentleman, the ſcholar who doth ſo much "honour to his family, and is to be the making of "it. I thought what all this learning would come "to. He is to be the ruin of us all, I find, after "his elder brother hath been denied neceſſaries for "his ſake, to perfect his education forſooth, for "which he was to pay us ſuch intereſt: I thought "what the intereſt would come to;" 'with much 'more of the ſame kind; but I have, I believe ſatis-'fied you with this taſte.

'My father therefore began now to return remon-'ſtrances, inſtead of money, to my demands, which

'brought

'brought my affairs perhaps a little ſooner to a cri-
'ſis; but had he remitted me his whole income, you
'will imagine it could have ſufficed a very ſhort time
'to ſupport one who kept pace with the expences of
'Sir George Greſham.

'It is more than poſſible, that the diſtreſs I was
'now in for money, and the impracticability of going
'on in this manner, might have reſtored me at once
'to my ſenſes and to my ſtudies, had I opened my
'eyes, before I became involved in debts, from
'which I ſaw no hopes of ever extricating myſelf.
'This was indeed the great art of Sir George, and
'by which he accompliſhed the ruin of many, whom
'he afterwards laughed at as fools and coxcombs,
'for vying, as he called it, with a man of his for-
'tune To bring this about he would now and then
'advance a little money himſelf, in order to ſupport
'the credit of the unfortunate youth with other peo-
'ple; till, by means of that very credit, he was ir-
'retrievably undone.

'My mind being, by theſe means, grown as deſ-
'perate as my fortune, there was ſcarce a wickedneſs
'which I did not meditate, in order for my relief.
'Self-murder itſelf became the ſubject of my ſerious
'deliberation; and I had certainly reſolved on it,
'had not a more ſhameful, though perhaps leſs ſinful
'thought expelled it from my head.' Here he heſi-
tated a moment, and then cried out, 'I proteſt, ſo
'many years have not waſhed away the ſhame of
'this act, and I ſhall bluſh while I relate it.' Jones
deſired him to paſs over any thing that might give
him pain in the relation; but Partridge eagerly cried
out, 'O pray, Sir, let us hear this; I had rather
'hear this than all the reſt; as I hope to be ſaved, I
'will never mention a word of it.' Jones was going
to rebuke him, but the ſtranger prevented it, by pro-
ceeding thus. 'I had a chum, a very prudent, fru-
'gal young lad, who, though he had no very large
'allowance, had by his parſimony heaped up upwards
'of forty guineas, which I knew he kept in his eſcru-
'tore I took therefore an opportunity of purloin-
'ing his key from his breeches pocket while he was
'aſleep,

'aſleep, and thus made myſelf maſter of all his 'riches. After which I again conveyed his key into 'his pocket, and counterfeiting ſleep, though I never 'once cloſed my eyes, lay in bed till after he aroſe 'and went to prayers, an exerciſe to which I had long 'been unaccuſtomed.

'Timorous thieves, by extreme caution, often 'ſubject themſelves to diſcoveries, which thoſe of a 'bolder kind eſcape. Thus it happened to me: for 'had I boldly broke open his eſcritore, I had, per-'haps, eſcaped even his ſuſpicion: but as it was 'plain that the perſon who robbed him had poſſeſſed 'himſelf of his key, he had no doubt, when he firſt 'miſſed his money, but that his chum was certainly 'the thief. Now as he was of a fearful diſpoſition, 'and much my inferior in ſtrength, and, I believe, 'in courage, he did not dare to confront me with 'my guilt, for fear of worſe bodily conſequences, 'which might happen to him. He repaired there-'fore immediately to the vice-chancellor, and, upon 'ſwearing to the robbery, and to the circumſtances 'of it, very eaſily obtained a warrant againſt one 'who had now ſo bad a character through the whole 'univerſity.

'Luckily for me I lay out of the college the next 'evening; for that day I attended a young lady in 'a chaiſe to Whitney, where we ſtaid all night; and 'in our return the next morning to Oxford, I met 'one of my cronies, who acquainted me with ſuf-'ficient news concerning myſelf to make me turn my 'horſe another way.'

'Pray, Sir, did he mention any thing of the 'warrant?' ſaid Partridge. But Jones begged the gentleman to proceed, without regarding any impert-inent queſtions; which he did as follows.

'Having now abandoned all thoughts of return-'ing to Oxford, the next thing which offered itſelf 'was a journey to London. I imparted this inten-'tion to my female companion, who at firſt remon-'ſtrated againſt it; but upon producing my wealth, 'ſhe immediately conſented. We then ſtruck acroſs 'the country into the great Cirenceſter road, and

'made

'made ſuch haſte, that we ſpent the next evening '(ſave one) in London.

'When you conſider the place where I now was, 'and the company with whom I was, you will, I 'fancy, conceive that a very ſhort time brought me 'to an end of that ſum of which I had ſo iniquitouſly 'poſſeſſed myſelf.

'I was now reduced to a much higher degree of 'diſtreſs than before; the neceſſaries of life began to 'be numbered among my wants; and what made 'my caſe ſtill the more grievous, was, that my 'paramour, of whom I was now grown immode-'rately fond, ſhared the ſame diſtreſſes with myſelf. 'To ſee a woman you love in diſtreſs; to be unable 'to relieve her, and at the ſame time to reflect that 'you have brought her into this ſituation, is, per-'haps, a curſe of which no imagination can repre-'ſent the horrors to thoſe who have not felt it.' 'I believe it from my ſoul,' cries Jones; 'and I 'pity you from the bottom of my heart.' He then took two or three diſorderly turns about the room, and at laſt begged pardon, and flung himſelf into his chair, crying, 'I thank heaven I have eſcaped 'that.'

'This circumſtance,' continued the gentleman, 'ſo ſeverely aggravated the horrors of my preſent 'ſituation, that they became abſolutely intolerable. 'I could with leſs pain endure the raging of my own 'natural unſatisfied appetites, even hunger or thirſt, 'than I could ſubmit to leave ungratified the moſt 'whimſical deſires of a woman, on whom I ſo ex-'travagantly doated, that though I knew ſhe had 'been the miſtreſs of half my acquaintance, I firmly 'intended to marry her. But the good creature was 'unwilling to conſent to an action which the world 'might think ſo much to my diſadvantage. And 'as, poſſibly ſhe compaſſionated the daily anxieties 'which ſhe muſt have perceived me ſuffer on her 'account, ſhe reſolved to put an end to my diſtreſs. 'She ſoon indeed found means to relieve me from 'my troubleſome and perplexed ſituation: for while 'I was diſtracted with various inventions to ſupply

'her

'her with pleaſures, ſhe very kindly—betrayed me 'to one of her former lovers at Oxford, by whoſe 'care and diligence I was immediately apprehended 'and committed to gaol.

'Here I firſt began ſeriouſly to reflect on the miſ-'carriages of my former life; on the errors I had 'been guilty of; on the misfortunes which I had 'brought on myſelf; and on the grief which I muſt 'have occaſioned to one of the beſt of fathers. When 'I added to all theſe the perfidy of my miſtreſs, ſuch 'was the horror of my mind, that life, inſtead of 'being longer deſirable, grew the object of my ab-'horrence; and I could have gladly embraced death, 'as my deareſt friend, if it had offered itſelf to my 'choice unattended by ſhame.

'The time of the aſſizes ſoon came, and I was re-'moved by Habeas Corpus to Oxford, where I ex-'pected certain conviction and condemnation; but, 'to my great ſurprize, none appeared againſt me, 'and I was, at the end of the ſeſſions, diſcharged for 'want of proſecution. In ſhort, my chum had left 'Oxford, and whether from indolence, or from what 'other motive, I am ignorant, had declined concern-'ing himſelf any farther in the affair'

'Perhaps,' cries Partridge, 'he did not care to 'have your blood upon his hands, and he was in 'the right on't. If any perſon was to be hanged 'upon my evidence, I ſhould never be able to lie 'alone afterwards, for fear of ſeeing his ghoſt.'

'I ſhall ſhortly doubt, Partridge,' ſays Jones, 'whether thou art more brave or wiſe.' 'You may 'laugh at me, Sir, if you pleaſe,' anſwered Partridge; 'but if you will hear a very ſhort ſtory which I can tell, 'and which is moſt certainly true, perhaps you may 'change your opinion. In the pariſh where I was 'born——' Here Jones would have ſilenced him; but the ſtranger interceded that he might be per-mitted to tell his ſtory, and in the mean time pro-miſed to recollect the remainder of his own

Partridge then proceeded thus. 'In the pariſh 'where I was born, there lived a farmer whoſe name 'was *Bridle*, and he had a ſon named *Francis*, a good

'hopeful young fellow: I was at the grammar ſchool 'with him, where I remember he was got into Ovid's 'Epiſtles, and he could conſtrue you three lines to-'gether ſometimes without looking into a dictionary. 'Beſides all this, he was a very good lad, never miſ-'ſed church o' Sundays, and was reckoned one of 'the beſt pſalm-ſingers in the whole pariſh. He 'would indeed now and then take a cup too much, 'and that was the only fault he had. —— 'Well, 'but come to the ghoſt,' cries Jones. 'Never fear, 'Sir, I ſhall come to him ſoon enough,' anſwered Partridge. 'You muſt know then, that farmer 'Bridle loſt a mare, a ſorrel one to the beſt of my 'remembrance; and ſo it fell out, that this young 'Francis ſhortly afterward being at a fair at Hindon, 'and as I think it was on—I can't remember the 'day; and being as he was, what ſhould he happen 'to meet, but a man upon his father's mare Frank 'called out preſently, Stop thief; and it being in the 'middle of the fair, it was impoſſible, you know, 'for the man to make his eſcape. So they appre-'hended him, and carried him before the juſtice; I 'remember it was juſtice Willoughby of Noyle, a 'very worthy good gentleman, and he committed 'him to priſon, and bound Frank in a recognizance, 'I think they call it, a hard word compounded of '*re* and *cognoſco*; but it differs in its meaning from 'the uſe of the ſimple, as many other compounds do. 'Well, at laſt, down came my Lord Juſtice Page to 'hold the aſſizes, and ſo the fellow was had up, 'and Frank was had up as a witneſs. To be ſure I 'ſhall never forget the face of the judge, when he 'began to aſk him what he had to ſay againſt the 'priſoner. He made poor Frank tremble and ſhake 'in his ſhoes. 'Well, you fellow,' ſays my Lord, "what have you to ſay? Don't ſtand humming and "hawing, but ſpeak out;' but however he ſoon turn-'ed altogether as civil to Frank, and began to thun-'der at the fellow: and when he aſked him, if he 'had any thing to ſay for himſelf, the fellow ſaid he 'had found the horſe. 'Ay! anſwered the judge, "thou art a lucky fellow; I have travelled the circuit

" theſe forty years, and never found a horſe in my
' life; but I'll tell thee what, friend, thou waſt
" more lucky than thou didſt know of: for thou didſt
" not only find a horſe, but a halter too, I promiſe
" thee.' To be ſure I ſhall never forget the word.
' Upon which every body fell a-laughing, as how
' could they help it? Nay, and twenty other jeſts
' he made, which I can't remember now. There
' was ſomething about his ſkill in horſe-fleſh, which
' made all the folks laugh. To be certain the judge
' muſt have been a very brave man, as well as a man
' of much learning. It is indeed charming ſport to
' hear trials upon life and death. One thing I own
' I thought a little hard, that the priſoner's counſel
' was not ſuffered to ſpeak for him, though he deſired
' only to be heard one very ſhort word; but my Lord
' would not hearken to him, though he ſuffered a
' counſellor to talk againſt him for above half an hour.
' I thought it hard, I own, that there ſhould be ſo
' many of them; my Lord, and the court, and the
' jury, and the counſellors, and the witneſſes, all up-
' on one poor man, and he too in chains. Well,
' the fellow was hanged, as to be ſure it could be no
' otherwiſe, and poor Frank could never be eaſy
' about it. He never was in the dark alone, but he
' fancied he ſaw the fellow's ſpirit.' ' Well, and is
' this thy ſtory?' cries Jones. ' No, no,' anſwered
Partridge; ' O Lord have mercy upon me.—I am
' juſt now coming to the matter: for one night, com-
' ing from the alehouſe in a long narrow dark lane,
' there he ran directly up againſt him, and the ſpirit
' was all in white, and fell upon Frank; and Frank,
' who is a ſturdy lad, fell upon the ſpirit again, and
' there they had a tuſſel together, and poor Frank
' was dreadfully beat: indeed he made a ſhift at laſt
' to crawl home; but what with the beating, and
' what with the fright, he lay ill above a fortnight;
' and all this is moſt certainly true, and the whole
' pariſh will bear witneſs to it.'

The ſtranger ſmiled at this ſtory, and Jones burſt into a loud fit of laughter, upon which Partridge cried, ' Ay, you may laugh, Sir, and ſo did ſome others,

' parti-

'particularly a 'ſquire, who is thought to be no bet-
'ter than an atheiſt; who forſooth, becauſe there
'was a calf with a white face found dead in the ſame
'lane the next morning, would fain have it, that
'the battle was between Frank and that, as if a calf
'would ſet upon a man. Beſides, Frank told me he
'knew it to be a ſpirit, and could ſwear to him in
'any court in Chriſtendom, and he had not drank
'above a quart or two, or ſuch a matter of liquor
'at the time. Lud have mercy upon us, and keep
'us all from dipping our hands in blood, I ſay.'

'Well, Sir,' ſaid Jones to the ſtranger, 'Mr. Par-
'tridge hath finiſhed his ſtory, and I hope will give
'you no future interruption, if you will be ſo kind
'to proceed.' He then reſumed his narration; but as he hath taken breath for a while, we think it proper to give it to our reader, and ſhall therefore put an end to this chapter.

CHAP. XII.

In which the Man of the Hill continues his hiſtory.

'I HAD now regained my liberty,' ſaid the ſtranger, 'but I had loſt my reputation; for there
'is a wide difference between the caſe of a man who
'is barely acquitted of a crime in a court of juſtice,
'and of him who is acquitted in his own heart, and
'in the opinion of the people. I was conſcious of
'my guilt, and aſhamed to look any one in the face,
'ſo reſolved to leave Oxford the next morning, before
'the day-light diſcovered me to the eyes of any be-
'holders.

'When I had got clear of the city, it firſt entered
'into my head to return home to my father, and en-
'deavour to obtain his forgiveneſs; but as I had no
'reaſon to doubt his knowledge of all which had paſt,
'and as I was well aſſured of his great averſion to
'all acts of diſhoneſty, I could entertain no hopes of
'being received by him, eſpecially ſince I was too
'certain of all the good offices in the power of my
'mother: nay, had my father's pardon been as ſure,

'as I conceived his reſentment to be, I yet queſtion 'whether I could have had the aſſurance to behold 'him, or whether I could, upon any terms, have 'ſubmitted to live and converſe with thoſe, who, I 'was convinced, knew me to have been guilty of ſo 'baſe an action.

'I haſtened therefore back to London, the beſt re-'tirement of either grief or ſhame, unleſs for perſons 'of a very public character; for here you have the ad-'vantage of ſolitude without its diſadvantage, ſince 'you may be alone and in company at the ſame time; 'and while you walk or ſit unobſerved, noiſe, hurry, 'and a conſtant ſucceſſion of objects, entertain the 'mind, and prevent the ſpirits from preying on them-'ſelves, or rather on grief or ſhame, which are the 'moſt unwholeſome diet in the world; and on which '(though there are many who never taſte either but 'in public), there are ſome who can feed very plen-'tifully, and very fatally when alone.

'But as there is ſcarce any human good without 'its concomitant evil, ſo there are people who find 'an inconvenience in this unobſerving temper of man-'kind; I mean perſons who have no money; for as 'you are not put out of countenance, ſo neither are 'you cloathed or fed by thoſe who do not know you. 'And a man may be as eaſily ſtarved in Leadenhall-'market as in the deſerts of Arabia.

'It was at preſent my fortune to be deſtitute of that 'great evil, as it is apprehended to be by ſeveral 'writers, who I ſuppoſe were over-burthened with it, 'namely, Money.' 'With ſubmiſſion, Sir,' ſaid Partridge, 'I do not remember any writers who have 'called it *Malorum*; but *irritamenta Malorum*. *Ef-'fodiuntur opes irritamenta Malorum.*' 'Well, Sir,' continued the ſtranger, 'whether it be an evil, or 'only the cauſe of evil, I was entirely void of it, 'and at the ſame time of friends, and as I thought 'of acquaintance; when one evening as I was paſſing 'through the Inner Temple, very hungry, and very 'miſerable, I heard a voice on a ſudden haling me 'with great familiarity by my chriſtian name; and 'upon my turning about, I preſently recollected the 'perſon who ſo ſaluted me, to have been my fellow-

'collegiate;

'collegiate; one who had left the univerſity above a 'year, and long before any of my misfortunes had 'befallen me. This gentleman, whoſe name was '*Watſon*, ſhook me heartily by the hand, and, ex-'preſſing great joy at meeting me, propoſed our im-'mediately drinking a bottle together. I firſt de-'clined the propoſal, and pretended buſineſs; but as 'he was very earneſt and preſſing, hunger at laſt 'overcame my pride, and I fairly confeſſed to him I 'had no money in my pocket: yet not without fram-'ing a lie for an excuſe, and imputing it to my hav-'ing changed my breeches that morning. Mr. Wat-'ſon anſwered, 'I thought Jack, you and I had been "too old acquaintance for you to mention ſuch a "matter.' He then took me by the arm, and was 'pulling me along; but I gave him very little trou-'ble, for my own inclinations pulled me much ſtrong-'er than he could do.

'We then went into the Friars, which you know 'is the ſcene of all mirth and jollity. Here when we 'arrived at the tavern, Mr. Watſon applied himſelf 'to the drawer only, without taking the leaſt notice 'of the cook: for he had no ſuſpicion but that I had 'dined long ſince. However, as the caſe was really 'otherwiſe, I forged another falſhood, and told my 'companion, I had been at the further end of the city 'on buſineſs of conſequence, and had ſnapt up a mut-'ton chop in haſte; ſo that I was again hungry and 'wiſhed he would add a beef-ſtake to his bottle.' 'Some people,' cries Partridge, 'ought to have 'good memories, or did you find juſt money enough 'in your breeches to pay for the mutton chop?' 'Your obſervation is right,' anſwered the ſtranger, 'and I believe ſuch blunders are inſeparable from all 'dealing in untruth. But to proceed.—I began 'now to feel myſelf extremely happy. The meat and 'wine ſoon revived my ſpirits to a high pitch, and I 'enjoyed much pleaſure in the converſation of my 'old acquaintance, the rather as I thought him en-'tirely ignorant of what had happened at the uni-'verſity ſince his leaving it.

'But he did not ſuffer me to remain long in this

'agreeable deluſion; for taking a bumper in one 'hand, and holding me by the other, 'Here, my "boy,' cries he, 'here's wiſhing you joy of your "being ſo honourably acquitted of that affair laid to "your charge.' I was thunder-ſtruck with confu-'ſion at thoſe words, which Watſon, obſerving, pro-'ceeded thus——'Nay, never be aſhamed, man; "thou haſt been acquitted, and no one now dares "call thee guilty; but prithee do tell me, who am "thy friend. I hope thou didſt really rob him; for "rat me if it was not a meritorious action to ſtrip "ſuch a ſneaking pitiful raſcal, and inſtead of the "two hundred guineas, I wiſh you had taken as "many thouſands. Come, come, my boy, don't be "ſhy of confeſſing to me; you are not now brought "before one of the pimps. D—n me, if I don't "honour you for it; for, as I hope for ſalvation, I "would have made no manner of ſcruple of doing "the ſame thing.'

'This declaration a little relieved my abaſhment, 'and as wine had now ſomewhat opened my heart, 'I very freely acknowledged the robbery, but ac-'quainted him that he had been miſinformed as to 'the ſum taken, which was little more than a fifth 'part of what he had mentioned.'

"I am ſorry for it with all my heart,' quoth he, "and I wiſh thee better ſucceſs another time. Tho' "if you will take my advice, you ſhall have no oc-"caſion to run any ſuch riſk. Here,' ſaid he, '(taking ſome dice out of his pocket), 'here's the "ſtuff Here are the implements; here are the little "doctors which cure the diſtempers of the purſe. "Follow but my counſel, and I will ſhew you a way "to empty the pocket of a queer cull, without any "danger of the nubbing cheat.'

'Nubbing cheat,' cries Partridge, 'pray, Sir, 'what is that?'

'Why that, Sir, ſays the ſtranger, 'is a cant 'phraſe for the gallows: for as gameſters differ little 'from highwaymen in their morals, ſo do they very 'much reſemble them in their language.

'We had now each drank our bottle, when Mr. 'Watſon

'Watſon ſaid, the board was ſitting, and that he 'muſt attend, earneſtly preſſing me, at the ſame time, 'to go with him and try my fortune. I anſwered, he 'knew that was at preſent out of my power, as I 'had informed him of the emptineſs of my pocket. 'To ſay the truth, I doubted not, from his many 'ſtrong expreſſions of friendſhip, but that he would 'offer to lend me a ſmall ſum for that purpoſe; but 'he anſwered, 'Never mind that, man, e'en boldly "run a levant;' (Partridge was going to enquire the meaning of that word; but Jones ſtopped his mouth;) 'but be circumſpect as to the man. I will "tip you the proper perſon, which may be neceſſary, "as you do not know the town, nor can diſtinguiſh "a rum cull from a queer one.'

'The bill was now brought, when Watſon paid 'his ſhare, and was departing. I reminded him, 'not without bluſhing, of my having no money.' 'He anſwered, 'That ſignifies nothing, ſcore it be-"hind the door, or make a bold bruſh, and take no "notice—Or—ſtay, ſays he, I will go down ſtairs "firſt, and then do you take up my money, and ſcore "the whole reckoning at the bar, and I will wait for "you at the corner.' I expreſſed ſome diſlike at 'this, and hinted my expectation that he would have 'depoſited the whole; but he ſwore he had not ano-'ther ſix-pence in his pocket.

'He then went down, and I was prevailed on to 'take up the money and follow him, which I did 'cloſe enough to hear him tell the drawer the rec-'koning was upon the table. The drawer paſſed by 'me up ſtairs; but I made ſuch haſte into the ſtreet, 'that I heard nothing of his diſappointment, nor 'did I mention a ſyllable at the bar, according to 'my inſtructions.

'We now went directly to the gaming-table, where 'Mr. Watſon to my ſurprize, pulled out a large ſum 'of money. and placed it before him, as did many 'others; all of them, no doubt, conſidering their 'own heaps as ſo many decoy birds, which were to 'intice and draw over the heaps of their neighbours.

'Here

'Here it would be tedious to relate all the freaks 'which fortune, or rather the dice, played in this 'her temple. Mountains of gold were in a few mo- 'ments reduced to nothing at one part of the table, 'and roſe as ſuddenly in another. The rich grew in 'a moment poor, and the poor as ſuddenly became 'rich; ſo that it ſeemed a philoſopher could no where 'have ſo well inſtructed his pupils in the contempt of 'riches, at leaſt he could no where have better incul- 'cated the uncertainty of their duration.

'For my own part, after having conſiderably im- 'proved my ſmall eſtate, I at laſt entirely demoliſhed 'it. Mr. Watſon too, after much variety of luck, 'roſe from the table in ſome heat, and declared he 'had loſt a cool hundred, and would play no longer. 'Then coming up to me, he aſked me to return with 'him to the tavern; but I poſitively refuſed, ſaying, 'I would not bring myſelf a ſecond time into ſuch a 'dilemma, and eſpecially as he had loſt all his mo- 'ney, and was now in my own condition.' "Pooh," ſays he, 'I have juſt borrowed a couple of guineas "of a friend; and one of them is at your ſervice.' 'He immediately put one of them into my hand, and 'I no longer reſiſted his inclination.

'I was at firſt a little ſhocked at returning to the 'ſame houſe whence we had departed in ſo unhandſome 'a manner; but when the drawer with very civil 'addreſs, told us, 'he believed we had forgot to "pay our reckoning' I became perfectly eaſy, 'and very readily gave him a guinea, bid him pay 'himſelf, and acquieſced in the unjuſt charge which 'had been laid on my memory.

'Mr. Watſon now beſpoke the moſt extravagant 'ſupper he could well think of, and though he had 'contented himſelf with ſimple claret before, nothing 'now but the moſt precious Burgundy would ſerve 'his purpoſe

'Our company was ſoon encreaſed by the addition 'of ſeveral gentlemen from the gaming-table; moſt 'of whom, as I afterwards found, came not to the 'tavern to drink, but in the way of buſineſs; for the 'true gameſters pretended to be ill, and refuſed their

'glaſs,

'glaſs, while they plied heartily two young fellows, 'who were to be afterwards pillaged, as indeed they 'were without mercy. Of this plunder I had the 'good fortune to be a ſharer, though I was not yet 'let into the ſecret.

'There was one remarkable accident attended this 'tavern play; for the money, by degrees, totally diſ-'appeared, ſo that though at the beginning the table 'was half covered with gold, yet before the play 'ended, which it did not till the next day, being Sun-'day at noon, there was ſcarce a ſingle guinea to be 'ſeen on the table; and this was the ſtranger, as every 'perſon preſent except myſelf declared he had loſt; 'and what was become of the money, unleſs the de-'vil himſelf carried it away, is difficult to determine.'

'Moſt certainly he did,' ſays Partridge, 'for 'evil ſpirits can carry away any thing without being 'ſeen, though there were never ſo many folk in the 'room; and I ſhould not have been ſurpriſed if he 'had carried away all the company of a ſet of wicked 'wretches, who were at play in ſermon-time. And 'I could tell you a true ſtory if I would, where the 'devil took a man out of bed from another man's 'wife, and carried him away through the key-hole 'of the door I've ſeen the very houſe where it was 'done, and no body hath lived in it theſe thirty 'years.'

Though Jones was a little offended by the impertinence of Partridge, he could not however avoid ſmiling at his ſimplicity. The ſtranger did the ſame, and then proceeded with his ſtory, as will be ſeen in the next chapter.

CHAP. XIII.

In which the foregoing ſtory is farther continued.

'MY fellow collegiate had now entered me in a 'new ſcene of life. I ſoon became acquainted 'with the whole fraternity of ſharpers, and was let 'into their ſecrets. I mean into the knowledge of 'thoſe groſs cheats which are proper to impoſe upon

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'the raw and unexperienced: for there are ſome tricks 'of a finer kind, which are known only to a few of 'the gang, who are at the head of their profeſſion; 'a degree of honour beyond my expectation; for 'drink, to which I was immoderately addicted, and 'the natural warmth of my paſſions, prevented me 'from arriving at any great ſucceſs in an art, which 'requires as much coolneſs as the moſt auſtere ſchool 'of philoſophy

'Mr. Watſon, with whom I now lived in the cloſeſt 'amity, had unluckily the former failing to a very 'great exceſs; ſo that inſtead of making a fortune by 'his profeſſion, as ſome others did, he was alternately 'rich and poor, and was often obliged to ſurrender to 'his cooler friends over a bottle which they never 'taſted, that plunder that he had taken from culls at 'the public table.

'However, we both made a ſhift to pick up an un-'comfortable livelihood, and for two years I con-'tinued of the calling, during which time I taſted all 'the varieties of fortune; ſometimes flouriſhing in 'affluence, and at others being obliged to ſtruggle with 'almoſt incredible difficulties. To-day wallowing in 'luxury, and to-morrow reduced to the coarſeſt and 'moſt homely fare. My fine clothes being often on 'my back in the evening, and at the pawnſhop the 'next morning.

'One night as I was returning pennyleſs from the 'gaming table, I obſerved a very great diſturbance, 'and a large mob gathered together in the ſtreet. As 'I was in no danger from pickpockets, I ventured 'into the croud, where, upon enquiry, I found that 'a man had been robbed and very ill uſed by ſome ruf-'fians. The wounded man appeared very bloody, 'and ſeemed ſcarce able to ſupport himſelf on his 'legs As I had not therefore been deprived of my 'humanity by my preſent life and converſation, though 'they had left me very little of either honeſty or 'ſhame, I immediately offered my aſſiſtance to the un-'happy perſon, who thankfully accepted it, and put-'ting himſelf under my conduct, begged me to con-'vey him to ſome tavern, where he might ſend for a

'ſur-

'surgeon, being, as he ſaid, faint with loſs of blood. 'He ſeemed indeed highly pleaſed at finding one who 'appeared in the dreſs of a gentleman: for as to all 'the reſt of the company preſent, their outſide was 'ſuch that he could not wiſely place any confidence 'in them.

'I took the poor man by the arm, and led him to 'the tavern where we kept our rendezvous, as it hap-'pened to be the neareſt at hand. A ſurgeon happen-'ing luckily to be in the houſe, immediately attend-'ed, and applied himſelf to dreſſing his wounds, 'which I had the pleaſure to hear were not likely to 'be mortal.

'The ſurgeon having very expeditiouſly and dex-'trouſly finiſhed his buſineſs, began to enquire in 'what part of the town the wounded man lodged;' who anſwered, 'That he was come to town that very "morning; that his horſe was at an inn in Piccadilly, "and that he had no other lodging, and very little or "no acquaintance in town.'

'This ſurgeon, whoſe name I have forgot, though 'I remember it began with an R. had the firſt cha-'racter in his profeſſion, and was ſerjeant-ſurgeon to 'the king. He had moreover many good qualities, 'and was a very generous, good natured man, and 'ready to do any ſervice to his fellow-creatures. He 'offered his patient the uſe of his chariot to carry him 'to his inn, and at the ſame time whiſpered in his 'ear, 'That if he wanted any money, he would "furniſh him.'

'The poor man was not now capable of returning 'thanks for this generous offer: for having had his 'eyes for ſome time ſtedfaſtly on me, he threw him-'ſelf back in his chair, crying, O, my ſon! my ſon! 'and then fainted away.

'Many of the people preſent imagined this accident 'had happened through his loſs of blood; but I, who 'at the ſame time began to recollect the features of 'my father, was now confirmed in my ſuſpicion, 'and ſatisfied that it was he himſelf who appeared be-'fore me. I preſently ran to him, raiſed him in my 'arms, and kiſſed his cold lips with the utmoſt eager-

'neſs.

'neſs. Here I muſt draw a curtain over a ſcene 'which I cannot deſcribe: for though I did not loſe 'my being, as my father for a while did, my ſenſes 'were however ſo overpowered with affright and ſur-'priſe, that I am a ſtranger to what paſſed during 'ſome minutes, and indeed till my father had again 'recovered from his ſwoon; and I found myſelf in 'his arms, both tenderly embracing each other, while 'the tears trickled a pace down the cheeks of each 'of us.

'Moſt of thoſe preſent ſeemed affected by this ſcene, 'which we, who might be conſidered as the actors in 'it, were deſirous of removing from the eyes of all 'ſpectators, as faſt as we could; my father therefore 'accepted the kind offer of the ſurgeon's chariot, and 'I attended him in it to his inn.

'When we were alone together, he gently up-'braided me with having neglected to write to him 'during ſo long a time, but entirely omitted the 'mention of that crime which had occaſioned it. He 'then informed me of my mother's death, and inſiſted 'on my returning home with him, ſaying, 'That "he had long ſuffered the greateſt anxiety on my ac-"count; that he knew not whether he had moſt fear-"ed my death or wiſhed it; ſince he had ſo many "more dreadful apprehenſions for me. At laſt he "ſaid, a neighbouring gentleman, who had juſt "recovered a ſon from the ſame place, informed him "where I was, and that to reclaim me from this "courſe of life, was the ſole cauſe of his journey to "London.' He thanked heaven he had ſucceeded 'ſo far as to find me out by means of an accident 'which had like to have proved fatal to him: and 'had the pleaſure to think he partly owed his preſer-'vation to my humanity, with which he profeſt him-'ſelf to be more delighted than he ſhould have been 'with my filial piety, if I had known that the object 'of all my care was my own father.

'Vice had not ſo depraved my heart, as to excite 'in it an inſenſibility of ſo much paternal affection, 'though ſo unworthily beſtowed. I preſently pro-'miſed to obey his commands in my return home

'with

'with him, as ſoon as he was able to travel, which 'indeed he was in a very few days, by the aſſiſtance 'of that excellent ſurgeon who had undertaken his 'cure.

'The day preceding my father's journey (before 'which time I ſcarce ever left him) I went to take my 'leave of ſome of my moſt intimate acquaintance, par-'ticularly of Mr. Watſon, who diſſuaded me from 'burying myſelf, as he called it, out of a ſimple com-'pliance with the fond deſires of a foolish old fellow. 'Such ſolicitations, however, had no effect, and I 'once more ſaw my own home. My father now great-'ly ſolicited me to think of marriage; but my incli-'nations were utterly averſe to any ſuch thoughts. I 'had taſted of love already, and perhaps you know 'the extravagant exceſſes of that moſt tender and moſt 'violent paſſion.' Here the old gentleman pauſed, and looked earneſtly at Jones; whoſe countenance within a minute's ſpace diſplayed the extremities of both red and white. Upon which the old man, without making any obſervations, renewed his nar-rative.

'Being now provided with all the neceſſaries of 'life, I betook myſelf once again to ſtudy, and that 'with a more inordinate application than I had ever 'done formerly. The books which now employed 'my time ſolely were thoſe, as well ancient as modern, 'which treat of true philoſophy, a word which is by 'many thought to be the ſubject only of farce and ri-'dicule. I now read over the works of Ariſtotle and 'Plato, with the reſt of thoſe ineſtimable treaſures 'which ancient Greece had bequeathed to the world.

'Theſe authors, though they inſtructed me in no 'ſcience by which men may promiſe to themſelves to 'acquire the leaſt riches or worldly power, taught 'me, however, the art of deſpiſing the higheſt acqui-'ſitions of both. They elevate the mind, and ſteel 'and harden it againſt the capricious invaſions of for-'tune. They not only inſtruct in the knowledge of 'wiſdom, but confirm men in her habits, and demon-'ſtrate plainly, that this muſt be our guide, if we pro-'poſe ever to arrive at the greateſt worldly happineſs;

'or to defend ourſelves with any tolerable ſecurity 'againſt the miſery which every where ſurrounds and 'inveſts us.

'To this I added another ſtudy, compared to 'which all the philoſophy taught by the wiſeſt hea-'thens is little better than a dream, and is indeed as 'full of vanity as the ſilliеſt jeſter ever pleaſed to re-'preſent it. This is that divine wiſdom which is 'alone to be found in the holy ſcriptures: for they 'impart to us the knowledge and aſſurance of things 'much more worthy our attention, than all which 'this world can offer to our acceptance; of things 'which heaven itſelf hath condeſcended to reveal to 'us, and to the ſmalleſt knowledge of which the 'higheſt human wit unaſſiſted could never aſcend. I 'began now to think all the time I had ſpent with the 'beſt heathen writers, was little more than labour 'loſt: for however pleaſant and delightful their leſ-'ſons may be, or however adequate to the right re-'gulation of our conduct with reſpect to this world 'only: yet when compared with the glory revealed in 'ſcripture, their higheſt documents will appear as 'trifling, and of as little conſequence as the rules by 'which children regulate their childiſh little games 'and paſtime. True it is, that philoſophy makes us 'wiſer, but chriſtianity makes us better men. Phi-'loſophy elevates and ſteels the mind, chriſtianity 'ſoftens and ſweetens it. The former makes us the 'objects of human admiration, the latter of divine 'love. That inſures us a temporal, but this an eter-'nal happineſs —But I am afraid I tire you with my 'rhapſody.'

'Not at all,' cries Partridge; 'Lud forbid we 'ſhould be tired with good things.'

'I had ſpent,' continued the ſtranger, 'about 'four years in the moſt delightful manner to myſelf, 'totally given up to contemplation, and entirely 'unembarraſſed with the affairs of the world, when 'I loſt the beſt of fathers, and one whom I ſo en-'tirely loved, that my grief at his loſs exceeds all 'deſcription. I now abandoned my books, and 'gave myſelf up for a whole month to the efforts

'of

'of melancholy and deſpair. Time, however, the 'beſt phyſician of the mind, at length brought me 'relief.' 'Ay, ay, *Tempus edax rerum*,' ſaid Partridge. 'I then,' continued the ſtranger, 'betook 'myſelf again to my former ſtudies, which I may ſay 'perfected my cure: for philoſophy and religion 'may be called the exerciſes of the mind, and when 'this is diſordered they are as wholſome as exerciſe 'can be to a diſtempered body. They do indeed 'produce ſimilar effects with exerciſe: for they 'ſtrengthen and confirm the mind; till man be-'comes, in the noble ſtrain of Horace,

'*Fortis, et in ſeipſo totus teres atque rotundus,*
'*Externi ne quid valeat per læve morari:*
'*In quem manca ruit ſemper Fortuna.*—*

Here Jones ſmiled at ſome conceit which intruded itſelf into his imagination; but the ſtranger, I believe, perceived it not, and proceeded thus.

'My circumſtances were now greatly altered by 'the death of that beſt of men: for my brother, 'who was now become maſter of the houſe, differ-'ed ſo widely from me in his inclinations, and our 'purſuits in life had been ſo very various, that we 'were the worſt of company to each other; but 'what made our living together ſtill more diſagree-'able, was the little harmony which could ſubſiſt 'between the few who reſorted to me, and the nu-'merous train of ſportſmen who often attended my 'brother from the field to the table: for ſuch fel-'lows, beſides the noiſe and nonſenſe with which 'they perſecute the ears of ſober men, endeavour 'always to attack them with affront and contempt. 'This was ſo much the caſe, that neither I myſelf, 'nor my friends, could ever ſit down to a meal with 'them, without being treated with deriſion, becauſe 'we were unacquainted with the phraſes of ſportſ-'men. For men of true learning, and almoſt uni-'verſal knowledge, always compaſſionate the igno-

* Firm in himſelf, who on himſelf relies,
Poliſh'd and round, who runs his proper courſe,
And breaks misfortunes with ſuperior force. Mr. FRANCIS.

'rance of others; but fellows who excel in ſome 'little, low, contemptible art, are always certain to 'deſpiſe thoſe who are unacquainted with that art.

'In ſhort, we ſoon ſeparated, and I went by the 'advice of a phyſician to drink the Bath waters: 'for my violent affliction, added to a ſedentary life, 'had thrown me into a kind of paralytic diſorder, 'for which thoſe waters are accounted an almoſt 'certain cure. The ſecond day after my arrival, as 'I was walking by the river, the ſun ſhone ſo in-'tenſely hot (though it was early in the year) that 'I retired to the ſhelter of ſome willows, and ſat 'down by the river-ſide. Here I had not been ſeated 'long before I heard a perſon on the other ſide the 'willows, ſighing and bemoaning himſelf bitterly. 'On a ſudden, having uttered a moſt impious oath, 'he cried, 'I am reſolved to bear it no longer,' 'and directly threw himſelf into the water. I im-'mediately ſtarted, and ran towards the place, cal-'ling at the ſame time as loudly as I could for aſſiſt-'ance. An angler happened luckily to be a fiſhing 'a little below me, though ſome very high ſedge had 'hid him from my ſight. He immediately came up, 'and both of us together, not without ſome hazard 'of our lives, drew the body to the ſhore. At firſt 'we perceived no ſign of life remaining; but having 'held the body up by the heels (for we ſoon had aſ-'ſiſtance enough) it diſcharged a vaſt quantity of wa-'ter at the mouth, and at length began to diſcover 'ſome ſymptoms of breathing, and a little afterwards 'to move both its hands and its legs.

'An apothecary, who happened to be preſent 'among others, adviſed that the body which ſeemed 'now to have pretty well emptied itſelf of water, 'and which began to have many convulſive motions, 'ſhould be directly taken up, and carried into a 'warm bed. This was accordingly performed, the 'apothecary and myſelf attending.

'As we were going towards an inn, for we knew 'not the man's lodgings, luckily a woman met us, 'who after ſome violent ſcreaming, told us, that 'the gentleman lodged at her houſe.

'When

'When I had ſeen the man ſafely depoſited there, 'I left him to the care of the apothecary, who, I 'ſuppoſe, uſed all the right methods with him; for 'the next morning I heard he had perfectly recover-'ed his ſenſes.

'I then went to viſit him, intending to ſearch 'out, as well as I could, the cauſe of his having at-'tempted ſo deſperate an act, and to prevent, as 'far as I was able, his purſuing ſuch wicked inten-'tions for the future. I was no ſooner admitted into 'his chamber, than we both inſtantly knew each 'other; for who ſhould this perſon be but my good 'friend Mr. Watſon! here I will not trouble you 'with what paſt at our firſt interview; for I would 'avoid prolixity as much as poſſible.' 'Pray let us 'hear all,' cries Partridge, 'I want mightily to know 'what brought him to Bath.'

'You ſhall hear every thing material,' anſwered the ſtranger; and then proceeded to relate what we ſhall proceed to write, after we have given a ſhort breathing time to both ourſelves and the reader.

CHAP. XIV.

In which the Man of the Hill concludes his hiſtory.

'MR. Watſon,' continued the ſtranger, 'very 'freely acquainted me, that the unhappy 'ſituation of his circumſtances, occaſioned by a tide 'of ill-luck, had in a manner forced him to a reſo-'lution of deſtroying himſelf.

'I now began to argue very ſeriouſly with him, 'in oppoſition to this heatheniſh, or indeed diabo-'lical principle of the lawfulneſs of ſelf-murder; 'and ſaid every thing which occurred to me on the 'ſubject: but, to my great concern, it ſeemed to 'have very little effect on him. He ſeemed not at all 'to repent of what he had done, and gave me rea-'ſon to fear, he would ſoon make a ſecond attempt 'of the like horrible kind.

'When I had finiſhed my diſcourſe, inſtead of 'endeavouring to anſwer my arguments, he looked

'me ſtedfaſtly in the face, and with a ſmile ſaid, "You are ſtrangely altered, my good friend, ſince "I remember you. I queſtion whether any of our "biſhops could make a better argument againſt "ſuicide than you have entertained me with; but "unleſs you can find ſomebody who will lend me a "cool hundred, I muſt either hang, or drown, or "ſtarve; and in my opinion the laſt death is the moſt "terrible of the three.'

'I anſwered him very gravely, that I was indeed 'altered ſince I had ſeen him laſt. That I had found 'leiſure to look into my follies, and to repent of 'them. I then adviſed him to purſue the ſame ſteps; 'and at laſt concluded with an aſſurance, that I my-'ſelf would lend him a hundred pound, if it would 'be of any ſervice to his affairs, and he would not 'put it into the power of a die to deprive him of it.

'Mr. Watſon, who ſeemed almoſt compoſed in 'ſlumber by the former part of my diſcourſe, was 'rouſed by the latter. He ſeized my hand eagerly, 'gave me a thouſand thanks, and declared I was a 'friend indeed; adding that he hoped I had a better 'opinion of him, than to imagine he had profited ſo 'little by experience, as to put any confidence in 'thoſe damned dice, which had ſo often deceived 'him.' 'No, no,' cries he, 'let me but once "handſomely be ſet up again, and if ever fortune "makes a broken merchant of me afterwards, I will "forgive her.'

'I very well underſtood the language of ſetting 'up, and broken merchant. I therefore ſaid to him 'with a very grave face, Mr Watſon, you muſt 'endeavour to find out ſome buſineſs, or employ-'ment, by which you may procure yourſelf a liveli-'hood; and I promiſe you, could I ſee any proba-'bility of being repaid hereafter, I would advance 'a much larger ſum than what you have mentioned, 'to equip you in any fair and honourable calling; 'but as to gaming, beſides the baſeneſs and wicked-'neſs of making it a profeſſion, you are really to my 'own knowledge, unfit for it, and it will end in your 'certain ruin.'

"Why

" Why now, that's ſtrange,' anſwered he, ' neither you, nor any of my friends, would ever allow " me to know any thing of the matter, and yet, I " believe, I am as good a hand at every game as any " of you all; and I heartily wiſh I was to play with " you only for your whole fortune; I ſhould deſire " no better ſport, and I would let you name your " game into the bargain: but come my dear boy, " have you the hundred in your pocket?'

' I anſwered, I had only a bill for 50 l. which I ' delivered him, and promiſed to bring him the reſt ' next morning; and, after giving him a little more ' advice, took my leave.

' I was indeed better than my word: for I re- ' turned to him that very afternoon. When I entered ' the room, I found him ſitting up in his bed at cards ' with a notorious gameſter. This ſight, you will ' imagine, ſhocked me not a little! to which I may ' add the mortification of ſeeing my bill delivered by ' him to his antagoniſt, and thirty guineas only given ' in exchange for it.

' The other gameſter preſently quitted the room, ' and then Watſon declared he was aſhamed to ſee ' me; ' but,' ſays he, ' I find luck runs ſo damna- " bly againſt me, that I will reſolve to leave off " play for ever. I have thought of the kind propo- " ſal you made me ever ſince, and I promiſe you " there ſhall be no fault in me, if I do not put it in " execution.'

' Though I had no great faith in his promiſes, I ' produced him the remainder of the hundred in con- ' ſequence of my own; for which he gave me a note, ' which was all I ever expected to ſee in return for ' my money.

' We were prevented from any further diſcourſe at ' preſent, by the arrival of the apothecary: who, ' with much joy in his countenance, and without ' even aſking his patient how he did, proclaimed ' there was great news arrived in a letter to himſelf, ' which he ſaid would ſhortly be public, ' That the " Duke of Monmouth was landed in the weſt with a " vaſt army of Dutch; and that another vaſt fleet " hovered

" hovered over the coaſt of Norfolk, and was to make
" a deſcent there, in order to favour the duke's en-
" terprize with a diverſion on that ſide.'

'This apothecary was one of the greateſt politi-
'cians of his time. He was more delighted with the
'moſt paultry packet, than with the beſt patient;
'and the higheſt joy he was capable of, he received
'from having a piece of news in his poſſeſſion an
'hour or two ſooner than any other perſon in the
'town. His advices however were ſeldom authen-
'tic; for he would ſwallow almoſt any thing as a
'truth, a humour which many made uſe of to impoſe
'upon him.

'Thus it happened with what he at preſent com-
'municated; for it was known within a ſhort time
'afterwards, that the duke was really landed; but
'that his army conſiſted only of a few attendants;
'and as to the diverſion in Norfolk, it was entirely
'falſe.

'The apothecary ſtaid no longer in the room than
'while he acquainted us with his news; and then,
'without ſaying a ſyllable to his patient on any other
'ſubject, departed to ſpread his advices all over the
'town.

'Events of this nature in the public are generally
'apt to eclipſe all private concerns. Our diſcourſe,
'therefore, now became entirely political. For my
'own part, I had been for ſome time very ſeriouſly
'affected with the danger to which the proteſtant
'religion was ſo viſibly expoſed, under a popiſh
'prince: and thought the apprehenſion of it alone
'ſufficient to juſtify that inſurrection: for no real ſe-
'curity can ever be found againſt the perſecuting
'ſpirit of popery, when armed with power, except
'the depriving it of that power, as woeful expe-
'perience preſently ſhewed. You know how King
'James behaved after getting the better of this at-
'tempt; how little he valued either his royal word,
'or coronation-oath, or the liberties and rights of
'his people. But all had not the ſenſe to foreſee this
'at firſt; and therefore the Duke of Monmouth was
'weakly ſupported; yet all could feel when the evil

'came

'came upon them; and therefore all united, at laſt, 'to drive out that king, againſt whoſe excluſion a 'great party among us had ſo warmly contended, 'during the reign of his brother, and for whom they 'now fought with ſuch zeal and affection.'

'What you ſay, interrupted Jones, 'is very true; 'and it has often ſtruck me, as the moſt wonderful 'thing I ever read of in hiſtory, that ſo ſoon after this 'convincing experience, which brought our whole 'nation to join ſo unanimouſly in expelling King 'James, for the preſervation of our religion and li-'berties, there ſhould be a party among us mad e-'nough to deſire the placing his family again on the 'throne.' 'You are not in earneſt!' anſwered the old man; 'there can be no ſuch party. As bad an 'opinion as I have of mankind, I cannot believe them 'infatuated to ſuch a degree! There may be ſome 'hot-headed Papiſts led by their prieſts to engage in 'this deſperate cauſe, and think it a holy war: but 'that Proteſtants, that are members of the church of 'England, ſhould be ſuch apoſtates, ſuch *Felos de ſe*, 'I cannot believe it; no, no, young man, unacquainted 'as I am with what has paſt in the world for theſe laſt 'thirty years, I cannot be ſo impoſed upon as to credit 'ſo fooliſh a tale: but I ſee you have a mind to ſport 'with my ignorance.' 'Can it be poſſible,' replied Jones, 'that you have lived ſo much out of the 'world as not to know that during that time there have 'been two rebellions in favour of the ſon of King 'James, one of which is now actually raging in the 'very heart of the kingdom?' At theſe words the old gentleman ſtarted up, and, in a moſt ſolemn tone of voice, conjured Jones by his Maker to tell him, if what he ſaid was really true: which the other as ſolemnly affirming, he walked ſeveral turns about the room in a profound ſilence, then cried, then laughed, and, at laſt, fell down on his knees, and bleſſed God, in a loud thankſgiving prayer, for having delivered him from all ſociety with human nature, which could be capable of ſuch monſtrous extravagancies. After which, being reminded by Jones that he had broke off his ſtory, he reſumed it again in this manner.

'As

'As mankind, in the days I was ſpeaking of, was 'not yet arrived to that pitch of madneſs which I find 'they are capable of now, and which, to be ſure, I 'have only eſcaped by living alone, and at a diſ-'tance from the contagion, there was a conſiderable 'riſing in favour of Monmouth; and, my principles 'ſtrongly inclining me to take the ſame part I de-'termined to join him: and Mr. Watſon, from diſ-'ferent motives concurring in the ſame reſolution, '(for the ſpirit of a gameſter will carry a man as far 'upon ſuch an occaſion as the ſpirit of patriotiſm), 'we ſoon provided ourſelves with all neceſſaries, and 'went to the duke at Bridgewater.

'The unfortunate event of this enterprize you are, 'I conclude, as well acquainted with as myſelf. I 'eſcaped, together with Mr. Watſon, from the bat-'tle at Sedgemore in which action I received a ſlight 'wound. We rode near forty miles together on the 'Exeter road, and, then abandoning our horſes, 'ſcrambled as well as we could through the fields 'and bye-roads, till we arrived at a little wild hut 'on a common, where a poor old woman took all 'the care of us ſhe could, and dreſſed my wound 'with ſalve, which quickly healed it.'

'Pray, Sir where was the wound,' ſays Partridge. The ſtranger ſatisfied him it was in his arm, and then continued his narrative. 'Here, ſir,' ſaid he, 'Mr. 'Watſon left me the next morning, in order, as he 'pretended, to get us ſome proviſion from the town 'of Cullumpton;—but—can I relate it? or can you 'believe it?—This Mr Watſon, this friend, this 'baſe, barbarous, treacherous villain, betrayed me 'to a party of horſe belonging to King James, and, 'at his return, delivered me into their hands.

'The ſoldiers, being ſix in number had now ſeized 'me, and were conducting me to Taunton gaol; 'but neither my preſent ſituation, nor the apprehen-'ſions of what might happen to me, were half ſo 'irkſome to my mind, as the company of my falſe 'friend, who, having ſurrendered himſelf, was like-'wiſe conſidered as a priſoner, though he was better 'treated, as being to make his peace at my expence.

He

'He at firſt endeavoured to excuſe his treachery; but 'when he received nothing but ſcorn and upbraiding 'from me, he ſoon changed his note, abuſed me as 'the moſt atrocious and malicious rebel, and laid all 'his own guilt to my charge, who, as he declared, 'had ſolicited, and even threatened him, to make 'him take up arms againſt his gracious, as well as 'lawful ſovereign.

'This falſe evidence, (for in reality, he had been 'much the forwarder of the two), ſtung me to the 'quick, and raiſed an indignation ſcarce conceivable 'by thoſe who have not felt it. However, fortune 'at length took pity on me; for as we were got a 'little beyond Wellington, in a narrow lane, my 'guards received a falſe alarm, that near fifty of the 'enemy were at hand, upon which they ſhifted for 'themſelves, and left me and my betrayer to do the 'ſame. That villain immediately ran from me, and 'I am glad he did, or I ſhould have certainly endea-'voured, though I had no arms, to have executed 'vengeance on his baſeneſs.

'I was now once more at liberty, and immediately 'withdrawing from the highway into the fields, I 'travelled on, ſcarce knowing which way I went, 'and making it my chief care to avoid all public roads, 'and all towns, nay, even the moſt homely houſes; 'for I imagined every human creature whom I ſaw, 'deſirous of betraying me.

'At laſt, after rambling ſeveral days about the 'country, during which the fields afforded me the 'ſame bed, and the ſame food, which nature beſtows 'on our ſavage brothers of the creation, I at length 'arrived at this place, where the ſolitude and wild-'neſs of the country invited me to fix my abode. The 'firſt perſon with whom I took up my habitation was 'the mother of this old woman, with whom I re-'mained concealed, till the news of the glorious Re-'volution put an end to all my apprehenſions of 'danger, and gave me an opportunity of once more 'viſiting my own home, and of enquiring a little into 'my affairs, which I ſoon ſettled as agreeably to my 'brother as to myſelf; having reſigned every thing

'to

'to him, for which he paid me the ſum of a thouſand 'pounds, and ſettled on me an annuity for life.

'His behaviour in this laſt inſtance, as in all others, 'was ſelfiſh and ungenerous. I could not look on 'him as my friend, nor indeed did he deſire that I 'ſhould; ſo I preſently took my leave of him, as well 'as of my other acquaintance; and from that day to 'this, my hiſtory is little better than a blank.'

'And is it poſſible, Sir,' ſaid Jones, 'that you can 'have reſided here from that day to this?' 'O no, 'Sir,' anſwered the gentleman, 'I have been a great 'traveller, and there are few parts of Europe with 'which I am not acquainted.' 'I have not, Sir,' cried Jones, 'the aſſurance to aſk it of you now. Indeed it 'would be cruel, after ſo much breath as you have al-'ready ſpent. But you will give me leave to wiſh for 'ſome further opportunity of hearing the excellent ob-'ſervations, which a man of your ſenſe and know-'ledge of the world muſt have made in ſo long a courſe 'of travels.' 'Indeed, young gentleman,' anſwered the ſtranger, 'I will endeavour to ſatisfy your curio-'ſity on this head likewiſe, as far as I am able.' Jones attempted freſh apologies, but was prevented; and while he and Partridge ſat with greedy and impatient ears, the ſtranger proceeded as in the next chapter.

CHAP. XV.

A brief hiſtory of Europe. And a curious diſcourſe between Mr. Jones and the Man of the Hill.

'IN Italy the landlords are very ſilent In France 'they are more talkative, but yet civil. In Ger-'many and Holland they are generally very impertі-'nent. And as for their honeſty, I believe it is pretty 'equal in all thoſe countries. The *Laquais à Louange* 'are ſure to loſe no opportunity of cheating you: and 'as for the poſtilions, I think they are pretty much 'alike all the world over. Theſe, Sir, are the ob-'ſervations on men which I made in my travels; for 'theſe were the only men I ever converſed with. My 'deſign, when I went abroad, was to divert myſelf

'by ſeeing the wondrous variety of proſpects, beaſts, 'birds, fiſhes inſects, and vegetables, with which 'God has been pleaſed to enrich the ſeveral parts of 'this globe.—A variety, which as it muſt give great 'pleaſure to a contemplative beholder, ſo doth it ad-'mirably diſplay the power and wiſdom, and good-'neſs of the Creator. Indeed, to ſay the truth, there 'is but one work in his whole creation that doth him 'any diſhonour, and with that I have long ſince 'avoided holding any converſation.'

'You will pardon me,' cries Jones, 'but I have 'always imagined, that there is in this very work 'you mention, as great variety as in all the reſt; for 'beſides the difference of inclinations, cuſtoms and 'climates have, I am told, introduced the utmoſt di-'verſity into human nature.' 'Very little indeed,' anſwered the other; 'thoſe who travel in order to ac-'quaint themſelves with the different manners of men, 'might ſpare themſelves much pains, by going to a 'carnival at Venice; for there they will ſee at once 'all which they can diſcover in the ſeveral courts of 'Europe;—the ſame hypocriſy, the ſame fraud; in 'ſhort, the ſame follies and vices, dreſſed in different 'habits. In Spain theſe are equipped with much 'gravity; and in Italy, with vaſt ſplendor. In 'France, a knave is dreſſed like a fop; and in the 'northern countries, like a ſloven. But human na-'ture is every where the ſame, every where the ob-'ject of deteſtation and ſcorn.

'As for my own part, I paſt through all theſe na-'tions, as you perhaps may have done through a 'croud at a ſhew, joſtling to get by them, holding 'my noſe with one hand, and defending my pockets 'with the other, without ſpeaking a word to any of 'them, while I was preſſing on to ſee what I want-'ed to ſee; which, however entertaining it might be in 'itſelf, ſcarce made me amends for the trouble the 'company gave me.'

'Did not you find ſome of the nations among which 'you travelled, leſs troubleſome to you than others?' ſaid Jones. 'O yes,' replied the old man; 'the 'Turks were much more tolerable to me than the

'Chriſtians. For they are men of profound taciturnity, and never diſturb a ſtranger with queſtions. 'Now and then indeed they beſtow a ſhort curſe upon 'him, or ſpit in his face as he walks the ſtreets, but 'then they have done with him; and a man may live 'an age in their country without hearing a dozen 'words from them. But of all the people I ever ſaw, 'heaven defend me from the French. With their 'damned prate and civilities, and doing the honour 'of their nation to ſtrangers, (as they are pleaſed to 'call it), but indeed ſetting forth their own vanity; 'they are ſo troubleſome that I had infinitely rather 'paſs my life with the Hottentots, than ſet my foot 'in Paris again. They are a naſty people, but their 'naſtineſs is moſtly without; whereas in France, and 'ſome other nations that I won't name, it is all with'in, and makes them ſtink much more to my reaſon 'than that of Hottentots does to my noſe.

'Thus, Sir, I have ended the hiſtory of my life; 'for as to all that ſeries of years, during which I have 'lived retired here, it affords no variety to entertain 'you, and may be almoſt conſidered as one day. The 'retirement has been ſo compleat, that I could hardly 'have enjoyed a more abſolute ſolitude in the deſerts 'of the Thebais, than here in the midſt of this popu'lous kingdom. As I have no eſtate, I am plagued 'with no tenants or ſtewards; my annuity is paid me 'pretty regularly, as indeed it ought to be; for it is 'much leſs than what I might have expected, in re'turn for what I gave up. Viſits I admit none; and 'the old woman who keeps my houſe knows, that her 'place entirely depends upon her ſaving me all the 'trouble of buying the things that I want, keeping 'off all ſolicitation or buſineſs from me, and holding 'her tongue whenever I am within hearing. As my 'walks are all by night, I am pretty ſecure in this 'wild, unfrequented place, from meeting any com'pany. Some few perſons I have met by chance, and 'ſent them home heartily frighted as from the odd'neſs of my dreſs and figure they took me for a ghoſt 'or a hobgoblin. But what has happened to-night 'ſhews, that even here I cannot be ſafe from the vil-

'lany

'lany of men; for without your aſſiſtance I had not 'only been robbed, but very probably murdered.'

Jones thanked the ſtranger for the trouble he had taken in relating his ſtory, and then expreſſed ſome wonder how he could poſſibly endure a life of ſuch ſolitude; 'in which,' ſays he, 'you may well com-'plain of the want of variety. Indeed, I am aſtoniſh-'ed how you have filled up, or rather killed, ſo much 'of your time.'

'I am not at all ſurpriſed,' anſwered the other, 'that 'to one whoſe affections and thoughts are fixed on the 'world, my hours ſhould appear to have wanted em-'ployment in this place; but there is one ſingle act, 'for which the whole life of man is infinitely too 'ſhort. What time can ſuffice for the contemplation 'and worſhip of that glorious, immortal, and eternal 'Being, among the works of whoſe ſtupendous crea-'tion, not only this globe, but even thoſe numberleſs 'luminaries which we may here behold ſpangling all 'the ſky, though they ſhould many of them be ſuns 'lighting different ſyſtems of worlds, may poſſibly 'appear but as a few atoms, oppoſed to the whole 'earth which we inhabit? Can a man who, by di-'vine meditations, is admitted, as it were, into the 'converſation of this ineffable, incomprehenſible Ma-'jeſty, think days, or years, or ages, too long for the 'continuance of ſo ravithing an honour? Shall the 'trifling amuſements, the paſſing pleaſures, the buſy 'buſineſs of the world roll away our hours too ſwiftly 'from us; and ſhall the pace of time ſeem ſluggiſh 'to a mind exerciſed in ſtudies ſo high, ſo important, 'and ſo glorious? As no time is ſufficient, ſo no place 'is improper for this great concern. On what object 'can we caſt our eyes, which may not inſpire us with 'ideas of his power, of his wiſdom, and of his good-'neſs? It is not neceſſary, that the riſing ſun ſhould 'dart his fiery glories over the eaſtern horizon; nor 'that the boiſterous winds ſhould ruſh from their ca-'verns, and ſhake the lofty foreſt; nor that the open-'ing clouds ſhould pour their deluges on the plains: 'it is not neceſſary, I ſay, that any of theſe ſhould 'proclaim his Majeſty; there is not an inſect, not a

'vegetable, of ſo low an order in the creation, as 'not to be honoured with bearing marks of the at-'tributes of its great Creator; marks not only of his 'power, but of his wiſdom and goodneſs. Man alone, 'the king of this globe, the laſt and greateſt work of 'the ſupreme Being, below the ſun; man alone hath 'baſely diſhonoured his own nature, and by diſhoneſ-'ty, cruelty, ingratitude, and treachery, hath called 'his Maker's goodneſs in queſtion, by puzzling us to 'account how a benevolent Being ſhould form ſo 'fooliſh, and ſo vile an animal. Yet this is the Being 'from whoſe converſation you think, I ſuppoſe, that 'I have been unfortunately reſtrained; and without 'whoſe bleſſed ſociety, life, in your opinion, muſt 'be tedious and inſipid.'

'In the former part of what you ſaid,' replied Jones, 'I moſt heartily and readily concur; but I be-'lieve, as well as hope, that the abhorrence which 'you expreſs for mankind, in the concluſion, is much 'too general. Indeed, you here fall into an error, 'which, in my little experience, I have obſerved to 'be a very common one, by taking the character of 'mankind from the worſt and baſeſt among them; 'whereas indeed, as an excellent writer obſerves, no-'thing ſhould be eſteemed as characteriſtical of a ſpe-'cies, but what is to be found among the beſt and 'moſt perfect individuals of that ſpecies. This error, 'I believe, is generally committed by thoſe who, 'from want of proper caution in the choice of their 'friends and acquaintance, have ſuffered injuries from 'bad and worthleſs men; two or three inſtances of 'which are very unjuſtly charged on all human na-'ture.'

'I think I had experience enough of it,' anſwered the other. 'My firſt miſtreſs, and my firſt friend be-'trayed me in the baſeſt manner, and in matters which 'threatened to be of the worſt of conſequences, even 'to bring me to a ſhameful death.'

'But you will pardon me,' cries Jones, 'if I deſire 'you to reflect who that miſtreſs, and who that friend 'were. What better, my good Sir, could be expected 'in love derived from the ſtews, or in friendſhip firſt

'pro-

'produced and nouriſhed at the gaming table! To 'take the characters of women from the former in-'ſtance, or of men from the latter, would be as unjuſt 'as to aſſert, that air is a naufeous and unwholeſome 'element, becauſe we find it ſo in a jakes. I have 'lived but a ſhort time in the world, and yet have 'known men worthy of the higheſt friendſhip, and 'women of the higheſt love'

'Alas! young man,' anſwered the ſtranger, 'you 'have lived, you confeſs, but a very ſhort time in the 'world; I was ſomewhat older than you when I was 'of the ſame opinion'

'You might have remained ſo ſtill,' replied Jones, 'if you had not been unfortunate. I will venture to 'ſay incautious, in the placing your affections. If 'there was indeed much more wickedneſs in the world 'than there is, it would not prove ſuch general aſ-'ſertions againſt human nature, ſince much of this 'arrives by mere accident, and many a man who 'commits evil, is not totally bad and corrupt in his 'heart. In truth, none ſeem to have any title to 'aſſert human nature to be neceſſarily and univer-'ſally evil, but thoſe whoſe own minds afford them 'one inſtance of this natural depravity; which is not, 'I am convinced, your caſe.'

'And ſuch,' ſaid the ſtranger, 'will be always the 'moſt backward to aſſert any ſuch thing. Knaves 'will no more endeavour to perſuade us of the baſe-'neſs of mankind, than a highwayman will inform 'you that there are thieves on the road. This would 'indeed be a method to put you on your guard, and 'to defeat their own purpoſes. For which reaſon 'though knaves, as I remember, are very apt to 'abuſe particular perſons; yet they never caſt any 'reflections on human nature in general.' The old gentleman ſpoke this ſo warmly, that as Jones deſpaired of making a convert, and was unwilling to offend, he returned no anſwer.

The day now began to ſend forth its firſt ſtreams of light, when Jones made an apology to the ſtranger for having ſtaid ſo long, and perhaps detained him from his reſt. The ſtranger anſwered, 'he ne-

'ver wanted reſt leſs than at preſent; for that day 'and night were indifferent ſeaſons to him, and that 'he commonly made uſe of the former for the time 'of his repoſe, and of the latter for his walks and 'lucubrations. However,' ſaid he, 'it is now a moſt 'lovely morning, and if you can bear any longer to 'be without your own reſt or food, I will gladly en-'tertain you with the ſight of ſome very fine pro-'ſpects, which I believe you have not yet ſeen.'

Jones very readily embraced this offer, and they immediately ſet forward together from the cottage. As for Partridge, he had fallen into a profound repoſe, juſt as the ſtranger had finiſhed his ſtory: for his curioſity was ſatisfied, and the ſubſequent diſcourſe was not forcible enough in its operation to conjure down the charms of ſleep. Jones therefore left him to enjoy his nap; and as the reader may perhaps be, at this ſeaſon, glad of the ſame favour, we will here put an end to the eighth book of our hiſtory.

THE

THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

BOOK IX.

Containing twelve hours.

CHAP. I.

Of those who lawfully may, and of those who may not write such histories as this.

AMONG other good uses for which I have thought proper to institute these several introductory chapters, I have considered them as a kind of mark or stamp, which may hereafter enable a very indifferent reader to distinguish what is true and genuine in this historic kind of writing, from what is false and counterfeit. Indeed it seems likely that some such mark may shortly become necessary, since the favourable reception which two or three authors have lately procured for their works of this nature from the public, will probably serve as an encouragement to many others to undertake the like. Thus a swarm of foolish novels, and monstrous romances will be produced, either to the great impoverishing of booksellers, or to the great loss of time, and depravation of morals in the reader; nay, often to the spreading of scandal

ſcandal and calumny, and to the prejudice of the characters of many worthy and honeſt people.

I queſtion not but the ingenious author of the Spectator was principally induced to prefix Greek and Latin mottos to every paper from the ſame conſideration of guarding againſt the purſuit of thoſe ſcribblers, who, having no talents of a writer but what is taught by the writing maſter, are yet nowiſe afraid nor aſhamed to aſſume the ſame titles with the greateſt genius, than their good-brother in the fable was of braying in the lion's ſkin.

By the device therefore of his motto, it became impracticable for any man to preſume to imitate the Spectators, without underſtanding at leaſt one ſentence in the learned languages. In the ſame manner I have now ſecured myſelf from the imitation of thoſe who are utterly incapable of any degree of reflection, and whoſe learning is not equal to an eſſay.

I would not be here underſtood to inſinuate, that the greateſt merit of ſuch hiſtorical productions can ever lie in theſe introductory chapters; but, in fact, thoſe parts which contain mere narrative only, afford much more encouragement to the pen of an imitator, than thoſe which are compoſed of obſervation and reflection. Here I mean ſuch imitators as Rowe was of Shakeſpear, or as Horace hints ſome of the Romans were of Cato, by bare feet and ſour faces.

To invent good ſtories, and to tell them well, are poſſibly very rare talents, and yet I have obſerved few perſons who have ſcrupled to aim at both: and if we examine the romances and novels with which the world abounds, I think we may fairly conclude, that moſt of the authors would not have attempted to ſhew their teeth (if the expreſſion may be allowed me) in any other way of writing; nor could indeed have ſtrung together a dozen ſentences on any other ſubject whatever. *Scribimus indocti doctique paſſim* *, may be more truly ſaid of the hiſtorian and biographer, than of any other ſpecies of writing: for all the arts and ſciences (even

* ——Each deſperate blockhead dares to write,
Verſe is the trade of every living wight.

criticiſm

criticiſm itſelf) require ſome little degree of learning and knowledge. Poetry indeed may perhaps be thought an exception; but then it demands numbers, or ſomething like numbers; whereas to the compoſition of novels and romances, nothing is neceſſary but paper, pens, and ink, with the manual capacity of uſing them. This, I conceive, their productions ſhew to be the opinion of the authors themſelves: and this muſt be the opinion of their readers, if indeed there be any ſuch.

Hence we are to derive that univerſal contempt, which the world, who always denominate the whole from the majority, have caſt on all hiſtorical writers, who do not draw their materials from records. And it is the apprehenſion of this contempt, that hath made us ſo cautiouſly avoid the term romance, a name with which we might otherwiſe have been well enough contented. Though as we have good authority for all our characters, no leſs indeed than the vaſt authentic doomſday-book of nature, as is elſewhere hinted, our labours have ſufficient title to the name of hiſtory. Certainly they deſerve ſome diſtinction from thoſe works, which one of the witticſt of men regarded only as proceeding from a Pruritus, or indeed rather from a looſeneſs of the brain.

But beſides the diſhonour which is thus caſt on one of the moſt uſeful as well as entertaining of all kinds of writing, there is juſt reaſon to apprehend, that by encouraging ſuch authors, we ſhall propagate much diſhonour of another kind; I mean to the characters of many good and valuable members of ſociety: for the dulleſt writers no more than the dulleſt companions are always inoffenſive. They have both enough of language to be indecent and abuſive. And ſurely, if the opinion juſt above cited be true, we cannot wonder, that works ſo naſtily derived ſhould be naſty themſelves, or make others ſo.

To prevent therefore for the future, ſuch intemperate abuſes of leiſure, of letters, and of the liberty of the preſs, eſpecially as the world ſeems at preſent to be more than uſually threatened with them, I ſhall here venture to mention ſome qualifications, every one of which

which are in a pretty high degree neceſſary to this order of hiſtorians.

The firſt is genius, without a full vein of which, no ſtudy, ſays Horace, can avail us. By genius I would underſtand that power, or rather thoſe powers of the mind, which are capable of penetrating into all things within our reach and knowledge, and of diſtinguiſhing their eſſential differences. Theſe are no other than invention and judgment; and they are both called by the collective name of genius, as they are of thoſe gifts of nature which we bring with us into the world. Concerning each of which many ſeem to have fallen into very great errors: for by invention, I believe, is generally underſtood a creative faculty; which would indeed prove moſt romance-writers to have the higheſt pretenſions to it; whereas by invention is really meant no more, (and ſo the word ſignifies) than diſcovery, or finding out; or to explain it at large, a quick and ſagacious penetration into the true eſſence of all the objects of our contemplation. This, I think, can rarely exiſt, without the concomitancy of judgment: for how we can be ſaid to have diſcovered the true eſſence of two things, without diſcerning their difference, ſeems to me hard to conceive. Now this laſt is the undiſputed province of judgment, and yet ſome few men of wit have agreed with all the dull fellows in the world, in repreſenting theſe two to have been ſeldom or never the property of one and the ſame perſon.

But though they ſhould be ſo, they are not ſufficient for our purpoſe, without a good ſhare of learning; for which I could again cite the authority of Horace, and of many others, if any was neceſſary to prove that tools are of no ſervice to a workman, when they are not ſharpened by art, or when he wants rules to direct him in his work, or hath no matter to work upon. All theſe uſes are ſupplied by learning: for nature can only furniſh us with capacity, or, as I have choſe to illuſtrate it, with the tools of our profeſſion; learning muſt fit them for uſe, muſt direct them in it; and laſtly, muſt contribute, part at leaſt, of the materials. A competent knowledge of hiſtory and of the Belles Lettres,

Lettres, is here abſolutely neceſſary; and without this ſhare of knowledge at leaſt, to affect the character of an hiſtorian, is as vain as to endeavour at building a houſe without timber or mortar, or brick or ſtone. Homer and Milton, who, though they added the ornament of numbers to their works, were both hiſtorians of our order, and maſters of all the learning of their times.

Again, there is another ſort of knowledge beyond the power of learning to beſtow, and this is to be had by converſation. So neceſſary is this to the underſtanding the characters of men, that none are more ignorant of them than thoſe learned pedants, whoſe lives have been entirely conſumed in colleges, and among books; for however exquiſitely human nature may have been deſcribed by writers, the true practical ſyſtem can be learnt only in the world. Indeed the like happens in every other kind of knowledge. Neither phyſic, nor law, are to be practically known from books. Nay, the farmer, the planter, the gardener, muſt perfect by experience what he hath acquired the rudiments of by reading. How accurately ſoever the ingenious Mr. Miller may have deſcribed the plant, he himſelf would adviſe his diſciple to ſee it in the garden. As we muſt perceive, that after the niceſt ſtrokes of a Shakeſpear, or a Johnſon, of a Wycherly, or an Otway, ſome touches of nature will eſcape the reader, which the judicious action of a Garrick, of a Cibber, or a Clive *, can convey to him; ſo on the real ſtage, the character ſhews himſelf in a ſtronger and bolder light, than he can be deſcribed. And if this be the caſe in thoſe fine and nervous deſcriptions, which great authors themſelves have taken from life, how much more ſtrongly will it hold when the writer himſelf takes his lines not from nature, but from books! Such cha-

* There is a peculiar propriety in mentioning this great actor, and theſe two moſt juſtly celebrated actreſſes in this place; as they have all formed themſelves on the ſtudy of nature only; and not on the imitation of their predeceſſors. Hence they have been able to excel all who have gone before them; a degree of merit which the ſervile herd of imitators can never poſſibly arrive at.

racters

racters are only the faint copy of a copy, and can have neither the juſtneſs nor the ſpirit of an original.

Now this converſation in our hiſtorian muſt be univerſal, that is, with all ranks and degrees of men: for the knowledge of what is called high life, will not inſtruct him in low, nor *e converſo*, will his being acquainted with the inferior part of mankind, teach him the manners of the ſuperior. And though it may be thought that the knowledge of either may ſufficiently enable him to deſcribe at leaſt that in which he hath been converſant; yet he will even here fall greatly ſhort of perfection: for the follies of either rank do in reality illuſtrate each other. For inſtance the affectation of high-life appears more glaring and ridiculous from the ſimplicity of the low: and again, the rudeneſs and barbarity of this latter, ſtrikes with much ſtronger ideas of abſurdity, when contraſted with, and oppoſed to the politeneſs which controuls the former. Beſides, to ſay the truth, the manners of our hiſtorians will be improved by both theſe converſations: for in the one he will eaſily find examples of plainneſs, honeſty, and ſincerity: in the other of refinement, elegance, and a liberality of ſpirit; which laſt quality I myſelf have ſcarce ever ſeen in men of low birth and education.

Nor will all the qualities I have hitherto given my hiſtorian avail him, unleſs he have what is generally meant by a good heart, and be capable of feeling. The author who will make me weep, ſays Horace, muſt firſt weep himſelf. In reality, no man can paint a diſtreſs well, which he doth not feel while he is painting it: nor do I doubt, but that the moſt pathetic and affecting ſcenes have been writ with tears. In the ſame manner it is with the ridiculous. I am convinced I never make my reader laugh heartily, but where I have laughed before him; unleſs it ſhould happen at any time, that inſtead of laughing with me, he ſhould be inclined to laugh at me. Perhaps this may have been the caſe at ſome paſſages in this chapter, from which apprehenſion I will here put an end to it.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

Containing a very ſurpriſing adventure indeed, which Mr. Jones met with in his walk with the Man of the Hill.

AURORA now firſt opened her caſement, *Anglicé*, the day began to break, when Jones walked forth in company with the ſtranger, and mounted Mazzard Hill; of which they had no ſooner gained the ſummit, than one of the moſt noble proſpects in the world preſented itſelf to their view, and which we would likewiſe preſent to the reader; but for two reaſons. Firſt, We deſpair of making thoſe who have ſeen this proſpect, admire our deſcription. Secondly, We very much doubt whether thoſe, who have not ſeen it, would underſtand it.

Jones ſtood for ſome minutes fixed in one poſture, and directing his eyes towards the ſouth; upon which the old gentleman aſked what he was looking at with ſo much attention! 'Alas, Sir,' anſwered he with a ſigh, 'I was endeavouring to trace out my own jour-'ney hither. Good Heavens! what a diſtance is 'Glouceſter from us! What a vaſt track of land muſt 'be between me and my own home.' 'Ay, ay, 'young gentleman,' cries the other, 'and, by your 'ſighing, from what you love better than your own 'home, or I am miſtaken. I perceive now the object 'of your contemplation is not within your ſight, and 'yet I fancy you have a pleaſure in looking that way.' Jones anſwered with a ſmile, 'I find, old friend, you 'have not yet forgot the ſenſations of your youth — '—I own my thoughts were employed as you have 'gueſſed.'

They now walked to that part of the hill which looks to the north-weſt, and which hangs over a vaſt and extenſive wood. Here they were no ſooner arrived, than they heard at a diſtance the moſt violent ſcreams of a woman, proceeding from the wood below them. Jones liſtened a moment, and then, without ſaying a word to his companion (for indeed the occaſion ſeemed ſufficiently preſſing) ran, or rather ſlid, down the hill, and without the leaſt apprehenſion or concern for

his own ſafety, made directly to the thicket whence the ſound had iſſued.

He had not entered far into the wood before he beheld a moſt ſhocking ſight indeed, a woman ſtript half naked, under the hands of a ruffian, who had put his garter round her neck and was endeavouring to draw her up to a tree. Jones aſked no queſtions at this interval, but fell inſtantly upon the villain, and made ſuch good uſe of his truſty oaken ſtick, that he laid him ſprawling on the ground before he could defend himſelf, indeed almoſt before he knew he was attacked; nor did he ceaſe the proſecution of his blows, till the woman herſelf begged him to forbear, ſaying, ſhe believed he had ſufficiently done his buſineſs.

The poor wretch then fell upon her knees to Jones, and gave him a thouſand thanks for her deliverance: he preſently lifted her up, and told her he was highly pleaſed with the extraordinary accident which had ſent him thither for her relief, where it was ſo improbable ſhe ſhould find any: adding, that heaven ſeemed to have deſigned him as the happy inſtrument of her protection. 'Nay,' anſwered ſhe, 'I could al-'moſt conceive you to be ſome good angel; and to 'ſay the truth, you look more like an angel than a 'man, in my eye.' Indeed he was a charming figure, and if a very fine perſon, and a moſt comely ſet of features, adorned with youth, health, ſtrength, freſhneſs, ſpirit, and good-nature, can make a man reſemble an angel, he certainly had that reſemblance.

The redeemed captive had not altogether ſo much of the human angelic ſpecies: ſhe ſeemed to be, at leaſt, of the middle age, nor had her face much appearance of beauty; but her cloaths being torn from all the upper part of her body, her breaſts, which were well formed, and extremely white, attracted the eyes of her deliverer, and for a few moments they ſtood ſilent, and gazing at each other; till the ruffian on the ground beginning to move, Jones took the garter which had been intended for another purpoſe, and bound both his hands behind him. And now, on contemplating his face, he diſcovered, greatly to his ſurprize, and perhaps not a little to his ſatisfaction,

this

this very perſon to be no other than enſign Northerton. Nor had the enſign forgotten his former antagoniſt, whom he knew the moment he came to himſelf. His ſurprize was equal to that of Jones; but I conceive his pleaſure was rather leſs on this occaſion.

Jones helped Northerton upon his legs, and then looking him ſtedfaſtly in the face, 'I fancy, Sir,' ſaid he, 'you did not expect to meet me any more 'in this world, and I confeſs I had as little expectation to find you here. However, fortune, I ſee, 'hath brought us once more together, and hath given 'me ſatisfaction for the injury I have received, even 'without my own knowledge.'

'It is very much like a man of honour indeed,' anſwered Northerton, 'to take ſatisfaction by knock-'ing a man down behind his back. Neither am I 'capable of giving you ſatisfaction here, as I have 'no ſword; but if you dare behave like a gentleman, 'let us go where I can furniſh myſelf with one, and 'I will do by you as a man of honour ought.'

'Doth it become ſuch a villain as you are,' cries Jones, 'to contaminate the name of honour by aſſuming 'it? But I ſhall waſte no time in diſcourſe with you.— 'Juſtice requires ſatisfaction of you now, and ſhall 'have it.' Then turning to the woman, he aſked her, if ſhe was near her home; or if not, whether ſhe was acquainted with any houſe in the neighbourhood, where ſhe might procure herſelf ſome decent cloaths, in order to proceed to a juſtice of the peace.

She anſwered, ſhe was an entire ſtranger in that part of the world. Jones then recollecting himſelf, ſaid he had a friend near, who would direct them; indeed he wondered at his not following; but, in fact, the good Man of the Hill, when our hero departed, ſat himſelf down on the brow, where, though he had a gun in his hand, he with great patience and unconcern, had attended the iſſue.

Jones then ſtepping without the wood, perceived the old man ſitting as we have juſt deſcribed him: he preſently exerted his utmoſt agility, and with ſurprizing expedition aſcended the hill.

The old man adviſed him to carry the woman to Upton, which he ſaid was the neareſt town, and there he would be ſure of furniſhing her with all manner of conveniencies. Jones having received his direction to the place, took his leave of the man of the Hill, and deſiring him to direct Partridge the ſame way, returned haſtily to the wood.

Our hero, at his departure to make this enquiry of his friend, had conſidered, that as the ruffian's hands were tied behind him, he was incapable of executing any wicked purpoſes on the poor woman. Beſides, he knew he ſhould not be beyond the reach of her voice, and could return ſoon enough to prevent any miſchief. He had moreover declared to the villain, that if he attempted the leaſt inſult, he would be himſelf immediately the executioner of vengeance on him. But Jones unluckily forgot, that though the hands of Northerton were tied, his legs were at liberty; nor did he lay the leaſt injunction on the priſoner, that he ſhould not make what uſe of theſe he pleaſed. Northerton therefore having given no parole of that kind, thought he might without any breach of honour, depart, not being obliged as he imagined, by any rules, to wait for a formal diſcharge. He therefore took up his legs, which were at liberty, and walked off through the wood, which favoured his retreat; nor did the woman, whoſe eyes were perhaps rather turned towards her deliverer, once think of his eſcape, or give herſelf any concern or trouble to prevent it.

Jones therefore at his return, found the woman alone. He would have ſpent ſome time in ſearching for Northerton; but ſhe would not permit him; earneſtly entreating that he would accompany her to the town whither they had been directed. 'As to the 'fellow's eſcape,' ſaid ſhe, 'it gives me no uneaſi-'neſs: for philoſophy and chriſtianity both preach 'up forgiveneſs of injuries. But for you, Sir, I am 'concerned at the trouble I give you; nay indeed my 'nakedneſs may well make me aſhamed to look you 'in the face; and if it was not for the ſake of your 'protection, I ſhould wiſh to go alone.'

Jones

Jones offered her his coat; but, I know not for what reaſon, ſhe abſolutely refuſed the moſt earneſt ſolicitations to accept it. He then begged her to forget both the cauſes of her confuſion. 'With regard to the 'former,' ſays he, 'I have done no more than my 'duty in protecting you; and as for the latter, I will 'entirely remove it, by walking before you all the 'way: for I would not have my eyes offend you, and 'I could not anſwer for my power of reſiſting the at-'tractive charms of ſo much beauty.'

Thus our hero and the redeemed lady walked in the ſame manner as Orpheus and Eurydice marched heretofore: but though I cannot believe that Jones was deſignedly tempted by his fair one to look behind him, yet as ſhe frequently wanted his aſſiſtance to help her over ſtiles, and had beſides many trips and other accidents, he was often obliged to turn about. However, he had better fortune than what attended poor Orpheus; for he brought his companion, or rather follower, ſafe into the famous town of Upton.

CHAP. III.

The arrival of Mr. Jones, with his lady at the inn, with a very full deſcription of the battle of Upton.

THOUGH the reader we doubt not, is very eager to know who this lady was, and how ſhe fell into the hands of Mr. Northerton: we muſt beg him to ſuſpend his curioſity for a ſhort time, as we are obliged, for ſome very good reaſons, which hereafter perhaps he may gueſs, to delay his ſatisfaction a little longer.

Mr. Jones and his fair companion no ſooner entered the town, than they went directly to that inn which, in their eyes, preſented the faireſt appearance to the ſtreet. Here Jones, having ordered a ſervant to ſhew a room above ſtairs, was aſcending, when the diſhevelled fair haſtily following, was laid hold on by the maſter of the houſe, who cried, 'Hey-day, where 'is that beggar wench going? Stay below ſtairs, I 'deſire you;' but Jones at that inſtant thundered from

above, 'Let the lady come up,' in ſo authoritative a voice, that the good man inſtantly withdrew his hands, and the lady made the beſt of her way to the chamber.

Here Jones wiſhed her joy of her ſafe arrival, and then departed, in order, as he promiſed, to ſend the landlady up with ſome cloaths. The poor woman thanked him heartily for all his kindneſs, and ſaid, ſhe hoped ſhe ſhould ſee him again ſoon, to thank him a thouſand times more. During this ſhort converſation, ſhe covered her white boſom as well as ſhe could poſſibly with her arms: for Jones could not avoid ſtealing a ſly peep or two, though he took all imaginable care to avoid giving any offence.

Our travellers had happened to take up their reſidence at a houſe of exceeding good repute, whither Iriſh ladies of ſtrict virtue, and many northern laſſes of the ſame predicament, were accuſtomed to reſort in their way to Bath. The landlady therefore would by no means have admitted any converſation of a diſreputable kind to paſs under her roof. Indeed ſo foul and contagious are all ſuch proceedings, that they contaminate the very innocent ſcenes where they are committed, and give the name of a bad houſe, or of a houſe of ill repute, to all thoſe where they are ſuffered to be carried on.

Not that I would intimate that ſuch ſtrict chaſtity as was preſerved in the temple of Veſta can poſſibly be maintained at a public inn. My good landlady did not hope for ſuch a bleſſing, nor would any of the ladies I have ſpoken of, or indeed any others of the moſt rigid note, have expected or inſiſted on any ſuch thing. But to exclude all vulgar concubinage, and to drive all whores in rags from within the walls, is within the power of every one. This my landlady very ſtrictly adhered to; and this her virtuous gueſts who did not travel in rags, would very reaſonably have expected of her.

Now it required no very blameable degree of ſuſpicion, to imagine that Mr. Jones and his ragged companian had certain purpoſes in their intention, which, though tolerated in ſome Chriſtian countries,

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connived at in others, and practiſed in all, are however as expreſsly forbidden as murder, or any other horrid vice, by that religion which is univerſally believed in thoſe countries. The landlady therefore had no ſooner received an intimation of the entrance of the above ſaid perſons, than ſhe began to meditate the moſt expeditious means for their expulſion. In order to this, ſhe had provided herſelf with a long and deadly inſtrument with which, in time of peace, the chambermaid was wont to demoliſh the labours of the induſtrious ſpider. In vulgar phraſe ſhe had taken up the broom-ſtick, and was juſt about to ſally from the kitchen, when Jones accoſted her with a demand of a gown and other veſtments, to cover the half-naked woman above ſtairs.

Nothing can be more provoking to the human temper, nor more dangerous to that cardinal virtue, patience, than ſolicitations of extraordinary offices of kindneſs, on behalf of thoſe very perſons with whom we are highly incenſed. For this reaſon Shakeſpear hath artfully introduced his Deſdemona ſoliciting favours for Caſſio of her huſband, as the means of inflaming not only his jealouſy, but his rage, to the higheſt pitch of madneſs; and we find the unfortunate Moor leſs able to command his paſſion on this occaſion, than even when he beheld his valued preſent to his wife in the hands of his ſuppoſed rival. In fact, we regard theſe efforts as inſults on our underſtanding; and to ſuch the pride of man is very difficultly brought to ſubmit.

My landlady, though a very good-tempered woman, had, I ſuppoſe, ſome of this pride in her compoſition; for Jones had ſcarce ended his requeſt, when ſhe fell upon him with a certain weapon, which though it be neither long, nor ſharp, nor hard, nor indeed threatens from its appearance with either death or wound, hath been however held in great dread and abhorrence by many wiſe men; nay, by many brave ones; inſomuch that ſome who have dared to look into the mouth of a loaded cannon, have not dared to look into a mouth where this weapon was brandiſhed; and rather than run the hazard of its execution, have contented them-

themſelves with making a moſt pitiful and ſneaking figure in the eyes of all their acquaintance.

To confeſs the truth, I am afraid Mr. Jones was one of theſe: for, though he was attacked and violently belaboured with the aforeſaid weapon, he could not be provoked to make any reſiſtance; but in a moſt cowardly manner applied, with many entreaties, to his antagoniſt to deſiſt from purſuing her blows: in plain Engliſh, he only begged her with the utmoſt earneſtneſs to hear him: but, before he could obtain his requeſt, my landlord himſelf entered into the fray, and embraced that ſide of the cauſe which ſeemed to ſtand very little in need of aſſiſtance.

There are a ſort of heroes who are ſuppoſed to be determined in their chuſing or avoiding a conflict, by the character and behaviour of the perſon whom they are to engage. Theſe are ſaid to know their men, and Jones, I believe, knew his woman; for, though he had been ſo ſubmiſſive to her, he was no ſooner attacked by her huſband, than he demonſtrated an immediate ſpirit of reſentment, and enjoined him ſilence, under a very ſevere penalty; no leſs than that, I think, of being converted into fuel for his own fire.

The huſband, with great indignation, but with a mixture of pity, anſwered, 'You muſt pray firſt to 'be made able: I believe I am a better man than 'yourſelf; ay, every way, that I am;' and preſently proceeded to diſcharge half a dozen whores at the lady above ſtairs, the laſt of which had ſcarce iſſued from his lips, when a ſwinging blow from the cudgel that Jones carried in his hand, aſſaulted him over the ſhoulders.

It is a queſtion whether the landlord or the landlady was the moſt expeditious in returning this blow. Myl andlord, whoſe hands were empty, fell to with his fiſt, and the good wife, uplifting her broom, and aiming at the head of Jones, had probably put an immediate end to the fray, and to Jones likewiſe, had not the deſcent of this broom been prevented,—not by the miraculous intervention of any heathen

deity,

deity, but by a very natural, though fortunate accident; viz. by the arrival of Partridge, who entered the houſe at that inſtant, (for fear had cauſed him to run every ſtep from the hill), and who, ſeeing the danger which threatened his maſter, or companion, (which you chuſe to call him), prevented ſo ſad a cataſtrophe, by catching hold of the landlady's arm, as it was brandiſhed aloft in the air.

The landlady ſoon perceived the impediment which prevented her blow; and, being unable to reſcue her arm from the hands of Partridge, ſhe let fall the broom; and, then leaving Jones to the diſcipline of her huſband, ſhe fell with the utmoſt fury on that poor fellow, who had already given ſome intimation of himſelf, by crying, 'Zounds! do you intend to 'kill my friend?'

Partridge, though not much addicted to battle, would not however ſtand ſtill when his friend was attacked; nor was he much diſpleaſed with that part of the combat which fell to his ſhare: he therefore returned my landlady's blows as ſoon as he received them: and now the fight was obſtinately maintained on all parts, and it ſeemed doubtful to which ſide fortune would incline, when the naked lady, who had liſtened at the top of the ſtairs to the dialogue which preceded the engagement, deſcended ſuddenly from above, and, without weighing the unfair inequality of two to one, fell upon the poor woman who was boxing with Partridge; nor did that great champion deſiſt, but rather redoubled his fury, when he found freſh ſuccours were arrived to his aſſiſtance.

Victory muſt now have fallen to the ſide of the travellers, (for the braveſt troops muſt yield to numbers), had not Suſan the chambermaid come luckily to ſupport her miſtreſs. This Suſan was as two-handed a wench (according to the phraſe), as any in the country, and would, I believe, have beat the famed Thaleſtris herſelf, or any of her ſubject Amazons; for her form was robuſt and manlike, and every way made for ſuch encounters. As her hands and arms were formed to give blows with great miſchief to an enemy,

ſo

ſo was her face as well contrived to receive blows without any great injury to herſelf: her noſe being already flat to her face; her lips were ſo large, that no ſwelling could be perceived in them, and moreover they were ſo hard, that a fiſt could hardly make any impreſſion on them. Laſtly, her cheek-bones ſtood out, as if nature had intended them for two baſtions to defend her eyes in thoſe encounters for which ſhe ſeemed ſo well calculated, and to which ſhe was moſt wonderfully well inclined.

This fair creature, entering the field of battle, immediately filed to that wing where her miſtreſs maintained ſo unequal a fight with one of either ſex. Here ſhe preſently challenged Partridge to ſingle combat. He accepted the challenge, and a moſt deſperate fight began between them.

Now the dogs of war being let looſe began to lick their bloody lips; now victory with golden wings hung hovering in the air. Now fortune, taking her ſcales from her ſhelf, began to weigh the fates of Tom Jones, his female companion, and Partridge, againſt the landlord, his wife, and maid; all which hung in exact balance before her; when a good-natured accident put ſuddenly an end to the bloody fray, with which half of the combatants had already ſufficiently feaſted. This accident was the arrival of a coach and four; upon which my landlord and landlady immediately deſiſted from fighting, and at their entreaty obtained the ſame favour of their antagoniſts; but Sufan was not ſo kind to Partridge; for that Amazonian fair having overthrown and beſtrid her enemy, was now cuffing him luſtily with both her hands, without any regard to his requeſt of a ceſſation of arms, or to thoſe loud exclamations of murder which he roared forth.

No ſooner, however, had Jones quitted the landlord, than he flew to the reſcue of his defeated companion, from whom he with much difficulty drew off the enraged chambermaid; but Partridge was not immediately ſenſible of his deliverance: for he ſtill lay flat on the floor, guarding his face with his hands, nor did he ceaſe roaring, till Jones had forced him

him to look up, and to perceive that the battle was at an end.

The landlord who had no viſible hurt, and the landlady hiding her well-ſcratched face with her handkerchief, ran both haſtily to the door to attend the coach, from which a young lady and her maid now alighted. Theſe the landlady preſently uſhered into that room where Mr. Jones had at firſt depoſited his fair prize, as it was the beſt apartment in the houſe. Hither they were obliged to paſs through the field of battle, which they did with the utmoſt haſte, covering their faces with their handkerchiefs, as deſirous to avoid the notice of any one. Indeed their caution was quite unneceſſary: for the poor unfortunate Helen, the fatal cauſe of all the bloodſhed, was entirely taken up in endeavouring to conceal her own face, and Jones was no leſs occupied in reſcuing Partridge from the fury of Suſan; which being happily effected, the poor fellow immediately departed to the pump to waſh his face, and to ſtop that bloody torrent which Suſan had plentifully ſet a flowing from his noſtrils.

CHAP. IV.

In which the arrival of a man of war puts a final end to hoſtilities, and cauſes the concluſion of a firm and laſting peace between all parties.

A SERJEANT and a file of muſqueteers, with a deſerter in their cuſtody, arrived about this time. The ſerjeant preſently enquired for the principal magiſtrate of the town, and was informed by my landlord, that he himſelf was veſted in that office. He then demanded his billets, together with a mug of beer, and, complaining it was cold, ſpread himſelf before the kitchen fire.

Mr. Jones was at this time comforting the poor diſtreſſed lady, who ſat down at a table in the kitchen, and, leaning her head upon her arm, was bemoaning her misfortunes; but, leaſt my fair readers ſhould be in pain concerning a particular circumſtance, I think proper here to acquaint them, that, before ſhe had quitted the room above ſtairs, ſhe had ſo well-covered herſelf

herſelf with a pillowbeer which ſhe there found, that her regard to decency was not in the leaſt violated by the preſence of ſo many men as were now in the room.

One of the ſoldiers now went up to the ſerjeant, and whiſpered ſomething in his ear; upon which he ſtedfaſtly fixed his eyes on the lady, and, having looked at her for near a minute, he came up to her, ſaying, 'I aſk pardon, Madam, but I am certain I 'am not deceived, you can be no other perſon than 'Captain Waters's lady.'

The poor woman, who in her preſent diſtreſs had very little regarded the face of any perſon preſent, no ſooner looked at the ſerjeant, than ſhe preſently recollected him, and, calling him by his name, anſwered, 'that ſhe was indeed the unhappy perſon he imagined 'her to be; but added, I wonder any one ſhould know 'me in this diſguiſe.' To which the ſerjeant replied, 'he was very much ſurpriſed to ſee her ladyſhip in 'ſuch a dreſs, and was afraid ſome accident had hap-'pened to her.' 'An accident hath happened to me, 'indeed,' ſays ſhe, 'and I am highly obliged to this 'gentleman, (pointing to Jones), that it was not a 'fatal one, or that I am now living to mention it.' 'Whatever the gentleman hath done, cries the ſer-'jeant, 'I am ſure the captain will make him amends 'for it; and if I can be of any ſervice, your ladyſhip 'may command me, and I ſhall think myſelf very 'happy to have it in my power to ſerve your lady-'ſhip; and ſo indeed may any one, for I know the 'captain will well reward them for it.'

The landlady who heard from the ſtairs all that paſt between the ſerjeant and Mrs Waters, came haſtily down, and, running directly up to her, began to aſk pardon for the offences ſhe had committed, begging that all might be imputed to ignorance of her quality: for, 'Lud! Madam,' ſays ſhe, 'how ſhould I have ima-'gined that a lady of your faſhion would appear in 'ſuch a dreſs? I am ſure, Madam, if I had once ſuſ-'pected that your ladyſhip was your ladyſhip, I would 'ſooner have burnt my tongue out, than have ſaid what

'I have ſaid: and I hope your ladyſhip will accept 'of a gown, till you can get your own cloaths.'

'Prithee woman,' ſays Mrs. Waters, 'ceaſe your 'impertinence: how can you imagine I ſhould con-'cern myſelf about any thing which comes from the 'lips of ſuch low creatures as yourſelf. But I am 'ſurprized at your aſſurance in thinking, after what 'is paſt, that I will condeſcend to put on any of your 'dirty things. I would have you know, creature, I 'have a ſpirit above that.'

Here Jones interfered, and begged Mrs. Waters to forgive the landlady, and to accept her gown: 'For 'I muſt confeſs,' cries he, 'our appearance was a 'little ſuſpicious when firſt we came in: and I am 'well aſſured, all this good woman did was, as ſhe 'profeſſed, out of regard to the reputation of her 'houſe.'

'Yes, upon my truly was it,' ſays ſhe, 'the gen-'tleman ſpeaks very much like a gentleman, and I 'ſee very plainly is ſo; and to be certain the houſe 'is well known to be a houſe of as good reputation 'as any on the road, and, though I ſay it, is fre-'quented by gentry of the beſt quality, both Iriſh 'and Engliſh. I defy any body to ſay black is my 'eye, for that matter. And, as I was ſaying, if I 'had known your ladyſhip to be your ladyſhip, I 'would as ſoon have burnt my fingers as have af-'fronted your ladyſhip; but truly, where gentry come 'and ſpend their money, I am not willing that they 'ſhould be ſcandalized by a ſet of poor ſhabby ver-'min, that, where-ever they go, leave more lice than 'money behind them; ſuch folks never raiſe my com-'paſſion: for, to be certain, it is fooliſh to have any 'for them, and, if our juſtices did as they ought, 'they would be all whipt out of the kingdom; for, 'to be certain, it is what is moſt fitting for them. 'But, as for your ladyſhip, I am heartily ſorry your 'ladyſhip hath had a misfortune, and, if your lady-'ſhip will do me the honour to wear my cloaths till 'you can get ſome of your ladyſhip's own, to be cer-'tain the beſt I have is at your ladyſhip's ſervice.'

Whether cold, ſhame, or the perſuaſions of Mr.

Jones prevailed moſt on Mrs. Waters, I will not determine; but ſhe ſuffered herſelf to be pacified by this ſpeech of my landlady, and retired with that good woman, in order to apparel herſelf in a decent manner.

My landlord was likewiſe beginning his oration to Jones, but was preſently interrupted by that generous youth, who ſhook him heartily by the hand; and aſſured him of entire forgiveneſs, ſaying, 'If you are 'ſatisfied, my worthy friend, I promiſe you I am;' and indeed in one ſenſe the landlord had the better reaſon to be ſatisfied; for he had received a belly-full of drubbing, whereas Jones had ſcarce felt a ſingle blow.

Partridge, who had been all this time waſhing his bloody noſe at the pump, returned into the kitchen at the inſtant when his maſter and the landlord were ſhaking hands with each other. As he was of a peaceable diſpoſition, he was pleaſed with thoſe ſymptoms of reconciliation; and, though his face bore ſome marks of Suſan's fiſt, and many more of her nails, he rather choſe to be contented with his fortune in the laſt battle, than to endeavour at bettering it in another.

The heroic Suſan was likewiſe well contented with her victory, though it had coſt her a black-eye, which Partridge had given her at the firſt onſet. Between theſe two, therefore, a league was ſtruck, and thoſe hands, which had been the inſtruments of war, became now the mediators of peace.

Matters were thus reſtored to a perfect calm, at which the ſerjeant, though it may ſeem ſo contrary to the principles of his profeſſion, teſtified his approbation. 'Why now, that's friendly,' ſaid he; 'd—n 'me, I hate to ſee two people bear ill-will to one 'another, after they have had a tuſſel. The only 'way when friends quarrel, is to ſee it out fairly in 'a friendly manner, as a man may call it, either with 'a fiſt, or ſword, or piſtol, according as they like, 'and then let it be all over: for my own part, d—n 'me if ever I love my friend better than when I am 'fighting with him. To bear malice is more like a 'Frenchman than an Engliſhman.'

He

He then propoſed a libation as a neceſſary part of the ceremony at all treaties of this kind. Perhaps the reader may here conclude, that he was well verſed in ancient hiſtory; but this, though highly probable, as he cited no authority to ſupport the cuſtom, I will not affirm with any confidence. Moſt likely indeed it is, that he founded his opinion on very good authority, ſince he confirmed it with many violent oaths.

Jones no ſooner heard the propoſal, than, immediately agreeing with the learned ſerjeant, he ordered a bowl, or rather a large mug, filled with the liquor uſed on theſe occaſions, to be brought in, and then began the ceremony himſelf. He placed his right hand in that of the landlord, and, ſeizing the bowl with his left, uttered the uſual words, and then made his libation. After which the ſame was obſerved by all preſent. Indeed there is very little need of being particular in deſcribing the whole form, as it differed ſo little from thoſe libations of which ſo much is recorded in ancient authors, and their modern tranſcribers. The principal difference lay in two inſtances: for firſt, the preſent company poured the liquor only down their throats; and, 2dly, the ſerjeant, who officiated as prieſt, drank the laſt; but he preſerved, I believe, the ancient form in ſwallowing much the largeſt draught of the whole company, and in being the only perſon preſent who contributed nothing towards the libation, beſides his good offices in aſſiſting at the performance.

The good people now ranged themſelves round the kitchen fire, where good humour ſeemed to maintain an abſolute dominion, and Partridge not only forgot his ſhameful defeat, but converted hunger into thirſt, and ſoon became extremely facetious. We muſt, however, quit this agreeable aſſembly for a while, and attend Mr. Jones to Mrs. Waters's apartment, where the dinner which he had now beſpoke was on the table. Indeed it took no long time in preparing, having been all dreſt three days before, and required nothing more from the cook than to warm it over again.

CHAP. V.

An apology for all heroes who have good ſtomachs, with a deſcription of a battle of the amorous kind.

HEROES, notwithſtanding the high ideas, which by the means of flatterers they may entertain of themſelves, or the world may conceive of them, have certainly more of mortal than divine about them. However elevated their minds may be, their bodies at leaſt (which is much the major part of moſt) are liable to the worſt infirmities, and ſubject to the vileſt offices of human nature. Among theſe latter the act of eating, which hath by ſeveral wiſe men been conſidered as extremely mean and derogatory from the philoſophic dignity, muſt be in ſome meaſure performed by the greateſt prince, hero, or philoſopher upon earth; nay, ſometimes nature hath been ſo frolickſome as to exact of theſe dignified characters a much more exorbitant ſhare of this office, than ſhe hath obliged thoſe of the loweſt order to perform.

To ſay the truth, as no known inhabitant of this globe is really more than man, ſo none need be aſhamed of ſubmitting to what the neceſſities of man demand; but when thoſe great perſonages I have juſt mentioned, condeſcend to aim at confining ſuch low offices to themſelves; as when by hoarding or deſtroying, they ſeem deſirous to prevent any others from eating, they then ſurely become very low and deſpicable.

Now, after this ſhort preface, we think it no diſparagement to our hero to mention the immoderate ardour with which he laid about him at this ſeaſon. Indeed it may be doubted, whether Ulyſſes, who by the way ſeems to have had the beſt ſtomach of all the heroes in that eating poem of the Odyſſey, ever made a better meal. Three pounds at leaſt of that fleſh which formerly had contributed to the compoſition of an ox, was now honoured with becoming part of the individual Mr. Jones.

This particular we thought ourſelves obliged to mention, as it may account for our hero's temporary neglect

neglect of his fair companion; who eat but very little, and was indeed employed in conſiderations of a very different nature, which paſſed unobſerved by Jones, till he had entirely ſatisfied that appetite which a faſt of twenty-four hours had procured him; but his dinner was no ſooner ended, than his attention to other matters revived; with theſe matters, therefore, we ſhall now proceed to acquaint the reader.

Mr. Jones, of whoſe perſonal accompliſhments we have hitherto ſaid very little, was in reality one of the handſomeſt young fellows in the world. His face, beſides being the picture of health, had in it the moſt apparent marks of ſweetneſs and good-nature. Theſe qualities were indeed ſo characteriſtical in his countenance, that while the ſpirit and ſenſibility in his eyes, though they muſt have been perceived by an accurate obſerver, might have eſcaped the notice of the leſs diſcerning, ſo ſtrongly was this good nature painted in his look, that it was remarked by almoſt every one who ſaw him.

It was, perhaps, as much owing to this, as to a very fine complexion, that his face had a delicacy in it almoſt inexpreſſible, and which might have given him an air rather too effeminate, had it not been joined to a moſt maſculine perſon and mien; which latter had as much in them of the Hercules, as the former had of the Adonis. He was beſides active, genteel, gay, and good-humoured, and had a flow of animal ſpirits, which enlivened every converſation where he was preſent.

When the reader hath duly reflected on theſe many charms which all centered in our hero, and conſiders at the ſame time the freſh obligations which Mrs. Waters had to him, it will be a mark more of prudery than candour to entertain a bad opinion of her, becauſe ſhe conceived a very good opinion of him.

But whatever cenſures may be paſſed upon her, it is my buſineſs to relate matters of fact with veracity. Mrs. Waters had, in truth, not only a good opinion of our hero, but a very great affection for him. To ſpeak out boldly at once, ſhe was in love, according to the preſent univerſally received ſenſe of that phraſe,

by which love is applied indiſcriminately to the deſirable objects of all our paſſions, appetites, and ſenſes, and is underſtood to be that preference which we give to one kind of food rather than to another.

But though the love to theſe ſeveral objects may poſſibly be one and the ſame in all caſes, its operations however muſt be allowed to be different; for how much ſoever we may be in love with an excellent ſurloin of beef, or bottle of Burgundy; with a damaſk roſe, or Cremona fiddle; yet do we never ſmile, nor ogle, nor dreſs, nor flatter, nor endeavour by any other arts or tricks to gain the affection of the ſaid beef, &c. Sigh indeed we ſometimes may; but it is generally in the abſence, not in the preſence of the beloved object. For otherwiſe we might poſſibly complain of their ingratitude and deafneſs, with the ſame reaſon as Paſiphae doth of her bull, whom ſhe endeavoured to engage by all the coquetry practiſed with good ſucceſs in the drawing room, on the much more ſenſible as well as tender hearts of the fine gentlemen there.

The contrary happens in that love, which operates between perſons of the ſame ſpecies, but of different ſexes. Here we are no ſooner in love, than it becomes our principal care to engage the affection of the object beloved. For what other purpoſe indeed are our youth inſtructed in all the arts of rendering themſelves agreeable? If it was not with a view to this love, I queſtion whether any of thoſe trades, which deal in ſetting off and adorning the human perſon, would procure a livelihood. Nay, thoſe great poliſhers of our manners, who are by ſome thought to teach what principally diſtinguiſhes us from the brute creation, even dancing-maſters themſelves, might poſſibly find no place in ſociety. In ſhort, all the graces which young ladies and young gentlemen too learn from others; and the many improvements which, by the help of a looking-glaſs, they add of their own, are in reality thoſe very *Spicula & Faces Amoris*, ſo often mentioned by Ovid; or, as they are ſometimes called in our own language, The whole artillery of love.

Now

Now Mrs. Waters and our hero had no ſooner ſat down together, than the former began to play this artillery upon the latter. But here, as we are about to attempt a deſcription hitherto uneſſayed either in proſe or verſe, we think proper to invoke the aſſiſtance of certain aerial beings, who will we doubt not, come kindly to our aid on this occaſion.

'Say then, ye graces, you that inhabit the heavenly manſions of Seraphina's countenance; for you are truly divine, are always in her preſence, and well know all the arts of charming; ſay, what were the weapons now uſed to captivate the heart of Mr. Jones.'

'Firſt, from two lovely blue eyes, whoſe bright orbs flaſhed lightning at their diſcharge, flew forth two pointed ogles. But happily for our hero, hit only a vaſt piece of beef which he was then conveying into his plate, and harmleſs ſpent their force. The fair warrior perceived their miſcarriage, and immediately from her fair boſom drew forth a deadly ſigh. A ſigh, which none could have heard unmoved, and which was ſufficient at once to have ſwept off a dozen beaus; ſo ſoft, ſo ſweet, ſo tender, that the inſinuating air muſt have found its ſubtle way to the heart of our hero, had it not luckily been driven from his ears by the coarſe bubbling of ſome bottled ale, which at that time he was pouring forth. Many other weapons did ſhe aſſay; but the god of eating (if there be any ſuch deity; for I do not confidently aſſert it) preſerved his votary; or perhaps it may not be *dignus vindice nodus*, and the preſent ſecurity of Jones may be accounted for by natural means: for as love frequently preſerves from the attacks of hunger, ſo may hunger poſſibly, in ſome caſes, defend us againſt love

'The fair one, enraged at her frequent diſappointments, determined on a ſhort ceſſation of arms. Which interval ſhe employed in making ready every engine of amorous warfare for the renewing of the attack, when dinner ſhould be over.

'No ſooner then was the cloth removed, than ſhe again began her operations. Firſt, having planted her

'her right eye ſide ways againſt Mr. Jones, ſhe ſhot 'from its corner a moſt penetrating glance; which, 'though great part of its force was ſpent before it 'reached our hero. did not vent itſelf abſolutely 'without effect. This the fair one perceiving, haſtily 'withdrew her eyes, and levelled them downwards, 'as if ſhe was concerned for what ſhe had done: 'though by this means ſhe deſigned only to draw him 'from his guard, and indeed to open his eyes, through 'which ſhe intended to ſurpriſe his heart. And now, 'gently lifting up thoſe two bright orbs which had al-'ready begun to make an impreſſion on poor Jones, 'ſhe diſcharged a volley of ſmall charms at once from 'her whole countenance in a ſmile. Not a ſmile of 'mirth, nor of joy; but a ſmile of affection, which 'moſt ladies have always ready at their command, and 'which ſerves them to ſhow at once their good-hu-'mour, their pretty dimples, and their white teeth.

'This ſmile our hero received full in his eyes, and 'was immediately ſtaggered with its force. He then 'began to ſee the deſigns of the enemy, and indeed to 'feel their ſucceſs. A parley was now ſet on foot 'between the parties; during which the artful fair ſo 'ſlily and imperceptibly carried on her attack, that 'ſhe had almoſt ſubdued the heart of our hero, before 'ſhe again repaired to acts of hoſtility. To confeſs 'the truth, I am afraid Mr. Jones maintained a kind 'of Dutch defence, and treacherouſly delivered up 'the garriſon, without duly weighing his allegiance 'to the fair Sophia. In ſhort, no ſooner had the amo-'rous parley ended, and the lady had unmaſked the 'royal battery, by careleſsly letting her handkerchief 'drop from her neck, than the heart of Mr. Jones 'was entirely taken, and the fair conqueror enjoyed 'the uſual fruits of her victory.

Here the graces think proper to end their deſcrip-tion, and here we think proper to end the chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

A friendly converſation in the kitchen, which had a very common, though not very friendly concluſion.

WHILE our lovers were entertaining themſelves in the manner which is partly deſcribed in the foregoing chapter; they were likewiſe furniſhing out an entertainment for their good friends in the kitchen. And this in a double ſenſe, by affording them matter for their converſation, and at the ſame time drink to enliven their ſpirits.

There were now aſſembled round the kitchen fire, beſides my landlord and landlady, who occaſionally went backward and forward, Mr. Partridge, the ſerjeant, and the coachman who drove the young lady and her maid.

Partridge having acquainted the company with what he had learnt from the Man of the Hill, concerning the ſituation in which Mrs. Waters had been found by Jones, the ſerjeant proceeded to that part of her hiſtory which was known to him. He ſaid, ſhe was the wife of Mr. Waters, who was a captain in their regiment, and had often been with him at quarters. 'Some folks,' ſays he, 'uſed indeed to 'doubt whether they were lawfully married in a 'church or no. But, for my part, that's no buſi-'neſs of mine; I muſt own if I was put to my cor-'poral oath, I believe ſhe is little better than one of 'us; and I fancy the captain may go to heaven 'when the ſun ſhines upon a rainy day. But if he 'does, that is neither here nor there; for he won't 'want company. And the lady, to give the devil 'his due, is a very good ſort of lady, and loves the 'cloth, and is always deſirous to do ſtrict juſtice to 'it; for ſhe hath begged off many a poor ſoldier, 'and, by her good-will, would never have any of 'them puniſhed. But yet, to be ſure, enſign Nor-'therton and ſhe were very well acquainted together, 'at our laſt quarters, that is the very right and truth 'of the matter. But the captain he knows nothing

'about

'about it; and as long as there is enough for him too, 'what does it ſignify? He loves her not a bit the 'worſe, and I am certain would run any man through 'the body that was to abuſe her, therefore I won't 'abuſe her, for my part I only repeat what other 'folks ſay: and to be certain, what every body ſays, 'there muſt be ſome truth in.' 'Ay, ay, a great 'deal of truth, I warrant you, cries Partridge; '*Veritas odium parit*' 'All a parcel of ſcandalous 'ſtuff,' anſwered the miſtreſs of the houſe. 'I am 'ſure, now ſhe is dreſt, ſhe looks like a very good 'ſort of lady, and ſhe behaves herſelf like one; for 'ſhe gave me a guinea for the uſe of my cloaths.' 'A very good lady indeed,' cries the landlord; 'and 'if you had not been a little too haſty, you would 'not have quarrelled with her as you did at firſt.' 'You need mention that with my truly,' anſwered ſhe; 'if it had not been for your nonſenſe, nothing had 'happened. You muſt be meddling with what did 'not belong to you, and throw in your fool's diſ-'courſe.' Well, well,' anſwered he, 'what's paſt 'cannot be mended, ſo there's an end of the matter.' 'Yes,' cries ſhe, 'for this once; but will it be mend-'ed ever the more hereafter? This is not the firſt 'time I have ſuffered for your numſcull's pate. I wiſh 'you would always hold your tongue in the houſe, 'and meddle only in matters without doors which con-'cern you. Don't you remember what happened about 'ſeven years ago?'--'Nay, my dear, returned he, 'don't 'rip up old ſtories. Come, come, all's well, and I 'am ſorry for what I have done' The landlady was going to reply, but was prevented by the peace-making ſerjeant, ſorely to the diſpleaſure of Partridge, who was a great lover of what is called fun, and a great promoter of thoſe harmleſs quarrels which tend rather to the production of comical than tragical incidents.

The ſerjeant aſked Partridge whither he and his maſter were travelling? 'None of your magiſters,' anſwered Partridge; 'I am no man's ſervant, I aſ-'ſure you; for though I have had misfortunes in 'the world, I write gentleman after my name; and

'as

'as poor and ſimple as I may appear now, I have 'taught grammar ſchool in my time. *Sed hei mihi! 'non ſum quod fui.*' 'No offence I hope, Sir,' ſaid the ſerjeant: 'where then, if I may venture to be 'ſo bold, may you and your friend be travelling?' —'You have now denominated us right,' ſays Partridge '*Amici ſumus.* And I promiſe you my friend 'is one of the greateſt gentlemen in the kingdom.' (at which words both landlord and landlady pricked up their ears.) 'He is the heir of 'ſquire All-'worthy.' 'What, the 'ſquire who doth ſo much 'good all over the country?' cries my landlady, 'Even he,' anſwered Partridge. 'Then I warrant,' 'ſays ſhe, 'he'll have a ſwinging great eſtate here-'after.' Moſt certainly,' anſwered Partridge. 'Well,' replied the landlady, 'I thought the firſt moment I 'ſaw him he looked like a good ſort of gentleman; 'but my huſband here, to be ſure, is wiſer than any 'body.' 'I own, my dear,' cries he, it was a miſ-'take.' 'A miſtake indeed!' anſwered ſhe; 'but 'when did you ever know me to make ſuch miſ-'takes?'—'But how comes it, Sir,' cries the landlord, 'that ſuch a great gentleman walks about the 'country afoot!' 'I don't know,' returned Partridge; 'great gentlemen have humours ſometimes. He hath 'now a dozen horſes and ſervants at Glouceſter; and 'nothing would ſerve him, but laſt night, it being 'very hot weather, he muſt cool himſelf with a walk to 'yon high hill, whither I likewiſe walked with him to 'bear him company; but if ever you catch me there 'again; for I was never ſo frightened in all my life. 'We met with the ſtrangeſt man there.' 'I'll be 'hanged,' cries the landlord, 'if it was not the Man 'of the Hill, as they call him; if indeed he be a 'man; but I know ſeveral people who believe it is the 'devil that lives there.' 'Nay, nay, like enough,' ſays Partridge; 'and now you put me in the head 'of it, I verily and ſincerely believe it was the devil; 'though I could not perceive his cloven foot, but per-'haps he might have the power given him to hide that, 'ſince evil ſpirits can appear in what ſhapes they 'pleaſe.' 'And pray Sir,' ſays the ſerjeant, 'no of-

'fence

'fence I hope; but pray what ſort of a gentleman is 'the devil? For I have heard ſome of our officers 'ſay, there is no ſuch perſon; and that it is only a 'trick of the parſons, to prevent their being broke; 'for if it was publickly known that there was no de-'vil, the parſons would be of no more uſe than we are 'in time of peace.' 'Thoſe officers,' ſays Partridge, 'are very great ſcholars, I ſuppoſe.' 'Not much 'of ſchollards neither,' anſwered the ſerjeant; 'they 'have not half your learning, Sir, I believe; and 'to be ſure, I thought there muſt be a devil, not-'withſtanding what they ſaid, though one of them 'was a captain; for methought, thinks I to myſelf, 'if there be no devil, how can wicked people be ſent 'to him, and I have read all that upon a book.' 'Some of your officers, quoth the landlord, 'will 'find there is a devil, to their ſhame, I believe. I 'don't queſtion but he'll pay off ſome old ſcores, 'upon my account. Here was one quartered upon 'me half a year, who had the conſcience to take 'up one of my beſt beds, though he hardly ſpent 'a ſhilling a day in the houſe, and ſuffered his men 'to roaſt cabbages at the kitchen fire, becauſe I 'would not give them a dinner on a Sunday. Every 'good chriſtian muſt deſire there ſhould be a devil 'for the puniſhment of ſuch wretches.' 'Harkee, 'landlord, ſaid the ſerjeant, 'don't abuſe the cloth; 'for I won't take it.' 'D—n the cloth anſwered the landlord, 'I have ſuffered enough by them.' 'Bear witneſs, gentlemen, ſays the ſerjeant, he curſes 'the king and that's high treaſon.' 'I curſe the 'king! you villain,' ſaid the landlord. 'Yes, you 'did,' cries the ſerjeant, 'you curſed the cloth, and 'that's curſing the king. Its all one and the ſame; 'for every man who curſes the cloth, would curſe 'the king if he durſt; ſo for matter o'that it's all 'one and the ſame thing.' 'Excuſe me there, Mr. 'ſerjeant,' quoth Partridge, 'that's a *non ſequitur*.' 'None of your outlandiſh linguo,' anſwered the ſer-jeant, leaping from his ſeat; 'I will not ſit ſtill and 'hear the cloth abuſed'—'You miſtake me friend,' cries Partridge, 'I did not mean to abuſe the cloth;

'only ſaid your concluſion was a *non ſequitur* *.' 'You are another,' cries the ſerjeant, 'an you come 'to that. No more a *ſequitur* than yourſelf. You 'are a pack of raſcals, and I'll prove it; for I will 'fight the beſt man of you all for twenty pound.' This challenge effectually ſilenced Partridge, whoſe ſtomach for drubbing did not ſo ſoon return after the hearty meal which he had lately been treated with; but the coachman, whoſe bones were leſs ſore, and whoſe appetite for fighting was ſomewhat ſharper, did not ſo eaſily brook the affront, of which he conceived ſome part at leaſt fell to his ſhare. He ſtarted therefore from his ſeat, and advancing to the ſerjeant, ſwore he looked on himſelf to be as good a man as any in the army, and offered to box for a guinea. The military man accepted the combat, but refuſed the wager; upon which both immediately ſtript and engaged, till the driver of horſes was ſo well mauled by the leader of men, that he was obliged to exhauſt his ſmall remainder of breath in begging for quarter.

The young lady was now deſirous to depart, and had given orders for her coach to be prepared; but all in vain, for the coachman was diſabled from performing his office for that evening. An ancient heathen would perhaps have imputed this diſability to the god of drink, no leſs than to the god of war; for, in reality, both the combatants had ſacrificed as well to the former deity as to the latter. To ſpeak plainly, they were both dead drunk, nor was Partridge in a much better ſituation. As for my landlord, drinking was his trade; and the liquor had no more effect on him, than it had on any other veſſel in his houſe.

The miſtreſs of the inn being ſummoned to attend Mr. Jones and his companion, at their tea, gave a full relation of the latter part of the foregoing ſcene; and at the ſame time expreſſed great 'concern for the young lady, 'who,' ſhe ſaid, 'was 'under the utmoſt uneaſineſs at being prevented

* This word, which the ſerjeant unhappily miſtook for an affront, is a term in logic, and means that the concluſion doth not follow from the premiſes.

'from purſuing her journey. She is a ſweet pretty 'creature,' added ſhe, 'and I am certain I have 'ſeen her face before. I fancy ſhe is in love, and 'in running away from her friends. Who knows but 'ſome young gentleman or other may be expecting 'her, with a heart as heavy as her own.'

Jones fetched a hearty ſigh at thoſe words; of which, though Mrs. Waters obſerved it, ſhe took no notice while the landlady continued in the room; but after the departure of that good woman, ſhe could not forbear giving our hero certain hints of her ſuſpecting ſome very dangerous rival in his affections. The aukward behaviour of Mr. Jones on this occaſion convinced her of the truth, without his giving her a direct anſwer to any of her queſtions; but ſhe was not nice enough in her amours to be greatly concerned at the diſcovery. The beauty of Jones highly charmed her eye; but, as ſhe could not ſee his heart, ſhe gave herſelf no concern about it. She could feaſt heartily at the table of love, without reflecting that ſome other had already been, or hereafter might be, feaſted with the ſame repaſt. A ſentiment which, if it deals but little in refinement, deals however much in ſubſtance; and is leſs capricious, and perhaps leſs ill-natured and ſelfiſh than the deſires of thoſe females who can be contented enough to abſtain from the poſſeſſion of their lovers, provided they are ſufficiently ſatisfied that no one elſe poſſeſſes them.

CHAP. VII.

Containing a fuller account of Mrs. Waters, and by what means ſhe came into that diſtreſsful ſituation from which ſhe was reſcued by Jones.

THOUGH nature hath by no means mixed up an equal ſhare either of curioſity or vanity in every human compoſition, there is perhaps no individual to whom ſhe hath not allotted ſuch a proportion of both, as requires much arts and pains too, to ſubdue and keep under. A conqueſt, however,

ever abſolutely neceſſary to every one who would in any degree deſerve the characters of wiſdom or good-breeding.

As Jones therefore might very juſtly be called a well-bred man, he had ſtifled all that curioſity which the extraordinary manner in which he had found Mrs. Waters, muſt be ſuppoſed to have occaſioned. He had indeed at firſt thrown out ſome few hints to the lady; but when he perceived her induſtriouſly avoiding any explanation, he was contented to remain in ignorance, the rather as he was not without ſuſpicion, that there were ſome circumſtances which muſt have raiſed her bluſhes, had ſhe related the whole truth.

Now, ſince it is poſſible that ſome of our readers may not ſo eaſily acquieſce under the ſame ignorance, and as we are very deſirous to ſatisfy them all, we have taken uncommon pains to inform ourſelves of the real fact, with the relation of which we ſhall conclude this book.

This lady then had lived ſome years with one captain Waters, who was a captain in the ſame regiment to which Mr. Northerton belonged. She paſſed for that gentleman's wife, and went by his name; and yet, as the ſerjeant ſaid, there were ſome doubts concerning the reality of their marriage, which we ſhall not at preſent take upon us to reſolve.

Mrs. Waters, I am ſorry to ſay it, had for ſome time contracted an intimacy with the above-mentioned enſign, which did no great credit to her reputation. That ſhe had a remarkable fondneſs for that young fellow is moſt certain; but whether ſhe indulged this to any very criminal lengths, is not ſo extremely clear, unleſs we will ſuppoſe that women never grant every favour to a man but one, without granting him that one alſo.

The diviſion of the regiment to which captain Waters belonged, had two days preceded the march of that company to which Mr. Northerton was the enſign; ſo that the former had reached Worceſter, the very day after the unfortunate rencounter be-

tween Jones and Northerton, which we have before recorded.

Now it had been agreed between Mrs. Waters and the captain, that ſhe would accompany him in his march as far as Worceſter, where they were to take their leave of each other, and ſhe was thence to return to Bath, where ſhe was to ſtay till the end of the winter's campaign againſt the rebels.

With this agreement Mr Northerton was made acquainted. To ſay the truth, the lady had made him an aſſignation at this very place, and promiſed to ſtay at Worceſter till his diviſion came thither; with what view, and for what purpoſe muſt be left to the reader's divination: for though we are obliged to relate facts, we are not obliged to do a violence to our nature by any comments to the diſadvantage of the loveliеſt part of the creation.

Northerton no ſooner obtained a releaſe from his captivity, as we have ſeen, than he haſted away to overtake Mrs. Waters; which as he was a very active nimble fellow, he did at the laſt mentioned city, ſome few hours after Captain Waters had left her: at his firſt arrival he made no ſcruple of acquainting her with the unfortunate accident, which he made appear very unfortunate indeed: for he totally extracted every particle of what could be called fault, at leaſt in a court of honour, though he left ſome circumſtances which might be queſtionable in a court of law.

Women, to their glory be it ſpoken, are more generally capable of that violent and apparently diſintereſted paſſion of love, which ſeeks only the good of its object, than men. Mrs. Waters, therefore, was no ſooner apprized of the danger to which her lover was expoſed, than ſhe loſt every conſideration beſides that of his ſafety; and this being a matter equally agreeable to the gentleman, it became the immediate ſubject of debate between them.

After much conſultation on this matter, it was at length agreed, that the enſign ſhould go a-croſs the country to Hereford, whence he might find ſome conveyance to one of the ſea-ports in Wales, and thence might

might make his eſcape abroad. In all which expedition Mrs. Waters declared ſhe would bear him company; and for which ſhe was able to furniſh him with money, a very material article to Mr. Northerton ſhe having then in her pocket three bank notes to the amount of 90 l. beſides ſome caſh, and a diamond ring of pretty conſiderable value on her finger. All which ſhe with the utmoſt confidence revealed to this wicked man, little ſuſpecting ſhe ſhould by theſe means inſpire him with a deſign of robbing her. Now, as they muſt, by taking horſes from Worceſter, have furniſhed any purſuers with the means of hereafter diſcovering their rout, the enſign propoſed, and the lady preſently agreed, to make their firſt ſtage on foot, for which purpoſe the hardneſs of the froſt was very ſeaſonable.

The main part of the lady's baggage was already at Bath, and ſhe had nothing with her at preſent beſides a very ſmall quantity of linen, which the gallant undertook to carry in his own pockets. All things therefore, being ſettled in the evening, they aroſe early the next morning, and at five o'clock departed from Worceſter, it being then above two hours before day. But the moon, which was then at the full, gave them all the light ſhe was capable of affording.

Mrs. Waters was not of that delicate race of women who are obliged to the invention of vehicles for the capacity of removing themſelves from one place to another, and with whom conſequently a coach is reckoned among the neceſſaries of life. Her limbs were indeed full of ſtrength and agility, and as her mind was no leſs animated with ſpirit, ſhe was perfectly able to keep pace with her nimble lover.

Having travelled on for ſome miles in a high road which Northerton ſaid he was informed led to Hereford, they came at the break of day to the ſide of a large wood, where he ſuddenly ſtopped, and affecting to meditate a moment with himſelf, expreſſed ſome apprehenſions from travelling any longer in ſo public a way. Upon which he eaſily perſuaded his fair companion to ſtrike with him into a path which ſeemed to lead directly through the wood, and

which at length brought them both to the bottom of Mazard-hill.

Whether the execrable ſcheme, which he now attempted to execute, was the effect of previous deliberation, or whether it now firſt came into his head, I cannot determine. But being arrived in this lonely place, where it was very improbable he ſhould meet with any interruption, he ſuddenly ſlipped his garter from his leg, and laying violent hands on the poor woman, endeavoured to perpetrate that dreadful and deteſtable fact, which we have before commemorated, and which the providential appearance of Jones did ſo fortunately prevent.

Happy was it for Mrs Waters, that ſhe was not of the weakeſt order of females; for no ſooner did ſhe perceive, by his tying a knot in his garter, and by his declarations, what his bellish intentions were, than ſhe ſtood ſtoutly to her defence, and ſo ſtrongly ſtruggled with her enemy, ſcreaming all the while for aſſiſtance, that ſhe delayed the execution of the villain's purpoſe ſeveral minutes, by which means Mr Jones came to her relief, at that very inſtant when her ſtrength failed, and ſhe was totally overpowered, and delivered her from the ruffian's hands, with no other loſs than that of her cloaths, which were torn from her back, and of the diamond ring, which, during the contention, either dropped from her finger, or was wrenched from it by Northerton.

Thus, reader, we have given thee the fruits of a very painful enquiry, which, for thy ſatisfaction, we have made into this matter. And here we have opened to thee a ſcene of folly, as well as villany, which we could ſcarce have believed a human creature capable of being guilty of; had we not remembered that this fellow was at that time firmly perſuaded, that he had already committed a murder, and had forfeited his life to the law. As he concluded therefore that his only ſafety lay in flight, he thought the poſſeſſing himſelf of this poor woman's money and ring, would make him amends for the additional burden he was to lay on his conſcience.

And

And here, reader, we muſt ſtrictly caution thee, that thou doſt not take any occaſion from the miſbehaviour of ſuch a wretch as this, to reflect on ſo worthy and honourable a body of men, as are the officers of our army in general. Thou will be pleaſed to conſider, that this fellow, as we have already informed thee, had neither the birth nor education of a gentleman, nor was a proper perſon to be inrolled among the number of ſuch. If therefore his baſeneſs can juſtly reflect on any beſides himſelf, it muſt be only on thoſe who gave him his commiſſion.

THE

THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

BOOK X.

In which the hiſtory goes forward about twelve hours.

CHAP. I.

Containing inſtructions very neceſſary to be peruſed by modern critics.

READER, it is impoſſible we ſhould know what ſort of perſon thou wilt be: for perhaps, thou may'ſt be as learned in human nature as Shakeſpear himſelf was, and perhaps thou may'ſt be no wiſer than ſome of his editors. Now, leſt this latter ſhould be the caſe, we think proper, before we go any farther together, to give thee a few wholeſome admonitions; that thou may'ſt not as groſsly miſunderſtand and miſrepreſent us, as ſome of the ſaid editors have miſunderſtood and miſrepreſented their author.

Firſt, then, we warn thee not too haſtily to condemn any of the incidents in this our hiſtory as impertinent and foreign to our main deſign because thou doſt not immediately conceive in what manner ſuch incident may conduce to that deſign. This work may, indeed, be conſidered as a great creation of our own; and for a little reptile of a critic to preſume to find fault with

with any of its parts, without knowing the manner in which the whole is connected, and before he comes to the final catastrophe, is a most presumptuous absurdity. The allusion and metaphor we have here made use of, we must acknowledge to be infinitely too great for our occasion; but there is, indeed, no other, which is at all adequate to express the difference between an author of the first rate, and a critic of the lowest.

Another caution we would give thee, my good reptile, is, that thou dost not find out too near a resemblance between certain characters here introduced; as for instance, between the landlady who appears in the seventh book, and her in the ninth. Thou art to know, friend, that there are certain characteristics, in which most individuals of every profession and occupation agree. To be able to preserve these characteristics, and at the same time to diversify their operations, is one talent of a good writer. Again, to mark the nice distinction between two persons actuated by the same vice or folly is another; and as this last talent is found in very few writers, so is the true discernment of it found in as few readers: though, I believe, the observation of this forms a very principal pleasure in those who are capable of the discovery. Every person, for instance, can distinguish between Sir Epicure Mammon, and Sir Fopling Flutter; but to note the difference between Sir Fopling Flutter and Sir Courtly Nice, requires a more exquisite judgment: for want of which, vulgar spectators of plays very often do great injustice in the theatre; where I have sometimes known a poet in danger of being convicted as a thief, upon much worse evidence than the resemblance of hands hath been held to be in the law. In reality, I apprehend every amorous widow on the stage would run the hazard of being condemned as a servile imitation of Dido, but that happily very few of our play house critics understand enough of Latin to read Virgil.

In the next place, we must admonish thee, my worthy friend, (for, perhaps, thy heart may be better than thy head), not to condemn a character as a bad one, because it is not perfectly a good one. If thou dost delight in these models of perfection, there are books

books enow written to gratify thy taſte; but as we have not, in the courſe of our converſation, ever happened to meet with any ſuch perſon, we have not choſen to introduce any ſuch here. To ſay the truth, I a little queſtion whether mere man ever arrived at this conſummate degree of excellence, as well as whether there hath ever exiſted a monſter bad enough to verify that

——— *Nulla virtute redemptum*
A vitiis ——— *

in Juvenal: nor do I, indeed, conceive the good purpoſes ſerved by inſerting characters of ſuch angelic perfection, or ſuch diabolical depravity, in any work of invention: ſince, from contemplating either, the mind of man is more likely to be overwhelmed with ſorrow and ſhame, than to draw any good uſes from ſuch patterns: for in the former inſtance he may be both concerned and aſhamed to ſee a pattern of excellence, in his nature, which he may reaſonably deſpair of ever arriving at; and, in contemplating the latter he may be no leſs affected with thoſe uneaſy ſenſations, at ſeeing the nature, of which he is a partaker, degraded into ſo odious and deteſtable a creature.

In fact, if there be enough of goodneſs in a character to engage the admiration and affection of a well-diſpoſed mind, though there ſhould appear ſome of thoſe little blemiſhes *quas humana parum cavit natura*, they will raiſe our compaſſion rather than our abhorrence. Indeed, nothing can be of more moral uſe than the imperfections which are ſeen in examples of this kind: ſince ſuch form a kind of ſurprize, more apt to affect and dwell upon our minds, than the faults of very vicious and wicked perſons. The foibles and vices of men, in whom there is great mixture of good, become more glaring objects from the virtues which contraſt them, and ſhew their deformity; and, when we find ſuch vices attended with their evil conſequence to our favourite characters, we are not only taught

* Whoſe vices are not allayed with a ſingle virtue.

to

to ſhun them for our own ſake, but to hate them for the miſchiefs they have already brought on thoſe we love.

And now, my friend, having given you theſe few admonitions, we will, if you pleaſe, once more ſet forward with our hiſtory.

CHAP. II.

Containing the arrival of an Iriſh *gentleman, with very extraordinary adventures which enſued at the inn.*

NOW the little trembling hare, which the dread of all her numerous enemies, and chiefly of that cunning, cruel, carnivorous animal man, had confined all the day to her lurking-place, ſports wantonly o'er the lawns: now on ſome hollow tree the owl, ſhrill choriſter of the night, hoots forth notes which might charm the ears of ſome modern connoiſſeurs in muſic: now in the imagination of the half-drunk clown, as he ſtaggers through the church-yard, or rather charnel-yard, to his home, fear paints the bloody hobgoblin: now thieves and ruffians are awake, and honeſt watchmen faſt aſleep: in plain Engliſh, it was now midnight; and the company at the inn, as well thoſe who have been already mentioned in this hiſtory, as ſome others who arrived in the evening, were all in bed. Only Suſan chambermaid was now ſtirring, ſhe being obliged to waſh the kitchen, before ſhe retired to the arms of the fond, expecting hoſtler.

In this poſture were affairs at the inn, when a gentleman arrived there poſt. He immediately alighted from his horſe, and, coming up to Suſan, enquired of her, in a very abrupt and confuſed manner, being almoſt out of breath with eagerneſs, whether there was any lady in the houſe. The hour of night, and the behaviour of the man, who ſtared very wildly all the time, a little ſurpriſed Suſan, ſo that ſhe heſitated before ſhe made any anſwer: upon which the gentleman, with redoubled eagerneſs, begged her to give him a true information, ſaying, he had loſt his wife, and was come in purſuit of her. 'Upon my ſhoul,' cries he,

he, 'I have been near catching her already in two 'or three places, if I had not found her gone juſt as 'I came up with her. If ſhe be in the houſe, do 'carry me up in the dark, and ſhew her to me; and, 'if ſhe be gone away before me, do tell me which 'way I ſhall go after her to meet her, and, upon my 'ſoul, I will make you the richeſt poor woman in 'the nation.' He then pulled out a handful of guineas, a ſight which would have bribed perſons of much greater conſequence than this poor wench, to much worſe purpoſes.

Suſan, from the account ſhe had received of Mrs. Waters, made not the leaſt doubt but that ſhe was the very identical ſtray whom the right owner purſued. As ſhe concluded, therefore, with great appearance of reaſon, that ſhe never could get money in an honeſter way than by reſtoring a wife to her huſband, ſhe made no ſcruple of aſſuring the gentleman, that the lady he wanted was then in the houſe; and was preſently afterwards prevailed upon (by very liberal promiſes, and ſome earneſt paid into her hands), to conduct him to the bed-chamber of Mrs. Waters.

It hath been a cuſtom long eſtabliſhed in the polite world, and that upon very ſolid and ſubſtantial reaſons, that a huſband ſhall never enter his wife's apartment without firſt knocking at the door. The many excellent uſes of this cuſtom need ſcarce be hinted to a reader who hath any knowledge of the world: for by this means the lady hath time to adjuſt herſelf, or to remove any diſagreeable object out of the way: for there are ſome ſituations, in which nice and delicate women would not be diſcovered by their huſbands.

To ſay the truth, there are ſeveral ceremonies inſtituted among the poliſhed part of mankind, which, though they may to coarſer judgments, appear as matters of mere form, are found to have much of ſubſtance in them, by the more diſcerning; and lucky would it have been, had the cuſtom above-mentioned been obſerved by our gentleman in the preſent inſtance. Knock, indeed, he did at the door, but not with one of thoſe gentle raps which is uſual on ſuch occaſions. On the contrary, when he found the door

locked, he flew at it with ſuch violence, that the lock immediately gave way, the door burſt open, and he fell headlong into the room.

He had no ſooner recovered his legs, than forth from the bed, upon his legs likewiſe appeared —— with ſhame and ſorrow are we obliged to proceed —— our hero himſelf, who, with a menacing voice, demanded of the gentleman who he was, and what he meant by daring to burſt open his chamber in that outrageous manner

The gentleman at firſt thought he had committed a miſtake, and was going to aſk pardon and retreat, when, on a ſudden, as the moon ſhone very bright, he caſt his eyes on ſtays, gowns, petticoats, caps, ribbons, ſtockings, garters, ſhoes, clogs, &c. all which lay in a diſordered manner on the floor. All theſe operating on the natural jealouſy of his temper, ſo enraged him, that he loſt all power of ſpeech, and, without returning any anſwer to Jones, he endeavoured to approach the bed.

Jones immediately interpoſing, a fierce contention aroſe, which ſoon proceeded to blows on both ſides. And now Mrs. Waters (for we muſt confeſs ſhe was in the ſame bed), being, I ſuppoſe, awakened from her ſleep, and ſeeing two men fighting in her bed-chamber, began to ſcream in the moſt violent manner, crying out murder! robbery! and more frequently rape! which laſt, ſome, perhaps, may wonder ſhe ſhould mention, who do not conſider that theſe words of exclamation are uſed by ladies in a fright, as fa, la, la, ra, da, &c. are, in muſic, only as the vehicles of ſound, and without any fixed ideas

Next to the lady's chamber was depoſited the body of an Iriſh gentleman, who arrived too late at the inn to have been mentioned before. This gentleman was one of thoſe whom the Iriſh call a *calabalaro*, or cavalier He was a younger brother of a good family, and, having no fortune at home, was obliged to look abroad in order to get one: for which purpoſe he was proceeding to Bath to try his luck with cards and the women.

This young fellow lay in bed reading one of Mrs.

Behn's novels; for he had been inſtructed by a friend, that he would find no more effectual method of recommending himſelf to the ladies than the improving his underſtanding, and filling his mind with good literature. He no ſooner, therefore, heard the violent uproar in the next room, than he leapt from his bolſter, and, taking his ſword in one hand, and the candle which burnt by him in the other, he went directly to Mrs Waters's chamber.

If the ſight of another man in his ſhirt at firſt added ſome ſhock to the decency of the lady, it made her preſently amends by conſiderably abating her fears; for no ſooner had the calabalaro entered the room, than he cried out: 'Mr Fitzpatrick, what the devil 'is the meaning of this? Upon which the other immediately anſwered, 'O, Mr. Macklachlan, I am 'rejoiced you are here.—This villain hath debauched my wife, and is got into bed with her'—'What 'wife?' cries Macklachlan, 'do not I know Mrs. 'Fitzpatrick very well, and don't I ſee that the lady, whom the gentleman who ſtands here in his 'ſhirt is lying in bed with, is none of her?'

Fitzpatrick now perceiving, as well by the glimpſe he had of the lady, as by her voice, which might have been diſtinguiſhed at a greater diſtance than he now ſtood from her, that he had made a very unfortunate miſtake, began to aſk many pardons of the lady; and, then turning to Jones, he ſaid, 'I would 'have you take notice I do not aſk your pardon, for 'you have beat me; for which I am reſolved to have 'your blood in the morning.'

Jones treated this menace with much contempt; and Mr. Macklachlan anſwered, 'Indeed, Mr. Fitz-'patrick, you may be aſhamed of your ownſelf, to 'diſturb people at this time of night: if all the people in the inn were not aſleep, you would have 'awakened them as you have me. The gentleman 'has ſerved you very rightly. Upon my conſcience, 'though I have no wife, if you had treated her ſo, 'I would have cut your throat.'

Jones was ſo confounded with his fears for his lady's reputation, that he knew neither what to ſay or do; but

but the invention of women is, as hath been obſerved, much readier than that of men. She recollected that there was a communication between her chamber and that of Mr. Jones; relying, therefore, on his honour and her own aſſurance, ſhe anſwered, 'I know not 'what you mean, villains! I am wife to none of you. 'Help! Rape! Murder! Rape!'—And now the landlady coming into the room, Mrs. Waters fell upon her with the utmoſt virulence, ſaying, 'She 'thought herſelf in a ſober inn, and not in a bawdy-'houſe; but that a ſet of villains had broke into her 'room, with an intent upon her honour, if not upon 'her life; and both, ſhe ſaid, were equally dear to 'her.'

The landlady now began to roar as loudly as the poor woman in bed had done before. She cried, 'She 'was undone, and that the reputation of her houſe, 'which was never blown upon before, was utterly 'deſtroyed.' Then turning to the men, ſhe cried, 'What, in the devil's name, is the reaſon of all this 'diſturbance in the lady's room?' Fitzpatrick, hanging down his head, repeated, 'that he had commit-'ted a miſtake, for which he heartily aſked pardon,' and then retired with his countryman. Jones, who was too ingenious to have miſſed the hint given him by his fair one, boldly aſſerted, 'That he had run to her 'aſſiſtance upon hearing the door broke open; with 'what deſign he could not conceive, unleſs of robbing 'the lady; which if they intended, he ſaid, he had 'the good fortune to prevent.' 'I never had a rob-'bery committed in my houſe ſince I have kept it,' cries the landlady: 'I would have you to know, ſir, 'I harbour no highwaymen here; I ſcorn the word, 'thof I ſay it. None but honeſt, good gentlefolks, 'are welcome to my houſe; and I thank good luck, 'I have always had enow of ſuch cuſtomers; indeed 'as many as I could entertain. Here hath been my 'Lord ——,' and then ſhe repeated over a catalogue of names and titles, many of which we might, perhaps, be guilty of a breach of privilege by inſerting.

Jones, after much patience, at length interrupted her, by making an apology to Mrs. Waters, for having

appeared before her in his ſhirt, aſſuring her, 'That 'nothing but a concern for her ſafety could have 'prevailed on him to do it. The reader may inform himſelf of her anſwer, and, indeed, of her whole behaviour to the end of the ſcene, by conſidering the ſituation which ſhe affected it being that of a modeſt lady, who was awakened out of her ſleep by three ſtrange men in her chamber. This was the part which ſhe undertook to perform; and, indeed, ſhe executed it ſo well, that none of our theatrical actreſſes could exceed her, in any of their performances, either on or off the ſtage.

And hence, I think, we may very fairly draw an argument, to prove how extremely natural virtue is to the fair ſex: for though there is not, perhaps, one in ten thouſand who is capable of making a good actreſs; and even among theſe we rarely ſee two who are equally able to perſonate the ſame character; yet this of virtue they can all admirably well put on; and as well thoſe individuals who have it not, as thoſe who poſſeſs it, can all act it to the utmoſt degree of perfection.

When the men were all departed, Mrs. Waters, recovering from her fear, recovered likewiſe from her anger, and ſpoke in much gentler accents to the landlady, who did not ſo readily quit her concern for the reputation of the houſe, in favour of which ſhe began again to number the many great perſons who had ſlept under her roof; but the lady ſtopt her ſhort, and, having abſolutely acquitted her of having had any ſhare in the paſt diſturbance, begged to be left to her repoſe, which, ſhe ſaid, ſhe hoped to enjoy unmoleſted during the remainder of the night. Upon which the landlady, after much civility, and many court'ſies, took her leave.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

A dialogue between the landlady, and Sufan *the chamber-maid, proper to be read by all innkeepers and their ſervants; with the arrival, and affable behaviour of a beautiful young lady; which may teach perſons of condition how they may acquire the love of the whole world.*

THE landlady, remembering that Sufan had been the only perſon out of bed when the door was burſt open, reſorted preſently to her, to enquire into the firſt occaſion of the diſturbance, as well as who the ſtrange gentleman was, and when and how he arrived.

Sufan related the whole ſtory, which the reader knows already, varying the truth only in ſome circumſtances, as ſhe ſaw convenient, and totally concealing the money which ſhe had received. But whereas her miſtreſs had, in the preface to her enquiry, ſpoken much in compaſſion for the fright which the lady had been in, concerning any intended depredations on her virtue, Sufan could not help endeavouring to quiet the concern which her miſtreſs ſeemed to be under on that account, by ſwearing heartily ſhe ſaw Jones leap out from her bed.

The landlady fell into a violent rage at theſe words. 'A likely ſtory truly,' cried ſhe, 'that a woman 'ſhould cry out, and endeavour to expoſe herſelf, if 'that was the caſe! I deſire to know what better 'proof any lady can give of her virtue than her cry-'ing out, which, I believe, twenty people can wit-'neſs for her ſhe did? I beg, Madam, you would 'ſpread no ſuch ſcandal of any of my gueſts: for it 'will not only reflect on them, but upon the houſe; 'and I am ſure no vagabonds, nor wicked beggarly 'people come here.'

'Well,' ſays Sufan, 'then I muſt not believe my 'own eyes.' 'No, indeed muſt you not always,' anſwered her miſtreſs, 'I would not have believed my 'own eyes againſt ſuch good gentlefolks. I have not

'had a better ſupper ordered this half year than they 'ordered laſt night; and ſo eaſy and good humoured 'were they, that they found no fault with my Wor-'ceſterſhire perry, which I ſold them for Champaigne; 'and to be ſure it is as well taſted, and as wholeſome 'as the beſt Champaigne in the kingdom, otherwiſe I 'would ſcorn to give it 'em, and they drank me two 'bottles. No, no, I will never believe any harm of 'ſuch ſober good ſort of people.'

Suſan being thus ſilenced, her miſtreſs proceeded to other matters. 'And ſo you tell me,' continued ſhe, 'that the ſtrange gentleman came poſt, and there 'is a footman without with the horſes; why then, he 'is certainly ſome of your great gentlefolks too. Why 'did not you aſk him whether he'd have any ſupper? 'I think, he is in the other gentleman's room: go up 'and aſk whether he called. Perhaps he'll order ſome-'thing when he finds any body ſtirring in the houſe to 'dreſs it. Now don't commit any of your uſual blun-'ders, by telling him the fire's out, and the fowls 'alive. And if he ſhould order mutton, don't blab 'out, that we have none. The butcher, I know, 'killed a ſheep juſt before I went to bed, and he never 'refuſes to cut it up warm when I deſire it. Go, re-'member there's all ſorts of mutton and fowls; go, 'open the door, with, Gentlemen d'ye call; and if 'they ſay nothing, aſk what his honour will be pleaſed 'to have for his ſupper. Don't forget his honour. Go; 'if you don't mind all theſe matters better, you'll 'never come to any thing.'

Suſan departed, and ſoon returned with an account that the two gentlemen were got both into the ſame bed. 'Two gentlemen,' ſays the landlady, 'in 'the ſame bed! that's impoſſible; they are two errant 'ſcrubs, I warrant them; and, I believe, young 'ſquire Allworthy gueſſed right, that the fellow in-'tended to rob her ladyſhip: for if he had broke open 'the lady's door with any of the wicked deſigns of a 'gentleman, he would never have ſneaked away to 'another room to ſave the expence of a ſupper and a 'bed to himſelf. They are certainly thieves, and

'their

'their ſearching after a wife is nothing but a pre-
'tence'

In theſe cenſures, my landlady did Mr. Fitzpatrick great injuſtice: for he was really born a gentleman, though not worth a groat; and though, perhaps, he had ſome few blemiſhes in his heart as well as in his head, yet being a ſneaking, or a niggardly fellow, was not one of them. In reality, he was ſo generous a man, that whereas he had received a very handſome fortune with his wife, he had now ſpent every penny of it, except ſome little pittance which was ſettled upon her; and in order to poſſeſs himſelf of this he had uſed her with ſuch cruelty, that together with his jealouſy, which was of the bittereſt kind, it had forced the poor woman to run away from him.

This gentleman then being well tired with his long journey from Cheſter in one day, with which, and ſome good dry blows he had received in the ſcuffle, his bones were ſo ſore, that added to the ſoreneſs of his mind, it had quite deprived him of any appetite for eating. And being now ſo violently diſappointed in the woman, whom at the maid's inſtance, he had miſtaken for his wife, it never once entered into his head, that ſhe might nevertheleſs be in the houſe, though he had erred in the firſt perſon he had attacked. He therefore yielded to the diſſuaſions of his friend from ſearching any farther after her that night, and accepted the kind offer of part of his bed.

The footman and poſt-boy were in a different diſpoſition. They were more ready to order than the landlady was to provide; however, after being pretty well ſatisfied by them of the real truth of the caſe, and that Mr. Fitzpatrick was no thief, ſhe was at length prevailed on to ſet ſome cold meat before them, which they were devouring with great greedineſs, when Partridge came into the kitchen. He had been firſt awaked by the hurry which we have before ſeen; and while he was endeavouring to compoſe himſelf again on his pillow, a ſcreech-owl had given him ſuch a ſerenade at his window, that he leapt in a moſt horrible affright from his bed, and huddling on his cloaths with great expe-

expedition, ran down to the protection of the company, whom he heard talking below in the kitchen.

His arrival detained my landlady from returning to her reſt: for ſhe was juſt about to leave the other two gueſts to the care of Sufan; but the friend of young 'ſquire Allworthy was not to be ſo neglected, eſpecially as he called for a pint of wine to be mulled. She immediately obeyed, by putting the ſame quantity of perry to the fire: for this readily anſwered to the name of every kind of wine.

The Iriſh footman was retired to bed, and the poſtboy was going to follow; but Partridge invited him to ſtay, and partake of his wine, which the lad very thankfully accepted. The ſchoolmaſter was indeed afraid to return to bed by himſelf; and as he did not know how ſoon he might loſe the company of my landlady, he was reſolved to ſecure that of the boy, in whoſe preſence he apprehended no danger from the devil, or any of his adherents.

And now arrived another poſt boy at the gate: upon which Sufan being ordered out, returned, introducing two young women in riding habits, one of which was ſo very richly laced, that Partridge and the poſt-boy inſtantly ſtarted from their chairs and my landlady fell to her court'ſies, and her ladyſhips, with great eagerneſs.

The lady in the rich habit ſaid, with a ſmile of great condeſcenſion, 'If you will give me leave, Madam, 'I will warm myſelf a few minutes at your kitchen 'fire; for it is really very cold; but I muſt inſiſt on 'diſturbing no one from his ſeat.' This was ſpoken on account of Partridge, who had retreated to the other end of the room, ſtruck with the utmoſt awe and aſtoniſhment at the ſplendor of the lady's dreſs. Indeed, ſhe had a much better title to reſpect than this: for ſhe was one of the moſt beautiful creatures in the world.

The lady earneſtly deſired Partridge to return to his ſeat, but could not prevail. She then pulled off her gloves, and diſplayed to the fire two hands, which had every property of ſnow in them, except that of melting. Her companion, who was indeed her maid, likewiſe

wife pulled off her gloves, and diſcovered what bore an exact reſemblance, in cold and colour, to a piece of frozen beef.

'I wiſh, Madam,' quoth the latter, 'your lady-'ſhip would not think of going any farther to-night. 'I am terribly afraid your ladyſhip will not be able 'to bear the fatigue.'

'Why ſure,' cries the landlady, 'her ladyſhip's 'honour can never intend it O bleſs me, farther 'to-night indeed! let me beſeech your ladyſhip not 'to think on't—But to be ſure, your ladyſhip can't. 'What will your honour be pleaſed to have for ſup-'per! I have mutton of all kinds, and ſome nice 'chicken.'

'I think, Madam,' ſaid the lady, 'it would be 'rather breakfaſt than ſupper; but I can't eat any 'thing; and if I ſtay, ſhall only lie down for an hour 'or two. However, if you pleaſe, Madam, you may 'get me a little ſack-whey made very ſmall and thin.'

'Yes, Madam,' cries the miſtreſs of the houſe, I 'have ſome excellent white-wine.' 'You have no 'ſack then,' ſays the lady. 'Yes, an't pleaſe your 'honour, I have; I may challenge the country for 'that - but let me beg your ladyſhip to eat ſome-'thing.'

'Upon my word, I can't eat a morſel.' anſwered the lady; 'and I ſhall be much obliged to you, if 'you will pleaſe to get my apartment ready as ſoon 'as poſſible: for I am reſolved to be on horſeback 'again in three hours.'

'Why Suſan,' cries the landlady, 'is there a fire 'lit yet in the Wild-gooſe?———I am ſorry, Ma-'dam, all my beſt rooms are full. Several people of 'the firſt quality are now in bed. Here's a great 'young 'ſquire, and many other great gentlefolks of 'quality.'

Suſan anſwered, 'That the Iriſh gentlemen were 'got into the Wild-gooſe.'

'Was ever any thing like it!' ſays the miſtreſs; 'why the devil would you not keep ſome of the beſt 'rooms for the quality, when you know ſcarce a day 'paſſes without ſome calling here?—If they be gen-

'tlemen,

'tlemen, I am certain, when they know it is for her 'ladyſhip, they will get up again.'

'Not upon my account,' ſays the lady; 'I will 'have no perſon diſturbed for me. If you have a 'room that is commonly decent, it will ſerve me 'very well, though it be never ſo plain. I beg, Ma-'dam, you will not give yourſelf ſo much trouble 'on my account.' 'O, Madam,' cries the other, 'I have ſeveral very good rooms for that matter, but 'none good enough for your honour's ladyſhip. 'However, as you are ſo condeſcending to take up 'with the beſt I have, do, Sufan, get a fire in the 'Roſe this minute. Will your Ladyſhip be pleaſed 'to go up now, or ſtay till the fire is lighted?' 'I 'think, I have ſufficiently warmed myſelf,' anſwered the lady; 'ſo if you pleaſe I will go now: I am 'afraid I have kept people, and particularly that 'gentleman, (meaning Partridge), too long in the 'cold already. Indeed I cannot bear to think of 'keeping any perſon from the fire this dreadful 'weather.' She then departed with her maid, the landlady marching with two lighted candles before her.

When that good woman returned, the converſation in the kitchen was all upon the charms of the young lady. There is indeed in perfect beauty a power which none almoſt can withſtand: for my landlady, though ſhe was not pleaſed at the negative given to the ſupper, declared ſhe had never ſeen ſo lovely a creature. Partridge ran out into the moſt extravagant encomiums on her face, though he could not refrain from paying ſome compliments to the gold lace on her habit: the poſt-boy ſung forth the praiſes of her goodneſs, which were likewiſe echoed by the other poſt-boy, who was now come in. 'She's a true 'good lady, I warrant her,' ſays he; 'ſhe hath mercy 'upon dumb creatures; for ſhe aſked me every now 'and tan upon the journey, if I did not think ſhe 'ſhould hurt the horſes by riding too faſt; and, when 'ſhe came in, ſhe charged me to give them as much 'corn as ever they would eat.'

Such

Such charms are there in affability, and ſo ſure is it to attract the praiſes of all kinds of people. It may indeed be compared to the celebrated Mrs. Huſſey *. It is equally ſure to ſet off every female perfection to the higheſt advantage, and to palliate and conceal every defect. A ſhort reflection which we could not forbear making in this place, where my reader hath ſeen the lovelineſs of an affable deportment; and truth will now oblige us to contraſt it, by ſhewing the reverſe.

CHAP. IV.

Containing infallible noſtrums for procuring univerſal diſeſteem and hatred

THE lady had no ſooner laid herſelf on her pillow, than the waiting-woman returned to the kitchen to regale with ſome of thoſe dainties which her miſtreſs had refuſed.

The company, at her entrance, ſhewed her the ſame reſpect which they had before paid to her miſtreſs, by riſing, but ſhe forgot to imitate her, by deſiring them to ſet down again. Indeed it was ſcarce poſſible they ſhould have done ſo: for ſhe placed her chair in ſuch a poſture, as to occupy almoſt the whole fire. She then ordered a chicken to be broiled that inſtant, declaring, if it was not ready in a quarter of an hour, ſhe would not ſtay for it. Now, though the ſaid chicken was then at rooſt in the ſtable, and required the ſeveral ceremonies of catching, killing, and picking, before it was brought to the gridiron, my landlady would nevertheleſs have undertaken to do all within the time; but the gueſt, being unfortunately admitted behind the ſcenes, muſt have been witneſs to the Fourberie; the poor woman was therefore obliged to confeſs that ſhe had none in the houſe; 'but, Madam,' ſaid ſhe, 'I can get any kind 'of mutton in an inſtant from the butcher's.'

* A celebrated mantua-maker in the Strand, famous for ſetting off the ſhapes of women.

'Do

'Do you think then,' anſwered the waiting-gentlewoman, 'that I have the ſtomach of a horſe to eat 'mutton at this time of night? Sure you people 'that keep inns imagine your betters are like your-'ſelves. Indeed I expected to get nothing at this 'wretched place. I wonder my lady would ſtop at 'it. I ſuppoſe none but tradeſmen and graſiers ever 'call here.' The landlady fired at this indignity offered to her houſe: however ſhe ſuppreſſed her temper, and contented herſelf with ſaying, 'Very 'good quality frequented it, ſhe thanked heaven!' 'Don't tell me,' cries the other, 'of quality! I 'believe I know more of people of quality than 'ſuch as you.—But, prithee, without troubling me 'with any of your impertinence, do tell me what I 'can have for ſupper; for, though I cannot eat horſe-'fleſh, I am really hungry.' 'Why truly, Madam,' anſwered the landlady, 'you could not take me again 'at ſuch a diſadvantage: for I muſt confeſs I have 'nothing in the houſe, unleſs a cold piece of beef, 'which indeed a gentleman's footman and the poſt-'boy have almoſt cleared to the bone.' 'Woman,' ſaid Mrs Abigail, (ſo for ſhortneſs we will call her), 'I intreat you not to make me ſick. If I had faſted 'a month, I could not eat what had been touched 'by the fingers of ſuch fellows: is there nothing neat 'or decent to be had in this horrid place?' 'What 'think you of ſome eggs and bacon, Madam,' ſaid the landlady.—'Are your eggs new laid? are you 'certain they were laid to-day? and let me have the 'bacon cut very nice and thin; for I can't endure 'any thing that's groſs.—Prithee, try if you can do 'a little tolerably for once, and don't think you 'have a farmer's wife, or ſome of thoſe creatures in 'the houſe.'—The landlady then began to handle her knife; but the other ſtopt her, ſaying, 'Good wo-'man, I muſt inſiſt upon your firſt waſhing your 'hands: for I am extremely nice, and have been al-'ways uſed from my cradle to have every thing in 'the moſt elegant manner.'

The landlady, who governed herſelf with much difficulty, began now the neceſſary preparations; for

as to Suſan, ſhe was utterly rejected, and with ſuch diſdain, that the poor wench was as hard put to it, to reſtrain her hands from violence, as her miſtreſs had been to hold her tongue. This indeed Suſan did not entirely: for though ſhe literally kept it within her teeth, yet there it muttered many 'marry-come-'ups, as good fleſh and blood as yourſelf,' with other ſuch indignant phraſes.

While the ſupper was preparing, Mrs. Abigail began to lament ſhe had not ordered a fire in the parlour; but ſhe ſaid, that was now too late. 'However,' ſaid ſhe, 'I have novelty to recommend a 'kitchen: for I do not believe I ever eat in one be-'fore.' Then, turning to the poſt-boys, ſhe aſked them, 'why they were not in the ſtable with their 'horſes? If I muſt eat my hard fare here, Madam,' cries ſhe to the landlady, 'I beg the kitchen may be 'kept clear, that I may not be ſurrounded with all 'the black-guards in town: as for you, Sir,' ſays ſhe to Partridge, 'you look ſomewhat like a gentle-'man, and may ſit ſtill if you pleaſe; I don't deſire 'to diſturb any body but mob.'

'Yes, yes, Madam,' cries Partridge, 'I am a 'gentleman, I do aſſure you, and I am not ſo eaſily 'to be diſturbed. *Non ſemper vox caſualis eſt verbo 'nominativus.*' This Latin ſhe took to be ſome affront, and anſwered, 'You may be a gentleman, Sir; 'but you don't ſhew yourſelf as one, to talk Latin 'to a woman.' Partridge made a gentle reply, and concluded with more Latin; upon which ſhe toſſed up her noſe, and contented herſelf by abuſing him with the name of a great ſcholar.

The ſupper being now on the table, Mrs. Abigail eat very heartily, for ſo delicate a perſon; and, while a ſecond courſe of the ſame was by her order preparing, ſhe ſaid, 'And ſo, Madam, you tell me 'your houſe is frequented by people of great qua-'lity.'

The landlady anſwered in the affirmative, ſaying, 'there were a great many very good quality and 'gentlefolks in it now. There's young 'ſquire All-'worthy, as that gentleman there knows.'

'And pray who is this young gentleman of quality, 'this young 'ſquire Allworthy?' ſaid Abigail

'Who ſhould he be,' anſwered Partridge, 'but 'the ſon and heir of the great 'ſquire Allworthy of 'Somerſetſhire.'

'Upon my word,' ſaid ſhe, 'you tell me ſtrange 'news: for I know Mr Allworthy of Somerſetſhire 'very well, and I know he hath no ſon alive.'

The landlady pricked up her ears at this, and Partridge looked a little confounded. However, after a ſhort heſitation, he anſwered, 'Indeed, Ma-'dam, it is true every body doth not know him to 'be 'ſquire Allworthy's ſon; for he was never mar-'ried to his mother; but his ſon he certainly is, and 'will be his heir too, as certainly as his name is 'Jones.' At that word Abigail let drop the bacon, which ſhe was conveying to her mouth, and cried out, 'You ſurpriſe me, Sir. Is it poſſible Mr Jones 'ſhould be now in the houſe?' '*Quare non?*' anſwered Partridge, 'it is poſſible, and it is certain.'

Abigail now made haſte to finiſh the remainder of her meal, and then repaired back to her miſtreſs, when the converſation paſſed, which may be read in the next chapter.

CHAP. V.

Shewing who the amiable lady, and her unamiable maid were.

AS in the month of June the damaſk roſe, which chance hath planted among the lilies with their candid hue mixes his vermilion: or as ſome playſome heifer, in the pleaſant month of May, diffuſes her odoriferous breath over the flowery meadows: or as, in the blooming month of April, the gentle, conſtant dove, perched on ſome fair bough, ſits meditating on her mate; ſo looking a hundred charms, and breathing as many ſweets, her thoughts being fixed on her Tommy, with a heart as good and as innocent, as her face was beautiful; Sophia (for it was ſhe herſelf) lay reclining her lovely head on her hand, when her

her maid entered the room, and, running directly to her bed, cried, 'Madam—Madam—who doth your 'Ladyſhip think is in the houſe?' Sophia, ſtarting up, cried, 'I hope my father hath not overtaken us.' 'No, Madam, it is one worth a hundred fathers; 'Mr. Jones himſelf is here at this very inſtant.' 'Mr. 'Jones,' ſays Sophia, 'it is impoſſible; I cannot be 'ſo fortunate.' Her maid averred the fact, and was preſently detached by her miſtreſs to order him to be called; for ſhe ſaid ſhe was reſolved to ſee him immediately.

Mrs. Honour had no ſooner left the kitchen in the manner we have before ſeen, than the landlady fell ſeverely upon her. The poor woman had indeed been loading her heart with foul language for ſome time, and now it ſcoured out of her mouth, as filth doth from a mud-cart, when the board which confines it is removed. Partridge likewiſe ſhovelled in his ſhare of calumny; and (what may ſurpriſe the reader), not only beſpattered the maid, but attempted to ſully the lily-white character of Sophia herſelf. 'Never a 'barrel the better herring,' cries he. '*Noſcitur a ſo-*'*cio* is a true ſaying. It muſt be confeſſed indeed, 'that the lady in the fine garments is the civiller of 'the two; but I warrant neither of them are a bit 'better than they ſhould be. A couple of Bath trulls, 'I'll anſwer for them; your quality don't ride about 'at this time o'night without ſervants.' 'Shodlikins, 'and that's true,' cries the landlady, 'you have 'certainly hit upon the very matter; for quality 'don't come into a houſe without beſpeaking a ſup-'per, whether they eat or no.'

While they were thus diſcourſing, Mrs. Honour returned, and diſcharged her commiſſion by bidding the landlady immediately wake Mr. Jones, and tell him a lady wanted to ſpeak with him. The landlady referred her to Partridge, ſaying, he was the 'ſquire's 'friend; but for her part ſhe never called men-'folks, eſpecially gentlemen,' and then walked ſullenly out of the kitchen. Honour applied herſelf to Partridge; but he refuſed; 'for my friend,' cries he, 'went to bed very late, and he would be very

'angry to be diſturbed ſo ſoon.' Mrs. Honour inſiſted ſtill to have him called, ſaying, 'ſhe was ſure, 'inſtead of being angry, that he would be to the 'higheſt degree delighted when he knew the occa-'ſion.' 'Another time perhaps he might,' cries Partridge; 'but *non omnia poſſumus omnes*. One 'woman is enough at once for a reaſonable man.' 'What do you mean by one woman, fellow?' cries Honour. 'None of your fellow?' anſwered Partridge. He then proceeded to inform her plainly, that Jones was in bed with a wench, and made uſe of an expreſſion too indelicate to be here inſerted; which ſo enraged Mrs. Honour, that ſhe called him *ſackanaſes*, and returned in a violent hurry to her miſtreſs, whom ſhe acquainted with the ſucceſs of her errand, and with the account ſhe had received; which, if poſſible, ſhe exaggerated, being as angry with Jones as if he had pronounced all the words that came from the mouth of Partridge. She diſcharged a torrent of abuſe on the maſter, and adviſed her miſtreſs to quit all thoughts of a man who had never ſhewn himſelf deſerving of her. She then ripped up the ſtory of Molly Seagrim, and gave the moſt malicious turn to his formerly quitting Sophia herſelf; which, I muſt confeſs, the preſent incident not a little countenanced.

The ſpirits of Sophia were too much diſſipated by concern to enable her to ſtop the torrent of her maid. At laſt, however, ſhe interrupted her, ſaying, 'I never can believe this: ſome villain hath belied 'him. You ſay you had it from his friend; but ſurely 'it is not the office of a friend to betray ſuch ſecrets.' 'I ſuppoſe,' cries Honour, 'the fellow is his pimp; 'for I never ſaw ſo ill-looked a villain. Beſides, ſuch 'profligate rakes as Mr. Jones are never aſhamed of 'theſe matters.'

To ſay the truth, this behaviour of Partridge was a little inexcuſable; but he had not ſlept off the effect of the doſe which he ſwallowed the evening before: which had, in the morning, received the addition of above a pint of wine, or indeed rather of malt ſpirits; for the perry was by no means pure.

Now

Now that part of his head which nature deſigned for the reſervoir of drink, being very ſhallow, a ſmall quantity of liquor overflowed it, and opened the ſluices of his heart; ſo that all the ſecrets there depoſited run out. Theſe ſluices were indeed naturally very ill-ſecured. To give the beſt-natured turn we can to his diſpoſition, he was a very honeſt man; for as he was the moſt inquiſitive of mortals, and eternally prying into the ſecrets of others; ſo he very faithfully paid them by communicating, in return, every thing within his knowledge.

While Sophia, tormented with anxiety, knew not what to believe, nor what reſolution to take, Suſan arrived with the ſack-whey. Mrs. Honour immediately adviſed her miſtreſs, in a whiſper, to pump this wench, who probably could inform her of the truth. Sophia approved it, and began as follows: 'Come hither, child, now anſwer me truly what 'I am going to aſk you, and I promiſe you I will 'very well reward you. Is there a young gentleman 'in this houſe, a handſome young gentleman that '—' Here Sophia bluſhed and was confounded— 'A young gentleman,' cries Honour, 'that came 'hither in company with that ſaucy raſcal who is 'now in the kitchen? Suſan anſwered, 'there was.' '—Do you know any thing of any lady?' continues Sophia, 'any lady? I don't aſk you whether ſhe is 'handſome or no; perhaps ſhe is not, that's nothing 'to the purpoſe; but do you know of any lady?' 'La, Madam,' cries Honour, 'you will make a very 'bad examiner. Harkee, child,' ſays ſhe, 'is not 'that very young gentleman now in bed with ſome 'naſty trull or other?' Here Suſan ſmiled, and was ſilent. 'Anſwer the queſtion, child,' ſays Sophia, 'and here's a guinea for you.' 'A guinea! Madam,' cries Suſan; 'La, what's a guinea? If my miſtreſs 'ſhould know it, I ſhall certainly loſe my place that 'very inſtant.' 'Here's another for you,' ſays Sophia, 'and I promiſe you faithfully your miſtreſs 'ſhall never know it.' Suſan, after a very ſhort heſitation, took the money, and told the whole ſtory, concluding with ſaying, 'If you have any great cu-

'riosity. Madam, I can steal softly into his room, 'and see whether he be in his own bed or no. She accordingly did this by Sophia's desire, and returned with an answer in the negative.

Sophia now trembled and turned pale. Mrs. Honour begged her to be comforted, and not to think any more of so worthless a fellow. 'Why there,' says Susan, 'I hope, Madam, your Ladyship won't 'be offended; but pray, Madam, is not your Lady-'ship's name *Madam Sophia Western?*' 'How is it 'possible you should know me?' answered Sophia. 'Why that man that the gentlewoman spoke of, who 'is in the kitchen, told about you last night. But 'I hope your Ladyship is not angry with me.' 'In-'deed, child,' said she, 'I am not; pray tell me 'all, and I promise you I'll reward you.' 'Why, 'Madam,' continued Susan, 'that man told us all 'in the kitchen, that Madam Sophia Western—In-'deed I don't know how to bring it out.'—Here she stopped, till, having received encouragement from Sophia, and being vehemently pressed by Mrs. Honour, she proceeded thus—'He told us, Madam, 'though to be sure it is all a lie, that your Ladyship 'was dying for love of the young 'squire, and that 'he was going to the wars to get rid of you. I 'thought to myself then he was a false-hearted 'wretch; but now to see such a fine, rich, beautiful 'lady as you be forsaken for such an ordinary wo-'man; for to be sure so she is, and another man's 'wife into the bargain. It is such a strange unna-'tural thing, in a manner.'

Sophia gave her a third guinea, and telling her she would certainly be her friend if she mentioned nothing of what had passed, nor informed any one who she was, dismissed the girl with orders to the post-boy to get the horses ready immediately.

Being now left alone with her maid, she told her trusty waiting-woman, 'That she never was more 'easy than at present. I am now convinced,' said she, 'he is not only a villain, but a low despicable 'wretch. I can forgive all rather than his exposing 'my name in so barbarous a manner. That renders

'him

'him the object of my contempt. Yes, Honour, I 'am now eaſy. I am indeed I am very eaſy;' and then ſhe burſt into a violent flood of tears.

After a ſhort interval, ſpent by Sophia, chiefly in crying, and aſſuring her maid that ſhe was perfectly eaſy, Suſan arrived with an account that the horſes were ready, when a very extraordinary thought ſuggeſted itſelf to our young heroine, by which Mr. Jones would be acquainted with her having been at the inn, in a way, which, if any ſparks of affection for her remained in him, would be at leaſt ſome puniſhment for his faults.

The reader will be pleaſed to remember a little muff, which hath had the honour of being more than once remembered already in this hiſtory. This muff, ever ſince the departure of Mr Jones, had been the conſtant companion of Sophia by day, and her bedfellow by night; and this muff ſhe had at this very inſtant upon her arm; whence ſhe took it off with great indignation, and, having writ her name with her pencil upon a piece of paper which ſhe pinned to it, ſhe bribed the maid to convey it into the empty bed of Mr. Jones, in which if he did not find it, ſhe charged her to take ſome method of conveying it before his eyes in the morning.

Then having paid for what Mrs. Honour had eaten, in which bill was included an account for what ſhe herſelf might have eaten, ſhe mounted her horſe, and, once more aſſuring her companion that ſhe was perfectly eaſy, continued her journey.

CHAP. VI.

Containing, among other things, the ingenuity of Partridge, the madneſs of Jones, and the folly of Fitzpatrick.

IT was now paſt five in the morning, and other company began to riſe and come to the kitchen, among whom were the ſerjeant and the coachman, who, being thoroughly reconciled, made a libation, or in the Engliſh phraſe, drank a hearty cup together.

In

In this drinking nothing more remarkable happened than the behaviour of Partridge, who, when the ſerjeant drank a health to King George, repeated only the word *King:* nor could he be brought to utter more; for though he was going to fight againſt his own cauſe, yet he could not be prevailed upon to drink againſt it.

Mr. Jones, being now returned to his own bed, (but from whence he returned we muſt beg to be excuſed from relating), ſummoned Partridge from this agreeable company, who, after a ceremonious preface, having obtained leave to offer his advice, delivered himſelf as follows:

'It is, Sir, an old ſaying, and a true one, that a 'wiſe man may ſometimes learn counſel from a fool; 'I wiſh therefore I might be ſo bold as to offer you 'my advice, which is to return home again, and 'leave theſe *horrida bella*, theſe bloody wars, to fellows who are contented to ſwallow gunpowder, be'cauſe they have nothing elſe to eat. Now every 'body knows your honour wants for nothing at home; 'when that's the caſe, why ſhould any man travel 'abroad.

'Partridge,' cries Jones, 'thou art certainly a cow'ard: I wiſh therefore thou would'ſt return home 'thyſelf, and trouble me no more.'

'I aſk you Honour's pardon,' cries Partridge, 'I 'ſpoke on your account more than my own; for as 'to me, Heaven knows my circumſtances are bad 'enough; and I am ſo far from being afraid, that I 'value a piſtol, or a blunderbuſs, or any ſuch thing, 'no more than a pop-gun. Every man muſt die once, 'and what ſignifies the manner how; beſides, per'haps, I may come off with the loſs only of an arm 'or a leg. I aſſure you, Sir, I was never leſs afraid 'in my life; and ſo, if your Honour is reſolved to go 'on, I am reſolved to follow you. But, in that caſe, 'I wiſh I might give my opinion. To be ſure it is a 'ſcandalous way of travelling, for a great gentleman 'like you to walk a foot. Now here are two or three 'good horſes in the ſtable, which the landlord will 'certainly make no ſcruple of truſting you with; but,

if

'if he ſhould, I can eaſily contrive to take them; 'and let the worſt come to the worſt, the King 'would certainly pardon you, as you are going to 'fight in his cauſe.'

Now as the honeſty of Partridge was equal to his underſtanding, and both dealt only in ſmall matters, he would never have attempted a roguery of this kind, had he not imagined it altogether ſafe; for he was one of thoſe who have more conſideration of the gallows than of the fitneſs of things; but, in reality, he thought he might have committed this felony without any danger: for, beſides that he doubted not but the name of Mr Allworthy would ſufficiently quiet the landlord, he conceived they ſhould be altogether ſafe, whatever turn affairs might take; as Jones, he imagined, would have friends enough on one ſide, and as his friends would as well ſecure him on the other.

When Mr. Jones found that Partridge was in earneſt in this propoſal, he very ſeverely rebuked him, and that in ſuch bitter terms, that the other attempted to laugh it off, and preſently turned the diſcourſe to other matters, ſaying, he believed they were then in a bawdy-houſe, and that he had with much ado prevented two wenches from diſturbing his Honour in the middle of the night. 'Heyday!' ſays he, 'I believe 'they got into your chamber whether I would or no; 'for here lies the muff of one of them on the ground.' Indeed, as Jones returned to his bed in the dark, he had never perceived the muff on the quilt, and in leaping into his bed he had tumbled it on the floor. This Partridge now took up, and was going to put into his pocket, when Jones deſired to ſee it. The muff was ſo very remarkable, that our hero might poſſibly have recollected it without the information annexed. But his memory was not put to that hard office; for at the ſame inſtant he ſaw and read the words *Sophia Weſtern* upon the paper which was pinned to it. His looks now grew frantic in a moment, and he eagerly cried out, 'Oh Heavens, how came 'this muff here!' 'I know no more than your 'Honour,' cried Partridge; 'but I ſaw it upon the 'arm of one of the women who would have diſturbed 'you,

'you, if I would have ſuffered them.' 'Where are 'they?' cries Jones, jumping out of bed, and laying hold of his clothes. 'Many miles off, I believe, 'by this time,' ſaid Partridge. And now Jones, upon further enquiry, was ſufficiently aſſured that the bearer of this muff was no other than the lovely Sophia herſelf.

The behaviour of Jones on this occaſion, his thoughts, his looks, his words, his actions, were ſuch as beggar all deſcription. After many bitter execrations on Partridge, and not fewer on himſelf, he ordered the poor fellow, who was frightened out of his wits, to run down and hire him horſes at any rate; and, a very few minutes afterwards, having thuſſled on his clothes, he haſtened down ſtairs to execute the orders himſelf, which he had juſt before given.

But, before we proceed to what paſſed on his arrival in the kitchen, it will be neceſſary to recur to what had there happened ſince Partridge had firſt left it on his maſter's ſummons.

The ſerjeant was juſt marched off with his party, when the two Iriſh gentlemen aroſe, and came down ſtairs; both complaining, that they had been ſo often waked by the noiſes in the inn, that they had never once been able to cloſe their eyes all night.

The coach, which had brought the young lady and her maid, and which, perhaps, the reader may have hitherto concluded was her own, was indeed a returned coach belonging to Mr King of Bath, one of the worthieſt and honeſteſt men that ever dealt in horſe-fleſh, and whoſe coaches we heartily recommend to all our readers who travel that road. By which means they may, perhaps, have the pleaſure of riding in the very coach, and being driven by the very coachman, that is recorded in this hiſtory.

The coachman, having but two paſſengers, and hearing Mr. Maclachlan was going to Bath, offered to carry him thither at a very moderate price. He was induced to this by the report of the hoſtler, who ſaid, that the horſe which Mr. Maclachlan had hired from Worceſter, would be much more pleaſed with returning to his friends there, than to proſecute a long journey;

ney; for that the ſaid horſe was rather a two-legged than a four-legged animal.

Mr. Maclachlan immediately cloſed with the propoſal of the coachman, and, at the ſame time, perſuaded his friend Fitzpatrick to accept of the fourth place in the coach. This conveyance the foreneſs of his bones made more agreeable to him than a horſe; and, being well aſſured of meeting with his wife at Bath, he thought a little delay would be of no conſequence.

Maclachlan, who was much the ſharper man of the two, no ſooner heard that this lady came from Cheſter, with the other circumſtances which he learned from the hoſtler, than it came into his head that ſhe might poſſibly be his friend's wife; and preſently acquainted him with this ſuſpicion, which had never once occured to Fitzpatrick himſelf. To ſay the truth, he was one of thoſe compoſitions which nature makes up in too great a hurry, and forgets to put any brains into their head.

Now it happens to this ſort of men, as to bad hounds, who never hit off a fault themſelves; but no ſooner doth a dog of ſagacity open his mouth, than they immediately do the ſame, and, without the guidance of any ſcent, run directly forwards as faſt as they are able. In the ſame manner, the very moment Mr. Maclachlan had mentioned his apprehenſion, Mr. Fitzpatrick inſtantly concurred, and flew directly up ſtairs to ſurpriſe his wife, before he knew where ſhe was; and unluckily (as fortune loves to play tricks with thoſe gentlemen who put themſelves entirely under her conduct), ran his head againſt ſeveral doors and poſts to no purpoſe. Much kinder was ſhe to me, when ſhe ſuggeſted that ſimile of the hounds, juſt before inſerted; ſince the poor wife may, on theſe occaſions, be ſo juſtly compared to a hunted hare. Like that little wretched animal, ſhe pricks up her ears to liſten after the voice of her purſuer; like her, flies away trembling when ſhe hears it; and, like her, is generally overtaken and deſtroyed in the end.

This was not however the caſe at preſent; for, after a long fruitleſs ſearch, Mr Fitzpatrick returned to the

the kitchen, where, as if this had been a real chace, entered a gentleman hallowing as hunters do when the hounds are at a fault. He was juſt alighted from his horſe, and many attendants at his heels.

Here, reader, it may be neceſſary to acquaint thee with ſome matters, which, if thou doſt know already, thou art wiſer than I take thee to be. And this information thou ſhalt receive in the next chapter.

CHAP. VII.

In which are concluded the adventures that happened at the inn at Upton.

IN the firſt place then, this gentleman juſt arrived was no other perſon than 'ſquire Weſtern himſelf, who was come hither in purſuit of his daughter; and, had he fortunately been two hours earlier, he had not only found her, but his niece into the bargain: for ſuch was the wife of Mr. Fitzpatrick, who had run away with her five years before, out of the cuſtody of that ſage lady Madam Weſtern.

Now this lady had departed from the inn much about the ſame time with Sophia: for, having been waked by the voice of her huſband, ſhe had ſent up for the landlady, and, being by her apprized of the matter, had bribed the good woman, at an extravagant price, to furniſh her with horſes for her eſcape. Such prevalence had money in this family; and tho' the miſtreſs would have turned away her maid for a corrupt huſſy, if ſhe had known as much as the reader, yet ſhe was no more proof againſt corruption herſelf than poor Suſan had been.

Mr. Weſtern and his nephew were not known to one another; nor indeed would the former have taken any notice of the latter, if he had known him; for this being a ſtolen match, and conſequently an unnatural one in the opinion of the good 'ſquire, he had, from the time of her committing it, abandoned the poor young creature, who was then no more than eighteen, as a monſter, and had never ſince ſuffered her to be named in his preſence.

The kitchen was now a ſcene of univerſal confuſion,

Weſtern enquiring after his daughter, and Fitzpatrick as eagerly after his wife, when Jones entered the room, unfortunately having Sophia's muff in his hand.

As ſoon as Weſtern ſaw Jones, he ſet up the ſame holla as is uſed by ſportſmen when their game is in view. He then immediately run up, and laid hold of Jones, crying 'We have got the dog-fox. I warrant 'the bitch is not far off.' The jargon which followed for ſome minutes, where many ſpoke different things at the ſame time, as it would be very difficult to deſcribe, ſo would it be no leſs unpleaſant to read.

Jones having, at length, ſhaken Mr. Weſtern off, and ſome of the company having interfered between them, our hero proteſted his innocence as to knowing any thing of the lady; when parſon Supple ſtepped up, and ſaid, 'It is folly to deny it: for why, the 'marks of guilt are in thy hands. I will myſelf af-'ſeverate and bind it by an oath, that the muff thou 'beareſt in thy hand belongeth unto Madam Sophia; 'for I have frequently obſerved her, of later days, 'to bear it about her.' 'My daughter's muff,' cries the 'ſquire in a rage. 'Hath he got my daughter's 'muff? Bear witneſs the goods are found upon him. 'I'll have him before a juſtice of the peace this inſtant. 'Where is my daughter, villain?' 'Sir,' ſaid Jones, 'I beg you would be pacified. The muff, I acknow-'ledge, is the young lady's; but, upon my honour, 'I have never ſeen her.' At theſe words Weſtern loſt all patience, and grew inarticulate with rage.

Some of the ſervants had acquainted Fitzpatrick who Mr. Weſtern was. The good Iriſhman therefore, thinking he had now an opportunity to do an act of ſervice to his uncle, and by that means might poſſibly obtain his favour, ſtept up to Jones, and cried out, 'Upon my conſcience, Sir, you may be aſhamed of 'denying your having ſeen the gentleman's daughter 'before my face, when you know I found you there 'upon the bed together.' Then, turning to Weſtern, he offered to conduct him immediately to the room where his daughter was; which offer being accepted, he, the 'ſquire, the parſon, and ſome others, aſcended directly to Mrs. Waters's chamber, which they entered

with no leſs violence than Mr. Fitzpatrick had done before.

The poor lady ſtarted from her ſleep with as much amazement as terror, and beheld at her bed ſide a figure which might very well be ſuppoſed to have eſcaped out of Bedlam: Such wildneſs and confuſion were in the looks of Mr. Weſtern; who no ſooner ſaw the lady, than he ſtarted back ſhewing ſufficiently by his manner, before he ſpoke, that this was not the perſon ſought after.

So much more tenderly do women value their reputation than their perſons, that though the latter ſeemed now in more danger than before; yet, as the former was ſecure, the lady ſcreamed not with ſuch violence as ſhe had done on the other occaſion. However, ſhe no ſooner found herſelf alone, than ſhe abandoned all thoughts of further repoſe; and, as ſhe had ſufficient reaſon to be diſſatisfied with her preſent lodging, ſhe dreſſed herſelf with all poſſible expedition.

Mr Weſtern now proceeded to ſearch the whole houſe, but to as little purpoſe as he had diſturbed poor Mrs Waters. He then returned diſconſolate into the kitchen, where he found Jones in the cuſtody of his ſervants.

This violent uproar had raiſed all the people in the houſe, though it was yet ſcarcely day-light. Among theſe was a grave gentleman, who had the honour to be in the commiſſion of the peace for the county of Worceſter. Of which Mr Weſtern was no ſooner informed, than he offered to lay his complaint before him. The juſtice declined executing his office, as he ſaid he had no clerk preſent, nor no book about juſtice buſineſs; and that he could not carry all the law in his head about ſtealing away daughters, and ſuch ſort of things.

Here Mr. Fitzpatrick offered to lend him his aſſiſtance; informing the company that he had been himſelf bred to the law. (And indeed he had ſerved three years as clerk to an attorney in the north of Ireland, when, chuſing a genteeler walk in life, he quitted his maſter, came over to England, and ſet up that buſineſs which

which requires no apprenticeſhip, namely, that of a gentleman, in which he had ſucceeded as hath been already partly mentioned).

Mr Fitzpatrick declared that the law concerning daughters was out of the preſent caſe; that ſtealing a muff was undoubtedly felony, and the goods, being found upon the perſon, were ſufficient evidence of the fact.

The magiſtrate, upon the encouragement of ſo learned a coadjutor, and upon the violent interceſſion of the 'ſquire, was at length prevailed upon to ſeat himſelf in the chair of juſtice, where being placed, upon viewing the muff which Jones ſtill held in his hand, and upon the parſon's ſwearing it to be the property of Mr Weſtern, he deſired Mr Fitzpatrick to draw up a commitment, which he ſaid he would ſign.

Jones now deſired to be heard, which was at laſt, with difficulty, granted him. He then produced the evidence of Mr Partridge, as to the finding it; but, what was ſtill more, Sufan depoſed, that Sophia herſelf had delivered the muff to her, and had ordered her to convey it into the chamber where Mr. Jones had found it.

Whether a natural love of juſtice, or the extraordinary comelineſs of Jones, had wrought on Sufan to make the diſcovery, I will not determine; but ſuch were the effects of her evidence, that the magiſtrate, throwing himſelf back in his chair, declared that the matter was now altogether as clear on the ſide of the priſoner, as it had been before againſt him: with which the parſon concurred, ſaying, The Lord forbid he ſhould be inſtrumental in committing an innocent perſon to durance. The juſtice then aroſe, acquitted the priſoner, and broke up the court.

Mr Weſtern now gave every one preſent a hearty curſe, and, immediately ordering his horſes, departed in purſuit of his daughter, without taking the leaſt notice of his nephew Fitzpatrick, or returning any anſwer to his claim of kindred, notwithſtanding all the obligations he had juſt received from that gentleman. In the violence, moreover, of his hurry, and of his paſſion, he luckily forgot to demand the muff of

Jones: I ſay luckily; for he would have died on the ſpot rather than have parted with it.

Jones likewiſe, with his friend Partridge, ſet forward the moment he had paid his reckoning, in queſt of his lovely Sophia, whom he now reſolved never more to abandon the purſuit of. Nor could he bring himſelf even to take leave of Mrs. Waters; of whom he deteſted the very thoughts, as ſhe had been, tho' not deſignedly, the occaſion of his miſſing the happieſt interview with Sophia, to whom he now vowed eternal conſtancy.

As for Mrs. Waters, ſhe took the opportunity of the coach which was going to Bath; for which place ſhe ſet out in company with the two Iriſh gentlemen, the landlady kindly lending her her clothes; in return for which ſhe was contented only to receive about double their value, as a recompence for the loan. Upon the road ſhe was perfectly reconciled to Mr. Fitzpatrick, who was a very handſome fellow, and indeed did all ſhe could to conſole him in the abſence of his wife.

Thus ended the many odd adventures which Mr. Jones encountered at his inn at Upton, where they talk, to this day, of the beauty and lovely behaviour of the charming Sophia, by the name of *the Somerſetſhire angel.*

CHAP. VIII.

In which the hiſtory goes backward.

BEFORE we proceed any farther in our hiſtory, it may be proper to look a little back, in order to account for the extraordinary appearance of Sophia and her father at the inn at Upton.

The reader may be pleaſed to remember, that, in the ninth chapter of the ſeventh book of our hiſtory, we left Sophia, after a long debate between love and duty, deciding the cauſe, as it uſually, I believe, happens, in favour of the former.

This debate had ariſen, as we have there ſhewn, from a viſit which her father had juſt before made her, in

in order to force her conſent to a marriage with Blifil: and which he underſtood to be fully implied in her acknowledgment, "that ſhe neither muſt, nor could "refuſe any abſolute command of his".

Now from this viſit the 'ſquire retired to his evening potation, overjoyed at the ſucceſs he had gained with his daughter; and as he was of a ſocial diſpoſition, and willing to have partakers in his happineſs, the beer was ordered to flow very liberally into the kitchen; ſo that before eleven in the evening, there was not a ſingle perſon ſober in the houſe, except only Mrs. Weſtern herſelf, and the charming Sophia.

Early in the morning a meſſenger was diſpatched to ſummon Mr. Blifil: for though the 'ſquire imagined that young gentleman had been much leſs acquainted than he really was, with the former averſion of his daughter; as he had not, however, yet received her conſent, he longed impatiently to communicate it to him, not doubting but that the intended bride herſelf would confirm it with her lips. As to the wedding, it had the evening before been fixed, by the male parties, to be celebrated on the next morning ſave one.

Breakfaſt was now ſet forth in the parlour, where Mr Blifil attended, and where the 'ſquire and his ſiſter likewiſe were aſſembled; and now Sophia was ordered to be called.

O, Shakeſpear, had I thy pen! O, Hogarth, had I thy pencil! then would I draw the picture of the poor ſerving man, who, with pale countenance, ſtaring eyes, chattering teeth, faultering tongue, and trembling limbs,

(E'en ſuch a man, ſo faint, ſo ſpiritleſs,
So dull, ſo dead in look, ſo woe be-gone,
Drew Priam's curtains in the dead of night,
And would have told him, half his Troy was burn'd)

entered the room and declared,—That Madam Sophia was not to be found.

'Not to be found!' cries the 'squire, ſtarting from his chair: 'Zounds and damnation! Blood and fury! 'Where, when, how, what,—Not to be found! 'Where?'

'La! Brother,' ſaid Mrs. Weſtern, with true political coldneſs, 'you are always throwing yourſelf 'into ſuch violent paſſions for nothing. My niece, I 'ſuppoſe, is only walked out into the garden. I pro-'teſt you are grown ſo unreaſonable, that it is impoſ-'ſible to live in the houſe with you.'

'Nay, nay,' anſwered the 'ſquire returning as ſuddenly to himſelf, as he had gone from himſelf; 'if 'that be all the matter, it ſignifies not much; but, 'upon my ſoul, my mind miſgave me, when the fel-'low ſaid ſhe was not to be found.' He then gave orders for the bell to be rung in the garden, and ſat himſelf contentedly down.

No two things could be more the reverſe of each other than were the brother and ſiſter, in moſt inſtances, particularly in this. That as the brother never foreſaw any thing at a diſtance, but was moſt ſagacious in immediately ſeeing every thing the moment it had happened; ſo the ſiſter eternally foreſaw at a diſtance, but was not ſo quick-ſighted to objects before her eyes. Of both theſe the reader may have obſerved examples: and, indeed, both their ſeveral talents were exceſſive: for as the ſiſter often foreſaw what never came to paſs, ſo the brother often ſaw much more than was actually the truth.

This was not however the caſe at preſent. The ſame report was brought from the garden, as before had been brought from the chamber, that Madam Sophia was not to be found.

The 'ſquire himſelf now ſallied forth, and began to roar forth the name of Sophia as loudly, and in as hoarſe a voice as whilome did Hercules that of Hylas: and as the poet tells us, that the whole ſhore echoed back the name of that beautiful youth; ſo did the houſe, the garden, and all the neighbouring fields, reſound nothing but the name of Sophia, in the hoarſe voices of the men, and in the ſhrill pipes of the women; while echo ſeemed ſo pleaſed to repeat the be-

loved

loved found, that if there is really ſuch a perſon, I believe Ovid hath belied her ſex.

Nothing reigned for a long time but confuſion; till at laſt the 'ſquire, having ſufficiently ſpent his breath, returned to the parlour, where he found Mrs. Weſtern and Mr. Blifil, and threw himſelf, with the utmoſt dejection in his countenance, into a great chair.

Here Mrs. Weſtern began to apply the following conſolation:

"Brother, I am ſorry for what hath happened; "and that my niece ſhould have behaved herſelf in "a manner ſo unbecoming her family; but it is all "your own doings, and you have nobody to thank "but yourſelf. You know ſhe hath been educated "always in a manner directly contrary to my advice, "and now you ſee the conſequence. Have I not a "thouſand times argued with you about giving my "niece her own will? But you know I never could "prevail upon you; and when I had taken ſo much "pains to eradicate her headiſh opinions, and "to rectify your errors in policy, you know ſhe was "taken out of my hands; ſo that I have nothing to "anſwer for. Had I been truſted entirely with the "care of her education, no ſuch accident as this "had ever befallen you: ſo that you muſt comfort "yourſelf by thinking it was all your own doing; "and indeed what elſe could be expected from ſuch "indulgence?"——

"Zounds! ſiſter," anſwered he, "you are enough "to make one mad. Have I indulged her? Have I "given her her will? —— It was no longer ago than "laſt night that I threatened, if ſhe diſobeyed me, "to confine her to her chamber, upon bread and "water, as long as ſhe lived — You would provoke "the patience of Job."

"Did ever mortal hear the like?" replied ſhe. "Brother, if I had not the patience of fifty Jobs, "you would make me forget all decency and deco-"corum. Why would you interfere? Did I not beg "you, did I not intreat you, to leave the whole con-"duct to me? You have defeated all the operations

"of

" of the campaign by one falſe ſtep. Would any " man in his ſenſes have provoked a daughter by " ſuch threats as theſe? How often have I told you, " that Engliſh women are not to be treated like Ci- " racaſſian * ſlaves. We have the protection of the " world: we are to be won by gentle means only, " and not to be hectored, and bullied, and beat into " compliance. I thank Heaven, no Salique law go- " verns here. Brother, you have a roughneſs in your " manner which no woman but myſelf would bear. " I do not wonder my niece was frightened and ter- " rified into taking this meaſure: and, to ſpeak ho- " neſtly, I think my niece will be juſtified to the " world for what ſhe hath done. I repeat it to you " again, brother, you muſt comfort yourſelf, by re- " membering that it is all your own fault. How often " have I adviſed—" Here Weſtern roſe haſtily from his chair, and, venting two or three horrid imprecations, ran out of the room.

When he was departed, his ſiſter expreſſed more bitterneſs (if poſſible) againſt him than ſhe had done while he was preſent; for the truth of which ſhe appealed to Mr Bliſil, who, with great complacence, acquieſced entirely in all ſhe ſaid, but excuſed all the faults of Mr. Weſtern, 'as they muſt be conſidered,' he ſaid, 'to have proceeded from the too inordinate 'fondneſs of a father, which muſt be allowed the 'name of an amiable weakneſs.' 'So much the more 'inexcuſable,' anſwered the lady: 'for whom doth 'he ruin by his fondneſs, but his own child?' To which Bliſil immediately agreed.

Mrs. Weſtern then began to expreſs great confuſion on the account of Mr. Bliſil, and of the uſage which he had received from a family to which he intended ſo much honour. On this ſubject ſhe treated the folly of her niece with great ſeverity; but concluded with throwing the whole on her brother, who, ſhe ſaid, was inexcuſable to have proceeded ſo far without better aſſurances of his daughter's conſent. 'But he was,' ſays ſhe, 'always of a violent, headſtrong temper; and

* Poſſibly Circaſſian.

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'I can ſcarce forgive myſelf for all the advice I have 'thrown away upon him.'

After much of this kind of converſation, which, perhaps, would not greatly entertain the reader, was it here particularly related, Mr. Blifil took his leave, and returned home, not highly pleaſed with his diſappointment; which however the philoſophy which he had acquired from Square and the religion inſuſed into him by Thwackum, together with ſomewhat elſe, taught him to bear rather better than more paſſionate lovers bear theſe kinds of evils.

CHAP. IX.

The eſcape of Sophia.

IT is now time to look after Sophia; whom the reader, if he loves her half ſo well as I do, will rejoice to find eſcaped from the clutches of her paſſionate father, and from thoſe of her diſpaſſionate lover.

Twelve times did the iron regiſter of time beat on the ſonorous bell-metal, ſummoning the ghoſts to riſe, and walk their nightly round.—In plainer language, it was twelve o'clock, and all the family, as we have ſaid, lay buried in drink and ſleep, except only Mrs. Weſtern, who was deeply engaged in reading a political pamphlet, and except our heroine, who now ſoftly ſtole down ſtairs, and, having unbarred and unlocked one of the houſe-doors, ſallied forth, and haſtened to the place of appointment.

Notwithſtanding the many pretty arts, which ladies ſometimes practiſe to diſplay their fears on every little occaſion, (almoſt as many as the other ſex uſes to conceal theirs) certainly there is a degree of courage, which not only becomes a woman, but is often neceſſary to enable her to diſcharge her duty. It is indeed, the idea of fierceneſs, and not of bravery, which deſtroys the female character: for who can read the ſtory of the juſtly celebrated Arria, without conceiving as high an opinion of her gentleneſs and tenderneſs, as of her fortitude? At the ſame time, perhaps many a woman, who

who ſhrieks at a mouſe or a rat, may be capable of poiſoning a huſband; or, what is worſe, of driving him to poiſon himſelf.

Sophia, with all the gentleneſs which a woman can have, had all the ſpirit which ſhe ought to have. When, therefore ſhe came to the place of appointment, and, inſtead of meeting her maid, as was agreed, ſaw a man ride directly up to her, ſhe neither ſcreamed out nor fainted away: not that her pulſe then beat with its uſual regularity; for ſhe was at firſt under ſome ſurpriſe and apprehenſion, but theſe were relieved almoſt as ſoon as raiſed, when the man pulling off his hat, aſked her in a very ſubmiſſive manner, 'If her 'ladyſhip did not expect to meet another lady?' And then proceeded to inform her, that he was ſent to conduct her to that lady.

Sophia could have no poſſible ſuſpicion of any falſhood in this account: ſhe therefore mounted reſolutely behind the fellow, who conveyed her ſafe to a town about five miles diſtant, where ſhe had the ſatisfaction of finding the good Mrs. Honour: for as the ſoul of the waiting-woman was wrapt up in thoſe very habiliments which uſed to enwrap her body, ſhe could by no means bring herſelf to truſt them out of her ſight. Upon theſe, therefore, ſhe kept guard in perſon, while ſhe detached the aforeſaid fellow after her miſtreſs, having given him all proper inſtructions.

They now debated what courſe to take, in order to avoid the purſuit of Mr. Weſtern, who, they knew, would ſend after them in a few hours. The London road had ſuch charms for Honour, that ſhe was deſirous of going on directly; alledging, that as Sophia could not be miſſed till eight or nine the next morning, her purſuers would not be able to overtake her, even though they knew which way ſhe had gone. But Sophia had too much at ſtake to venture any thing to chance; nor did ſhe dare truſt too much to her tender limbs, in a conteſt which was to be decided only by ſwiftneſs. She reſolved, therefore, to travel acroſs the country, for at leaſt twenty or thirty miles, and then to take the direct road to London. So, having

ing hired horſes to go twenty miles one way, when ſhe intended to go twenty miles the other, ſhe ſet forward with the ſame guide, behind whom ſhe had ridden from her father's houſe: the guide having now taken up behind him, in the room of Sophia, a much heavier, as well as much leſs lovely burden; being, indeed a huge portmanteau, well ſtuffed with thoſe outſide ornaments, by means of which the fair Honour hoped to gain many conqueſts, and finally to make her fortune in London city.

When they had gone about two hundred paces from the inn, on the London road, Sophia rode up to the guide, and with a voice much fuller of honey than was ever that of Plato, though his mouth is ſuppoſed to have been a bee-hive, begged him to take the firſt turning which led towards Briſtol.

Reader, I am not ſuperſtitious, nor any great believer of modern miracles. I do not, therefore, deliver the following as a certain truth; for, indeed, I can ſcarce credit it myſelf: but the fidelity of an hiſtorian obliges me to relate what hath been confidently aſſerted. The horſe then, on which the guide rode, is reported to have been ſo charmed by Sophia's voice, that he made a full ſtop, and expreſt an unwillingneſs to proceed any farther

Perhaps, however, the fact may be true, and leſs miraculous than it hath been repreſented; ſince the natural cauſe ſeems adequate to the effect: for as the guide at that moment deſiſted from a conſtant application of his armed right heel, (for, like Hudibras, he wore but one ſpur), it is more than poſſible that this omiſſion alone might occaſion the beaſt to ſtop, eſpecially as this was very frequent with him at other times.

But, if the voice of Sophia had really an effect on the horſe, it had very little on the rider. He anſwered ſomewhat ſurlily, 'That meaſter had ordered 'him to go a different way, and that he ſhould loſe 'his place, if he went any other way than that he 'was ordered.'

Sophia, finding all her perſuaſions had no effect, began now to add irreſiſtible charms to her voice; charms,

charms, which, according to the proverb, makes the old mare trot, inſtead of ſtanding ſtill; charms! to which modern ages have attributed all that irreſiſtible force, which the ancients imputed to perfect oratory. In a word, ſhe promiſed ſhe would reward him to his utmoſt expectation.

The lad was not totally deaf to theſe promiſes; but he diſliked their being indefinite: for though perhaps he had never heard that word; yet that in fact was his objection. He ſaid, 'Gentlevolks did not 'conſider the caſe of poor volks: that he had like to 'have been turned away the other day, for riding 'about the country with a gentleman from 'ſquire 'Allworthy's, who did not reward him as he ſhould 'have done.'

'With whom?' ſays Sophia eagerly.—'With a 'gentleman from 'ſquire Allworthy's,' repeated the lad; 'the 'ſquire's ſon, I think, they call un'—'Whi-'ther, which way did he go?' ſays Sophia. 'Why a 'little o' one ſide o' Briſtol, about twenty miles off,' anſwered the lad. 'Guide me,' ſays Sophia, 'to the 'ſame place, and I'll give thee a guinea, or two, 'if one is not ſufficient.' 'To be certain,' ſaid the boy, 'it is honeſtly worth two, when your Ladyſhip 'conſiders what a riſk I run; but however, if your 'Ladyſhip will promiſe me the two guineas, I'll e'en 'venture to be certain it is a ſinful thing to ride about 'my maſter's horſes; but one comfort is, I can only 'be turned away, and two guineas will partly make 'me amends.'

The bargain being thus ſtruck, the lad turned aſide into the Briſtol road, and Sophia ſet forward in purſuit of Jones, highly contrary to the remonſtrances of Mrs Honour, who had much more deſire to ſee London, than to ſee Mr. Jones; for indeed ſhe was not his friend with her miſtreſs, as he had been guilty of ſome neglect in certain pecuniary civilities, which are by cuſtom due to the waiting-gentlewoman in all love affairs, and more eſpecially in thoſe of a clandeſtine kind. This we impute rather to the careleſſneſs of his temper, than to any want of generoſity; but perhaps ſhe derived it from the latter motive: certain it is,

that ſhe hated him very bitterly on that account, and reſolved to take every opportunity of injuring him with her miſtreſs. It was therefore highly unlucky for her, that ſhe had gone to the very ſame town and inn whence Jones had ſtarted, and ſtill more unlucky was ſhe in having ſtumbled on the ſame guide, and on this accidental diſcovery which Sophia had made.

Our travellers arrived at Hambrook * at the break of day, where Honour was againſt her will charged to enquire the route which Mr Jones had taken. Of this, indeed, the guide himſelf could have informed them; but Sophia, I know not for what reaſon, never aſked him the queſtion.

When Mrs. Honour had made her report from the landlord, Sophia, with much difficulty, procured ſome indifferent horſes, which brought her to the inn, where Jones had been confined rather by the misfortune of meeting with a ſurgeon, than by having met with a broken head.

Here Honour, being again charged with a commiſſion of enquiry, had no ſooner applied herſelf to the landlady, and had deſcribed the perſon of Mr. Jones, than that ſagacious woman began, in the vulgar phraſe, to ſmell a rat. When Sophia therefore entered the room, inſtead of anſwering the maid, the landlady, addreſſing herſelf to the miſtreſs, began the following ſpeech. 'Good-lack a-day! why there 'now, who would have thought it? I proteſt the 'loveliеſt couple that ever eye beheld. I-ſackins, Ma'dam, it is no wonder the 'ſquire run on ſo about 'your Ladyſhip. He told me indeed you was the 'fineſt lady in the world, and to be ſure ſo you be. 'Mercy on him, poor heart, I bepitied him, ſo I 'did, when he uſed to hug his pillow, and call it his 'dear madam Sophia.—I did all I could to diſſuade 'him from going to the wars: I told him there were 'men enow that were good for nothing elſe but to be 'killed, that had not the love of ſuch fine ladies.' 'Sure,' ſays Sophia, 'the good woman is diſtracted.' 'No, no,' cries the landlady, 'I am not diſtracted.'

* This was the village where Jones met the Quaker.

'What, doth your Ladyſhip think I don't know then?' 'I aſſure you he told me all.' 'What ſaucy fellow,' cries Honour, 'told you any thing of my lady?' 'No 'ſaucy fellow,' anſwered the landlady, 'but the 'young gentleman you enquired after, and a very 'pretty young gentleman he is, and he loves Madam 'Sophia Weſtern to the bottom of his ſoul.' 'He 'love my lady! I'd have you to know, woman, ſhe 'is meat for his maſter.'—'Nay, Honour,' ſaid Sophia, interrupting her, 'don't be angry with the 'good woman; ſhe intends no harm.' 'No, marry 'don't I,' anſwered the landlady, emboldened by the ſoft accents of Sophia, and then launched into a long narrative too tedious to be here ſet down, in which ſome paſſages dropt, that gave a little offence to Sophia, and much more to her waiting-woman, who hence took occaſion to abuſe poor Jones to her miſtreſs the moment they were alone together, ſaying, 'that he muſt be a very pitiful fellow, and could 'have no love for a lady, whoſe name he would thus 'proſtitute in an alehouſe.'

Sophia did not ſee his behaviour in ſo very diſadvantageous a light, and was perhaps more pleaſed with the violent raptures of his love, (which the landlady exaggerated as much as ſhe had done every other circumſtance), than ſhe was offended with the reſt; and indeed ſhe imputed the whole to the extravagance, or rather ebullience of his paſſion, and to the openneſs of his heart.

This incident, however, being afterwards revived in her mind, and placed in the moſt odious colours by Honour, ſerved to heighten and give credit to thoſe unlucky occurrences at upton, and aſſiſted the waiting woman in her endeavours to make her miſtreſs depart from that inn, without ſeeing Jones.

The landlady, finding Sophia intended to ſtay no longer than till her horſes were ready, and that without either eating or drinking, ſoon withdrew; when Honour began to take her miſtreſs to taſk, (for indeed ſhe uſed great freedom), and after a long harangue, in which ſhe reminded her of her intention to go to London, and gave frequent hints of the impropriety

of

purſuing a young fellow, ſhe at laſt concluded with this ſerious exhortation: 'For Heaven's ſake, Ma-'dam, conſider what you are about, and whither you 'are going.'

This advice to a lady who had already rode near forty miles, and in no very agreeable ſeaſon, may ſeem fooliſh enough. It may be ſuppoſed ſhe had well conſidered and reſolved this already; nay, Mrs. Honour, by the hints ſhe threw out, ſeemed to think ſo; and this, I doubt not, is the opinion of many readers, who have, I make no doubt, been long ſince well convinced of the purpoſe of our heroine, and have heartily condemned her for it as a wanton baggage.

But in reality this was not the caſe. Sophia had been lately ſo diſtracted between hope and fear, her duty and love to her father, her hatred to Bliſil, her compaſſion, and (why ſhould we not confeſs the truth?) her love for Jones; which laſt the behaviour of her father, of her aunt, of every one elſe, and more particularly of Jones himſelf, had blown into a flame, that her mind was in that confuſed ſtate, which may be truly ſaid to make us ignorant of what we do, or whither we go, or rather indeed indifferent as to the conſequence of either.

The prudent and ſage advice of her maid produced, however, ſome cool reflection; and ſhe at length determined to go to Glouceſter, and thence to proceed directly to London.

But unluckily, a few miles before ſhe entered that town, ſhe met the hack-attorney, who, as is before mentioned, had dined there with Mr. Jones. This fellow, being well known to Mrs. Honour, ſtopt and ſpoke to her; of which Sophia at that time took little notice, more than to enquire who he was.

But having had a more particular account from Honour of this man afterwards at Glouceſter, and hearing of the great expedition he uſually made in travelling, for which (as hath been before obſerved), he was particularly famous, recollecting likewiſe, that ſhe had overheard Mrs Honour inform him, that they were going to Glouceſter, ſhe began to fear leſt her father might, by this fellow's means, be able

to trace her to that city; wherefore, if ſhe ſhould there ſtrike into the London road, ſhe apprehended he would certainly be able to overtake her. She therefore altered her reſolution; and having hired horſes to go a week's journey, a way which ſhe did not intend to travel, ſhe again ſet forward after a light refreſhment, contrary to the deſire and earneſt entreaties of her maid, and to the no leſs vehement remonſtrances of Mrs. Whiteſield, who from good-breeding, or perhaps from good nature, (for the poor young lady appeared much fatigued), preſſed her very heartily to ſtay that evening at Glouceſter.

Having refreſhed herſelf only with ſome tea, and with lying about two hours on the bed, while her horſes were getting ready, ſhe reſolutely left Mrs. Whiteſield's about eleven at night, and, ſtriking directly into the Worceſter road, within leſs than four hours arrived at that very inn where we laſt ſaw her.

Having thus traced our heroine very particularly back from her departure, till her arrival at Upton, we ſhall in a very few words bring her father to the ſame place; who having received the firſt ſcent from the boſt-boy, who conducted his daughter to Hambrook, very eaſily traced her afterwards to Glouceſter; whence he purſued her to Upton, as he had learned Mr. Jones had taken that route, (for Partridge, to uſe the 'ſquire's expreſſion, left every where a ſtrong ſcent behind him), and he doubted not in the leaſt but Sophia travelled, or, as he phraſed it, ran the ſame way. He uſed indeed a very courſe expreſſion, which need not be here inſerted; as foxhunters, who alone would underſtand it, will eaſily ſuggeſt it to themſelves.

THE

THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

BOOK XI.

Containing about three days.

CHAP. I.

A cruſt for the critics.

IN our laſt initial chapter, we may be ſuppoſed to have treated that formidable ſet of men, who are called *critics*, with more freedom than becomes us; ſince they exact, and indeed generally receive, great condeſcenſion from authors. We ſhall in this, therefore, give the reaſons of our conduct to this auguſt body; and here we ſhall perhaps place them in a light, in which they have not hitherto been ſeen.

This word *critic* is of Greek derivation, and ſignifies *judgment*. Hence I preſume ſome perſons who have not underſtood the original, and have ſeen the Engliſh tranſlation of the primitive, have concluded, that it meant judgment in the legal ſenſe, in which it is frequently uſed as equivalent to condemnation.

I am the rather inclined to be of that opinion, as the greateſt number of critics hath of late years been found amongſt the lawyers. Many of theſe gentlemen, from deſpair, perhaps, of ever riſing to the bench in

Weſtminſter-hall, have placed themſelves on the benches at the play-houſe, where they have exerted their judicial capacity, and have given judgment, *i. e.* condemned without mercy.

The gentlemen would perhaps be well enough pleaſed, if we were to leave them thus compared to one of the moſt important and honourable offices in the commonwealth, and, if we intended to apply to their favour, we would do ſo; but, as we deſign to deal very ſincerely and plainly too with them, we muſt remind them of another officer of juſtice of a much lower rank; to whom, as they not only pronounce, but execute their own judgment, they bear likewiſe ſome remote reſemblance.

But in reality there is another light, in which theſe modern critics may with great juſtice and propriety be ſeen; and this is that of a common ſlanderer. If a perſon who pries into the characters of others, with no other deſign but to diſcover their faults, and to publiſh them to the world deſerves the title of *a ſlanderer of the reputations of men*; why ſhould not a critic, who reads with the ſame malevolent view, be as properly ſtiled *the ſlanderer of the reputation of books?*

Vice hath not, I believe, a more abject ſlave; ſociety produces not a more odious vermin; nor can the devil receive a gueſt more worthy of him, nor poſſibly more welcome to him, than a ſlanderer. The world, I am afraid, regards not this monſter with half the abhorrence which he deſerves; and I am more afraid to aſſign the reaſon of this criminal lenity ſhewn towards him; yet it is certain that the thief looks innocent in the compariſon; nay, the murderer himſelf can ſeldom ſtand in competition with his guilt: for ſlander is a more cruel weapon than a ſword, as the wounds which the former gives are always incurable. One method, indeed, there is of killing, and that the baſeſt and moſt execrable of all, which bears an exact analogy to the vice here diſclaimed againſt, and that is poiſon: A means of revenge ſo baſe, and yet ſo horrible, that it was once wiſely diſtinguiſhed by our laws from all other murders, in the peculiar ſeverity of the puniſhment.

Beſides

Beſides the dreadful miſchiefs done by ſlander, and the baſeneſs of the means by which they are effected, there are other circumſtances that highly aggravate its atrocious quality: for it often proceeds from no provocation, and ſeldom promiſes itſelf any reward, unleſs ſome black and infernal mind may propoſe a reward in the thoughts of having procured the ruin and miſery of another.

Shakeſpear hath nobly touched this vice, when he ſays,

Who ſteals my purſe ſteals traſh, 'tis ſomething, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and hath been ſlave to thouſands:
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that WHICH NOT ENRICHES HIM,
BUT MAKES ME POOR INDEED.

With all this my good reader will doubtleſs agree; but much of it will probably ſeem too ſevere, when applied to the ſlanderer of books. But let it here be conſidered, that both proceed from the ſame wicked diſpoſition of mind, and are alike void of the excuſe of temptation. Nor ſhall we conclude the injury done this way to be very ſlight, when we conſider a book as the Author's offſpring, and indeed as the child of his brain.

The reader who hath ſuffered his muſe to continue hitherto in a virgin ſtate, can have but a very inadequate idea of this kind of paternal fondneſs. To ſuch we may parody the tender exclamation of Macduff. "Alas! Thou haſt written no book." But the Author whoſe muſe hath brought forth, will feel the pathetic ſtrain, perhaps will accompany me with tears (eſpecially if his darling be already no more) while I mention the uneaſineſs with which the big muſe bears about her burden, the painful labour with which ſhe produces it, and laſtly, the care, the fondneſs, with which the tender father nouriſhes his favourite, till it be brought to maturity, and produced into the world.

Nor is there any paternal fondneſs which ſeems leſs

to

to ſavour of abſolute inſtinct, and which may ſo well be reconciled to worldly wiſdom, as this. Theſe children may moſt truly be called the riches of their father; and many of them have with true filial piety fed their parent in his old age: ſo that not only the affection, but the intereſt of the author, may be highly injured by theſe ſlanderers, whoſe poiſonous breath brings his book to an untimely end.

Laſtly, the ſlander of a book is, in truth, the ſlander of the author: for as no one can call another *baſtard*, without calling the mother a *whore*; ſo neither can any one give the names of *ſad ſtuff*, *horrid nonſenſe*, &c. to a book, without calling the author a *blockhead*; which, though in a moral ſenſe it is a preferable appellation to that of *villain*, is perhaps rather more injurious to his worldly intereſt.

Now, however ludicrous all this may appear to ſome, others, I doubt not, will feel and acknowledge the truth of it: nay, may perhaps think, I have not treated the ſubject with decent ſolemnity; but ſurely a man may ſpeak truth with a ſmiling countenance. In reality, to depreciate a book maliciouſly, or even wantonly, is at leaſt a very ill-natured office: and a moroſe ſnarling critic may, I believe, be ſuſpected to be a bad man.

I will therefore endeavour, in the remaining part of this chapter, to explain the marks of this character, and to ſhew what criticiſm I here intend to obviate: for I can never be underſtood, unleſs by the very perſons here meant, to inſinuate, that there are no proper judges of writing, or to endeavour to exclude from the commonwealth of literature any of thoſe noble critics, to whoſe labours the learned world are ſo greatly indebted. Such were Ariſtotle, Horace, and Longinus, among the ancients; Dacier and Boſſu among the French, and ſome perhaps among us; who have certainly been duly authoriſed to execute at leaſt a judicial authority in *Foro Literario*.

But, without aſcertaining all the proper qualifications of a critic, which I have touched on elſewhere, I think I may very boldly object to the cenſures of any one, paſt upon works which he hath not himſelf read,

read. Such cenſures as theſe, whether they ſpeak from their own gueſs or ſuſpicion, or from the report and opinion of others, may properly be ſaid to ſlander the reputation of the book they condemn.

Such may likewiſe be ſuſpected of deſerving this character, who, without aſſigning any particular faults, condemn the whole in general defamatory terms; ſuch as vile, dull, da—d ſtuff, &c. and particularly by the uſe of the monoſyllable Low; a word which becomes the mouth of no critic who is not RIGHT HONOURABLE.

Again, though there may be ſome faults juſtly aſſigned in the work; yet, if thoſe are not in the moſt eſſential parts, or if they are compenſated by greater beauties, it will ſavour rather of the malice of a ſlanderer, than of the judgment of a true critic, to paſs a ſevere ſentence upon the whole, merely on account of ſome vicious part. This is directly contrary to the ſentiments of Horace.

Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendor maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura———

But where the beauties, more in number, ſhine,
I am not angry, when a caſual line,
(That with ſome trivial faults unequal flows),
A careleſs hand, or human frailty ſhows.
Mr. FRANCIS.

For as Martial ſays, *Aliter non fit, avite, liber.* No book can be otherwiſe compoſed. All beauty of character, as well as of countenance, and indeed of every thing human, is to be tried in this manner. Cruel indeed would it be, if ſuch a work as this hiſtory, which hath employed ſome thouſands of hours in the compoſing, ſhould be liable to be condemned, becauſe ſome particular chapter, or perhaps chapters, may be obnoxious to very juſt and ſenſible objection. And yet nothing is more common than the moſt rigorous ſentence upon books ſupported by ſuch objections, which, if they were rightly taken, (and that they

they are not always), do by no means go to the merit of the whole. In the theatre eſpecially, a ſingle expreſſion, which doth not coincide with the taſte of the audience, or with any individual critic of that audience, is ſure to be hiſſed; and one ſcene, which ſhould be diſapproved, would hazard the whole piece. To write within ſuch ſevere rules as theſe, is as impoſſible as to live up to ſome ſplenetic opinions; and, if we judge according to the ſentiments of ſome critics, and of ſome Chriſtians, no author will be ſaved in this world, and no man in the next.

CHAP. II.

The adventures which Sophia met with after her leaving Upton.

OUR hiſtory, juſt before it was obliged to turn about, and travel backwards, had mentioned the departure of Sophia and her maid from the inn; we ſhall now therefore purſue the ſteps of that lovely creature, and leave her unworthy lover a little longer to bemoan his ill luck, or rather his ill conduct.

Sophia having directed her guide to travel through bye-roads acroſs the country, they now paſſed the Severn, and had ſcarce got a mile from the inn, when the young lady, looking behind her, ſaw ſeveral horſes coming after on full ſpeed. This greatly alarmed her fears, and ſhe called to the guide to put on as faſt as poſſible.

He immediately obeyed her, and away they rode a full gallop. But the faſter they went, the faſter were they followed; and, as the horſes behind were ſomewhat ſwifter than thoſe before, ſo the former were at length overtaken: A happy circumſtance for poor Sophia; whoſe fears, joined to her fatigue, had almoſt overpowered her ſpirits; but ſhe was now inſtantly relieved by a female voice, that greeted her in the ſofteſt manner, and with the utmoſt civility. This greeting, Sophia, as ſoon as ſhe could recover her breath, with like civility, and with the higheſt ſatisfaction to herſelf, returned.

The

The travellers who joined Sophia and who had given her ſuch terror, conſiſted, like her own company, of two females and a guide. The two parties proceeded three full miles together before any one offered again to open their mouths; when our heroine, having pretty well got the better of her fear, (but yet being ſomewhat ſurpriſed that the other ſtill continued to attend her, as ſhe purſued no great road, and had already paſſed through ſeveral turnings), accoſted the ſtrange lady in a moſt obliging tone; and ſaid, 'She 'was very happy to find they were both travelling the 'ſame way.' The other, who, like a ghoſt, only wanted to be ſpoke to, readily anſwered, 'That the 'happineſs was entirely hers; that ſhe was a perfect 'ſtranger in that country, and was ſo overjoyed at 'meeting a companion of her own ſex, that ſhe had 'perhaps been guilty of an impertinence which re-'quired great apology, in keeping pace with her.' More civilities paſſed between theſe two ladies: for Mrs Honour had now given place to the fine habit of the ſtranger, and had fallen into the rear. But though Sophia had great curioſity to know why the other lady continued to travel on through the ſame bye-roads with herſelf, nay, though this gave her ſome uneaſineſs; yet fear, or modeſty, or ſome other conſideration, reſtrained her from aſking the queſtion.

The ſtrange lady now laboured under a difficulty, which appears almoſt below the dignity of hiſtory to mention. Her bonnet had been blown from her head not leſs than five times within the laſt mile; nor could ſhe come at any ribbon or handkerchief to tie it under her chin. When Sophia was informed of this, ſhe immediately ſupplied her with a handkerchief for this purpoſe; which, while ſhe was pulling from her pocket, ſhe perhaps too much neglected the management of her horſe; for the beaſt, now unluckily making a falſe ſtep, fell upon his fore-legs, and threw his fair rider from his back.

Though Sophia came head foremoſt to the ground, ſhe happily received not the leaſt damage; and the ſame circumſtances, which had perhaps contributed to her fall, now preſerved her from confuſion; for the lane

lane which they were then paſſing, was narrow and very much over-grown with trees, ſo that the moon could here afford very little light, and was moreover, at preſent, ſo obſcured in a cloud, that it was almoſt perfectly dark. By theſe means the young lady's modeſty, which was extremely delicate eſcaped as free from injury as her limbs, and ſhe was once more reinſtated in her ſaddle, having received no other harm than a little fright by her fall.

Day-light at length appeared in its full luſtre: and now the two ladies, who were riding over a common ſide by ſide, looking ſtedfaſtly at each other, at the ſame moment both their eyes became fixed; both their horſes ſtopt and both, ſpeaking together, with equal joy pronounced, the one the name of *Sophia*, the other that of *Harriet*.

This unexpected encounter ſurpriſed the ladies much more than I believe it will the ſagacious reader, who muſt have imagined that the ſtrange lady could be no other than Mrs Fitzpatrick, the couſin of Miſs Weſtern, whom we before mentioned to have ſallied from the inn a few minutes after her.

So great was the ſurprize and joy which theſe two couſins conceived at this meeting, (for they had formerly been moſt intimate acquaintance and friends, and had long lived together with their aunt Weſtern), that it is impoſſible to recount half the congratulations which paſſed between them, before either aſked a very natural queſtion of the other, namely, whither ſhe was going?

This at laſt, however, came firſt from Mrs. Fitzpatrick; but, eaſy and natural as the queſtion may ſeem, Sophia found it difficult to give it a very ready and certain anſwer. She begged her couſin therefore to ſuſpend all curioſity till they arrived at ſome inn, 'which I ſuppoſe,' ſays ſhe, 'can hardly be far diſ'tant: and believe me, Harriet, I ſuſpend as much 'curioſity on my ſide; for indeed I believe our aſto'niſhment is pretty equal.'

The converſation which paſſed between theſe ladies on the road was, I apprehend, little worth relating; and leſs certainly was that between the two waiting-

women: for they likewiſe began to pay their compliments to each other. As for the guides, they were debarred from the pleaſure of diſcourſe, the one being placed in the van, and the other obliged to bring up the rear.

In this poſture they travelled many hours, till they came into a wide and well beaten road, which, as they turned to the right, ſoon brought them to a very fair promiſing inn; where they all alighted: but ſo fatigued was Sophia, that, as ſhe had ſat her horſe during the laſt five or ſix miles with great difficulty, ſo was ſhe now incapable of diſmounting from him without aſſiſtance. This the landlord, who had hold of her horſe, preſently perceiving, offered to lift her in his arms from her ſaddle; and ſhe too readily accepted the tender of his ſervice. Indeed fortune ſeems to have reſolved to put Sophia to the bluſh that day, and the ſecond malicious attempt ſucceeded better than the firſt; for my landlord had no ſooner received the young lady in his arms, than his feet, which the gout had lately very ſeverely handled, gave way, and down he tumbled; but at the ſame time, with no leſs dexterity than gallantry, contrived to throw himſelf under his charming burden, ſo that he alone received any bruiſe from the fall; for the great injury which happened to Sophia, was a violent ſhock given to her modeſty, by an immoderate grin, which, at her riſing from the ground, ſhe obſerved in the countenances of moſt of the by-ſtanders. This made her ſuſpect what had really happened, and what we ſhall not here relate for the indulgence of thoſe readers, who are capable of laughing at the offence given to a young lady's delicacy. Accidents of this kind we have never regarded in a comical light; nor will we ſcruple to ſay, that he muſt have a very inadequate idea of the modeſty of a beautiful young woman, who would wiſh to ſacrifice it to ſo paultry a ſatisfaction as can ariſe from laughter.

This fright and ſhock, joined to the violent fatigue which both her mind and body had undergone, almoſt overcame the excellent conſtitution of Sophia, and ſhe had ſcarce ſtrength ſufficient to totter into the inn, leaning on the arm of her maid. Here ſhe was no

ſooner ſeated than ſhe called for a glaſs of water; but Mrs Honour, very judiciouſly, in my opinion, changed it into a glaſs of wine.

Mrs Fitzpatrick, hearing from Mrs. Honour, that Sophia had not been in bed during the two laſt nights, and obſerving her to look very pale and wan with fatigue, earneſtly entreated her to refreſh herſelf with ſome ſleep. She was yet a ſtranger to her hiſtory, or her apprehenſions; but, had ſhe known both, ſhe would have given the ſame advice; for reſt was viſibly neceſſary for her: and their long journey through by-roads ſo entirely removed all danger of purſuit, that ſhe was herſelf perfectly eaſy on that account.

Sophia was eaſily prevailed on to follow the counſel of her friend, which was heartily ſeconded by her maid. Mrs. Fitzpatrick likewiſe offered to bear her couſin company, which Sophia, with much complaiſance, accepted.

The miſtreſs was no ſooner in bed, than the maid prepared to follow her example. She began to make many apologies to her ſiſter Abigail for leaving her alone in ſo horrid a place as an inn; but the other ſtopped her ſhort, being as well inclined to a nap as herſelf, and deſired the honour of being her bedfellow. Sophia's maid agreed to give her a ſhare of her bed, but put in her claim to all the honour. So, after many court'ſies and compliments, to bed together went the waiting-women, as their miſtreſſes had done before them.

It was uſual with my landlord (as indeed it is with the whole fraternity), to enquire particularly of all coachmen, footmen, poſtboys, and others, into the names of all his gueſts; what their eſtate was, and where it lay. It cannot therefore be wondered at, that the many particular circumſtances which attended our travellers, and eſpecially their retiring all to ſleep at ſo extraordinary and unuſual an hour as ten in the morning, ſhould excite his curioſity. As ſoon therefore as the guides entered the kitchen, he began to examine who the ladies were, and whence they came; but the guides, though they faithfully related all they knew, gave him very little ſatisfaction. On the contrary,

trary, they rather inflamed his curiosity than extinguished it.

This landlord had the character, among all his neighbours, of being a very sagacious fellow. He was thought to see farther and deeper into things than any man in the parish, the parson himself not excepted. Perhaps his look had contributed not a little to procure him this reputation; for there was in this something wonderfully wise and significant, especially when he had a pipe in his mouth; which, indeed, he seldom was without. His behaviour, likewise, greatly assisted in promoting the opinion of his wisdom. In his deportment he was solemn, if not sullen; and when he spoke, which was seldom, he always delivered himself in a slow voice; and though his sentences were short, they were still interrupted with many hum's and ha's, ay, ays, and other expletives, so that though he accompanied his words with certain explanatory gestures, such as shaking or nodding the head, or pointing with his fore finger, he generally left his hearers to understand more than he expressed; nay, he commonly gave them a hint, that he knew much more than he thought proper to disclose. This last circumstance alone, may, indeed, very well account for his character of wisdom; since men are strangely inclined to worship what they do not understand. A grand secret, upon which several impostors on mankind have totally relied for the success of their frauds.

This polite person, now taking his wife aside, asked her, 'what she thought of the ladies lately arrived?' 'Think of them?' said the wife, 'why what should 'I think of them?' 'I know,' answered he, 'what 'I think. The guides tell strange stories. One 'pretends to be come from Gloucester, and the other 'from Upton; and neither of them, for what I can 'find, can tell whither they are going. But what 'people ever travel across the country from Upton 'hither, especially to London? And one of the 'maid-servants, before she alighted from her horse, 'asked, if this was not the London road? Now I 'have put all these circumstances together, and whom 'do you think I have found them out to be?' 'Nay,'

anſwered ſhe, 'you know I never pretend to gueſs 'at your diſcoveries.—'It is a good girl,' replied he, chucking her under the chin: 'I muſt own you 'have always ſubmitted to my knowledge of theſe 'matters. Why then depend upon it; mind what 'I ſay;—depend upon it, they are certainly ſome of 'the rebel ladies, who, they ſay, travel with the 'young Chevalier; and have taken a round-about 'way to eſcape the Duke's army.'

'Huſband,' quoth the wife, 'you have certainly 'hit it; for one of them is dreſt as fine as any prin-'ceſs; and, to be ſure, ſhe looks for all the world 'like one.—But yet, when I conſider one thing.' —'When you conſider,' cries the landlord contemptuouſly——'Come, pray let's hear what you con-'ſider.'——'Why it is,' anſwered the wife, 'that 'ſhe is too humble to be any very great lady; for, 'while our Betty was warming the bed, ſhe called her 'nothing but child, and my dear, and ſweetheart; 'and, when Betty offered to pull off her ſhoes and 'ſtockings, ſhe would not ſuffer her, ſaying, ſhe would 'not give her the trouble.'

'Pugh!' anſwered the huſband, 'that is nothing. 'Doſt think, becauſe you have ſeen ſome great ladies 'rude and uncivil to perſons below them, that none 'of them know how to behave themſelves when they 'come before their inferiors: I think I know people 'of faſhion when I ſee them I think I do. Did not 'ſhe call for a glaſs of water when ſhe came in? 'Another ſort of woman would have called for a 'dram: you know they would. If ſhe be not a wo-'man of very great quality, ſell me for a fool; and, 'I believe, thoſe who buy me will have a bad bargain. 'Now, would a woman of her quality travel without 'a footman, unleſs upon ſome ſuch extraordinary oc-'caſion?' 'Nay, to be ſure, huſband,' cries ſhe, 'you know theſe matters better than I, or moſt folk.' 'I think I do know ſomething' ſaid he 'To be 'ſure,' anſwered the wife, 'the poor little heart 'looked ſo piteous, when ſhe ſat down in the chair, 'I proteſt I could not help having a compaſſion for 'her, almoſt as much as if ſhe had been a poor body.

'But

'But what's to be done, husband? If an she be a re-
'bel, I suppose you intend to betray her up to the
'court. Well, she's a sweet tempered, good hu-
'moured lady, be she what she will, and I shall hardly
'refrain from crying, when I hear she is hanged or
'beheaded.' 'Pooh!' answered the husband!——
'But as to what's to be done it is not so easy a matter
'to determine. I hope, before she goes away, we
'shall have the news of a battle: for, if the Chevalier
'should get the better, she may gain us interest at
'court, and make our fortunes without betraying
'her.' 'Why that's true,' replied the wife; 'and
'I heartily hope she will have it in her power. Cer-
'tainly she's a sweet good lady; it would go hor-
'ribly against me to have her come to any harm.'
'Pooh,' cries the landlord, 'women are always so
'tender hearted. Why you would not harbour re-
'bels, would you?' 'No certainly,' answered the
wife; 'and as for betraying her, come what will on't,
'nobody can blame us. It is what any body would
'do in our case.'

While our politic landlord, who had not, we see, undeservedly the reputation of great wisdom among his neighbours, was engaged in debating this matter with himself, (for he paid little attention to the opinion of his wife), news arrived that the rebels had given the Duke the slip, and had got a day's march towards London; and soon after arrived a famous Jacobite 'squire, who, with great joy in his countenance, shook the landlord by the hand, saying, 'All's
'our own, boy; ten thousand honest Frenchmen are
'landed in Suffolk. Old England for ever! ten
'thousand French, my brave lad! I am going to tap
'away directly.'

This news determined the opinion of the wise man, and he resolved to make his court to the young lady, when she arose; for he had now (he said), discovered, that she was no other than Madam Jenny Cameron herself.

CHAP. III.

A very ſhort chapter, in which however is a ſun, a moon, a ſtar, and an angel.

THE ſun (for he keeps very good hours at this time of the year), had been ſome time retired to reſt, when Sophia aroſe greatly refreſhed by her ſleep; which, ſhort as it was, nothing but her extreme fatigue could have occaſioned; for though ſhe had told her maid, and perhaps herſelf too, that ſhe was perfectly eaſy when ſhe left Upton; yet it is certain her mind was a little affected with that malady which is attended with all the reſtleſs ſymptoms of a fever, and is perhaps the very diſtemper which phyſicians mean (if they mean any thing), by the fever on the ſpirits.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick likewiſe left her bed at the ſame time; and, having ſummoned her maid, immediately dreſſed herſelf. She was really a very pretty woman, and, had ſhe been in any other company but that of Sophia, might have been thought beautiful; but, when Mrs Honour of her own accord attended, (for her miſtreſs would not ſuffer her to be waked), and had equipped our heroine, the charms of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, who had performed the office of the morning-ſtar, and had preceded greater glories, ſhared the fate of that ſtar. and were totally eclipſed the moment thoſe glories ſhone forth.

Perhaps Sophia never looked more beautiful than ſhe did at this inſtant. We ought not therefore to condemn the maid of the inn for her hyperbole, who when ſhe deſcended, after having lighted the fire, declared, and ratified it with an oath, that, if ever there was an angel upon earth, ſhe was now above ſtairs.

Sophia had acquainted her couſin with her deſign to go to London: and Mrs. Fitzpatrick had agreed to accompany her; for the arrival of her huſband at Upton had put an end to her deſign of going to Bath or to her aunt Weſtern. They had therefore no ſooner finiſhed their tea, than Sophia propoſed to ſet out, the moon then ſhining extremely bright, and, as for the froſt,

froſt, ſhe defied it; nor had ſhe any of thoſe apprehenſions, which many young ladies would have felt at travelling by night; for ſhe had, as we have before obſerved, ſome little degree of natural courage; and this her preſent ſenſation, which bordered ſomewhat on deſpair, greatly increaſed. Beſides, as ſhe had already travelled twice with ſafety, by the light of the moon, ſhe was the better emboldened to truſt to it a third time.

The diſpoſition of Mrs. Fitzpatrick was more timorous; for though the greater terrors had conquered the leſs, and the preſence of her huſband had driven her away at ſo unſeaſonable an hour from Upton; yet, being now arrived at a place where ſhe thought herſelf ſafe from his purſuit, theſe leſſer terrors of I know not what operated ſo ſtrongly, that ſhe earneſtly entreated her couſin to ſtay till the next morning, and not expoſe herſelf to the dangers of travelling by night.

Sophia, who was yielding to an exceſs, when ſhe could neither laugh nor reaſon her couſin out of theſe apprehenſions, at laſt gave way to them. Perhaps indeed, had ſhe known of her father's arrival at Upton, it might have been more difficult to have perſuaded her; for, as to Jones, ſhe had, I am afraid, no great horror at the thoughts of being overtaken by him; nay, to confeſs the truth, I believe ſhe rather wiſhed than feared it; though I might honeſtly enough have concealed this wiſh from the reader, as it was one of thoſe ſecret ſpontaneous emotions of the ſoul, to which the reaſon is often a ſtranger.

When our young ladies had determined to remain all that evening in their inn, they were attended by the landlady, who deſired to know what their ladyſhips would be pleaſed to eat. Such charms were there in the voice, in the manner, and in the affable deportment of Sophia, that ſhe raviſhed the landlady to the higheſt degree; and that good woman, concluding that ſhe had attended Jenny Cameron, became in a moment a ſtaunch Jacobite, and wiſhed heartily well to the young Pretender's cauſe, from the great ſweetneſs and affability, with which ſhe had been treated by his ſuppoſed miſtreſs.

The

The two couſins began now to impart to each other their reciprocal curioſity, to know what extraordinary accidents on both ſides occaſioned this ſo ſtrange and unexpected meeting. At laſt Mrs. Fitzpatrick, having obtained of Sophia a promiſe of communicating likewiſe in her turn, began to relate what the reader, if he is deſirous to know her hiſtory, may read in the enſuing chapter.

CHAP. IV.

The hiſtory of Mrs. Fitzpatrick.

MRS. Fitzpatrick, after a ſilence of a few moments, fetching a deep ſigh, thus began:

'It is natural to the unhappy to feel a ſecret concern in recollecting thoſe periods of their lives which have been moſt delightful to them. The remembrance of paſt pleaſures affects us with a kind of tender grief, like what we ſuffer for departed friends; and the ideas of both may be ſaid to haunt our imaginations.

'For this reaſon, I never reflect without ſorrow on thoſe days, (the happieſt far of my life), which we ſpent together, when both were under the care of my aunt Weſtern. Alas! why are Miſs Graveairs, and Miſs Giddy no more? You remember, I am ſure, when we knew each other by no other names. Indeed you gave the latter appellation with too much cauſe. I have ſince experienced how much I deſerved it. You, my Sophia, was always my ſuperior in every thing, and I heartily hope you will be ſo in your fortune. I ſhall never forget the wiſe and matronly advice you once gave me, when I lamented being diſappointed of a ball, though you could not be then fourteen years old.——O my Sophy, how bleſt muſt have been my ſituation, when I could think ſuch a diſappointment a misfortune; and when indeed it was the greateſt I had ever known!'

'And yet my dear Harriet,' anſwered Sophia, 'it was then a ſerious matter with you. Comfort yourſelf therefore with thinking, that whatever you now

'lament

'lament may hereafter appear as trifling and contemptible as a ball would at this time.'

'Alas, my Sophia,' replied the other lady, 'you 'yourself will think otherwiſe of my preſent ſituation; 'for greatly muſt that tender heart be altered, if my 'misfortunes do not draw many a ſigh, nay, many a 'tear, from you. The knowledge of this ſhould perhaps deter me from relating what I am convinced 'will ſo much affect you.' ——— Here Mrs Fitzpatrick ſtopt, till at the repeated entreaties of Sophia, ſhe thus proceeded.

'Though you muſt have heard much of my marriage; yet as matters may probably have been miſ'repreſented, I will ſet out from the very commence'ment of my unfortunate acquaintance with my pre'ſent huſband; which was at Bath, ſoon after you 'left my aunt, and returned home to your father.

'Among the gay young fellows, who were at this 'ſeaſon at Bath, Mr. Fitzpatrick was one. He was 'handſome, degagé, extremely gallant, and in his 'dreſs exceeded moſt others. In ſhort, my dear, if 'you was unluckily to ſee him now, I could deſcribe 'him no better than by telling you he was the very 'reverſe of every thing which he is: for he hath ruſti'cated himſelf ſo long, that he is become an abſolute 'wild Iriſhman. But to proceed in my ſtory; the 'qualifications which he then poſſeſſed, ſo well recom'mended him, that though the people of quality at 'that time lived ſeparate from the reſt of the com'pany, and excluded them from all their parties, Mr. 'Fitzpatrick found means to gain admittance. It was 'perhaps no eaſy matter to avoid him; for he re'quired very little or no invitation; and as being 'handſome and genteel, he found it no very difficult 'matter to ingratiate himſelf with the ladies; ſo, he 'having frequently drawn his ſword, the men did not 'care publicly to affront him. Had it not been for 'ſome ſuch reaſon, I believe he would have been 'ſoon expelled by his own ſex; for ſurely he had no 'ſtrict title to be preferred to the Engliſh gentry; 'nor did they ſeem inclined to ſhew him any extraor'dinary favour. They all abuſed him behind his

'back,

'back, which might probably proceed from envy; 'for by the women he was well received, and very 'particularly diſtinguiſhed by them.

'My aunt, though no perſon of quality herſelf as 'ſhe had always lived about the court, was inrolled 'in that party: for by whatever means you get into 'the polite circle, when you are once there, it is ſuf-'ficient merit for you that you are there. This ob-'ſervation, young as you was, you could ſcarce a-'void making from my aunt, who was free, or re-'ſerved, with all people, juſt as they had more or 'leſs of this merit.

'And this merit, I believe, it was, which princi-'pally recommended Mr Fitzpatrick to her favour. 'In which he ſo well ſucceeded, that he was always 'one of her private parties. Nor was he backward 'in returning ſuch diſtinction; for he ſoon grew ſo 'very particular in his behaviour to her, that the 'ſcandal club firſt began to take notice of it, and the 'better diſpoſed perſons made a match between them. 'For my own part, I confeſs, I made no doubt but 'that his deſigns were ſtrictly honourable, as the 'phraſe is: that is, to rob a lady of her fortune by 'way of marriage. My aunt was, I conceived, nei-'ther young enough nor handſome enough, to attract 'much wicked inclination; but ſhe had matrimonial 'charms in great abundance.

'I was the more confirmed in this opinion from 'the extraordinary reſpect which he ſhewed to my-'ſelf, from the firſt moment of our acquaintance. 'This I underſtood as an attempt to leſſen, if poſſi-'ble, that diſinclination which my intereſt might be 'ſuppoſed to give me towards the match; and I know 'not but in ſome meaſure it had that effect: for as I 'was well contented with my own fortune, and of 'all people the leaſt a ſlave to intereſted views; ſo I 'could not be violently the enemy of a man with 'whoſe behaviour to me I was greatly pleaſed; and 'the more ſo, as I was the only object of ſuch re-'ſpect; for he behaved at the ſame time to many 'women of quality without any reſpect at all.

'Agreeable as this was to me, he ſoon changed it

'into

'into another kind of behaviour, which was perhaps 'more ſo. He now put on much ſoftneſs and tender-'neſs, and languiſhed and ſighed abundantly. At 'times indeed, whether from art or nature I will not 'determine, he gave his uſual looſe to gaiety and 'mirth; but this was always in general company, 'and with other women; for even in a country-'dance, when he was not my partner, he became 'grave; and put on the ſofteſt look imaginable, the 'moment he approached me. Indeed he was in all 'things ſo very particular towards me, that I muſt 'have been blind not to have diſcovered it. And, 'and, and—' 'And you was more pleaſed ſtill, my 'dear Harriet,' cries Sophia; 'you need not be 'aſhamed,' added ſhe ſighing; 'for ſure there are 'irreſiſtible charms in tenderneſs, which too many 'men are able to affect' 'True,' anſwered her cou-ſin, 'men, who in all other inſtances want common 'ſenſe, are very Machiavels in the art of loving. I 'wiſh I did not know an inſtance.—Well, ſcandal 'now began to be as buſy with me as it had before 'been with my aunt: and ſome good ladies did not 'ſcruple to affirm, that Mr. Fitzpatrick had an in-'trigue with us both

'But what may ſeem aſtoniſhing; my aunt never 'ſaw, nor in the leaſt ſeemed to ſuſpect that which 'was viſible enough, I believe, from both our beha-'viours. One would indeed think, that love quite 'puts out the eyes of an old woman. In fact, they 'ſo greedily ſwallow the addreſſes which are made 'to them, that, like an outrageous glutton, they are 'not at leiſure to obſerve what paſſes amongſt others 'at the ſame table. This I have obſerved in more 'caſes than my own: and this was ſo ſtrongly verifi-'ed by my aunt, that, though ſhe often found us to-'gether at her return from the pump, the leaſt cant-'ing word of his, pretending impatience at her ab-'ſence, effectually ſmothered all ſuſpicion. One ar-'tifice ſucceeded with her to admiration. This was 'his treating me like a little child, and never calling 'me by any other name in her preſence, but that of '*pretty miſs*. This indeed did him ſome diſſervice

'with

'with your humble ſervant; but I ſoon ſaw through 'it, eſpecially as in her abſence he behaved to me, 'as I have ſaid, in a different manner. However, if 'I was not greatly diſobliged by a conduct of which 'I had diſcovered the deſign, I ſmarted very ſeverely 'for it: for my aunt really conceived me to be what 'her lover (as ſhe thought him), called me, and 'treated me, in all reſpects, as a perfect infant. To 'ſay the truth, I wonder ſhe had not inſiſted on my 'again wearing leading-ſtrings.

'At laſt, my lover (for ſo he was), thought proper, 'in a moſt ſolemn manner, to diſcloſe a ſecret which 'I had known long before. He now placed all the 'love which he had pretended to my aunt to my ac-'count. He lamented, in very pathetic terms, the 'encouragement ſhe had given him, and made a high 'merit of the tedious hours, in which he had under-'gone her converſation.—What ſhall I tell you, my 'dear Sophia?—Then I will confeſs the truth, I was 'pleaſed with my man. I was pleaſed with my con-'queſt. To rival my aunt delighted me; to rival ſo 'many other women charmed me. In ſhort, I am 'afraid, I did not behave as I ſhould do, even upon 'the very firſt declaration —— I wish I did not almoſt 'give him poſitive encouragement before we parted.

'The Bath now talked loudly, I might almoſt ſay, 'roared againſt me. Several young women affected to 'ſhun my acquaintance, not ſo much perhaps from 'any real ſuſpicion, as from a deſire of baniſhing me 'from a company, in which I too much engroſſed their 'favourite man. And here I cannot omit expreſſing 'my gratitude to the kindneſs intended me by Mr. 'Nath: who took me one day aſide, and gave me ad-'vice, which if I had followed, I had been a happy 'woman. 'Child,' ſays he, 'I am ſorry to ſee the "familiarity which ſubſiſts between you and a fellow "who is altogether unworthy of you, and I am afraid "will prove your ruin. As for your old ſtinking "aunt, if it was to be no injury to you, and my "pretty Sophy Weſtern, (I aſſure you I repeat his "words), I ſhould be heartily glad that the fellow "was in poſſeſſion of all that belongs to her. I ne-

" ver adviſe old women: for, if they take it into
" their heads to go to the devil, it is no more poſſi-
" ble, than worth while, to keep them from him.
" Innocence, and youth, and beauty, are worthy a
" better fate, and I would ſave them from his clutch-
" es Let me adviſe you therefore, dear child, never
" ſuffer this fellow to be particular with you again.'

' —Many more things he ſaid to me, which I have
' now forgotten, and indeed I attended very little to
' them at that time for inclination contradicted all
' he ſaid; and beſides, I could not be perſuaded, that
' women of quality would condeſcend to familiarity
' with ſuch a perſon as he deſcribed.

' But I am afraid, my dear, I ſhall tire you with a
' detail of ſo many minute circumſtances. To be con-
' ciſe therefore, imagine me married; imagine me
' with my huſband, at the feet of my aunt; and then
' imagine the maddeſt woman in Bedlam in a raving
' fit, and your imagination will ſuggeſt to you no
' more than what really happened.

' The very next day my aunt left the place, partly
' to avoid ſeeing Mr. Fitzpatrick or myſelf, and as
' much perhaps to avoid ſeeing any one elſe; for,
' though I am told ſhe hath ſince denied every thing
' ſtoutly, I believe ſhe was then a little confounded at
' her diſappointment. Since that time I have written
' to her many letters; but never could obtain an an-
' ſwer, which I muſt own ſits ſomewhat the heavier,
' as ſhe herſelf was, though undeſignedly, the occa-
' ſion of all my ſufferings: for, had it not been under
' the colour of paying his addreſſes to her, Mr. Fitz-
' patrick would never have found ſufficient opportu-
' nities to have engaged my heart, which, in other
' circumſtances, I ſtill flatter myſelf would not have
' been an eaſy conqueſt to ſuch a perſon. Indeed, I
' believe, I ſhould not have erred ſo groſsly in my
' choice, if I had relied on my own judgment; but I
' truſted totally to the opinion of others, and very
' fooliſhly took the merit of a man for granted, whom
' I ſaw ſo univerſally well received by the women.
' What is the reaſon, my dear, that we who have un-
' derſtandings, equal to the wiſeſt and greateſt of the

'other ſex, ſo often make choice of the ſilliеſt fel-
'lows for companions and favourites? It raiſes my
'indignation to the higheſt pitch, to reflect on the
'numbers of women of ſenſe who have been undone
'by fools.' Here ſhe pauſed a moment; but, Sophia making no anſwer, ſhe proceeded as in the next chapter.

CHAP. V.

In which the hiſtory of Mrs. Fitzpatrick is continued.

'WE remained at Bath no longer than a fort-
'night after our wedding: for, as to any re-
'conciliation with my aunt, there were no hopes;
'and of my fortune, not one farthing could be
'touched till I was of age, of which I now wanted
'more than two years. My huſband, therefore, was
'reſolved to ſet out for Ireland; againſt which I re-
'monſtrated very earneſtly, and inſiſted on a promiſe
'which he had made me before our marriage, that
'I ſhould never take this journey againſt my conſent;
'and indeed I never intended to conſent to it; nor
'will any body, I believe, blame me for that reſo-
'lution; but this, however, I never mentioned to
'my huſband, and petitioned only for the reprieve
'of a month; but he had fixed the day, and to that
'day he obſtinately adhered.

'The evening before our departure, as we were
'diſputing this point with great eagerneſs on both
'ſides, he ſtarted ſuddenly from his chair, and left
'me abruptly, ſaying, he was going to the rooms.
'He was hardly out of the houſe, when I ſaw a pa-
'per lying on the floor, which, I ſuppoſe, he had
'careleſsly pulled from his pocket, together with his
'handkerchief. This paper I took up, and, finding
'it to be a letter, I made no ſcruple to open and
'read it; and indeed I read it ſo often, that I can
'repeat it to you almoſt word for word. This then
'was the letter.

To Mr. Brian Fitzpatrick.

SIR,

'YOURS received, and am ſurpriſed you ſhould 'uſe me in this manner, as have never ſeen any 'of your caſh, unleſs for one linſey-woolſey coat, 'and your bill now is upwards of 150 *l.* Conſider, 'Sir, how often you have fobbed me off with your 'being ſhortly to be married to this lady, and t'other 'lady; but I can neither live on hopes or promiſes, 'nor will my woollen-draper take any ſuch in pay-'ment. You tell me you are ſecure of having either 'the aunt or the niece, and that you might have 'married the aunt before this, whoſe jointure you 'ſay is immenſe, but that you prefer the niece on 'account of her ready money. Pray, Sir, take a 'fool's advice for once, and marry the firſt you can 'get. You will pardon my offering my advice, as 'you know I ſincerely wiſh you well. Shall draw on 'you *per* next poſt, in favour of meſſieurs John 'Drugget and company, at fourteen days, which 'doubt not your honouring, and am,

SIR,

Your humble ſervant,

SAM. COSGREVE.

'This was the letter word for word. Gueſs, my 'dear girl, gueſs how this letter affected me. You 'prefer the niece on account of her ready money! if 'every one of theſe words had been a dagger, I could 'with pleaſure have ſtabbed them into his heart; but 'I will not recount my frantic behaviour on the occa-'ſion. I had pretty well ſpent my tears before his re-'turn home; but ſufficient remains of them appeared 'in my ſwollen eyes. He threw himſelf ſullenly into 'his chair, and for a long time we were both ſilent. 'At length in a haughty tone he ſaid. 'I hope, "Madam, your ſervants have packed up all your "things; for the coach will be ready by ſix in the "morning.' My patience was totally ſubdued by

'this provocation, and I anſwered, 'No, Sir, there 'is a letter ſtill remains unpacked; and then throw-'ing it on the table, I fell to upbraiding him with 'the moſt bitter language I could invent.

Whether guilt, or ſhame, or prudence, reſtrained 'him, I cannot ſay; but, though he is the moſt paſ-'ſionate of men, he exerted no rage on this occaſion. 'He endeavoured on the contrary to pacify me by the 'moſt gentle means. He ſwore the phraſe in the let-'ter to which I principally objected was not his, nor 'had he ever written any ſuch. He owned indeed 'the having mentioned his marriage, and that prefe-'rence which he had given to myſelf, but denied with 'many oaths the having aſſigned any ſuch reaſon. 'And he excuſed the having mentioned any ſuch mat-'ter at all, on account of the ſtraits he was in for 'money, ariſing, he ſaid, from his having too long 'neglected his eſtate in Ireland. And this, he ſaid, 'which he could not bear to diſcover to me, was the 'only reaſon of his having ſo ſtrenuouſly inſiſted on 'our journey. He then uſed ſeveral very endearing 'expreſſions, and concluded by a very fond careſs, 'and many violent proteſtations of love.

'There was one circumſtance, which, though he 'did not appeal to it, had much weight with me in 'his favour, and that was the word *jointure* in the 'taylor's letter, whereas my aunt never had been 'married, and this Mr. Fitzpatrick well knew.—— 'As I imagined therefore, that the fellow muſt have 'inſerted this of his own head, or from hearſay, I 'perſuaded myſelf he might have ventured likewiſe 'on that odious line on no better authority. What 'reaſoning was this, my dear? was I not an advocate 'rather than a judge?—But why do I mention ſuch 'a circumſtance as this, or appeal to it for the juſti-'fication of my forgiveneſs?—In ſhort, had he been 'guilty of twenty times as much, half the tenderneſs 'and fondneſs which he uſed, would have prevailed 'on me to have forgiven him. I now made no far-'ther objections to our ſetting out, which we did 'the next morning, and, in a little more than a week, 'arrived at the ſeat of Mr. Fitzpatrick.

'Your

'Your curioſity will excuſe me from relating any 'occurrences which paſt during our journey: for it 'would indeed be highly diſagreeable to travel it o-'ver again, and no leſs ſo to you to travel it over 'with me.

'This ſeat then is an ancient manſion-houſe: if I 'was in one of thoſe merry humours, in which you 'have ſo often ſeen me, I could deſcribe it to you ri-'diculouſly enough. It looked as if it had been for-'merly inhabited by a gentleman. Here was room 'enough, and not the leſs room on account of the 'furniture: for indeed there was very little in it. An 'old woman, who ſeemed coeval with the building, 'and greatly reſembled her whom Chamont mentions 'in the Orphan, received us at the gate, and in a 'howl ſcarce human, and to me unintelligible, wel-'comed her maſter home. In ſhort, the whole ſcene 'was ſo gloomy and melancholy, that it threw my 'ſpirits into the loweſt dejection; which my huſband 'diſcerning, inſtead of relieving, increaſed by two 'or three malicious obſervations. 'There are good "houſes, Madam,' ſays he, 'as you find, in other "places beſides England; but perhaps you had ra-"ther be in a dirty lodgings at Bath.'

'Happy, my dear, is the woman, who in any ſtate 'of life, hath a cheerful good-natured companion to 'ſupport and comfort her; but why do I reflect on 'happy ſituations only to aggravate my own mifery! 'my companion, far from clearing up the gloom of 'ſolitude, ſoon convinced me, that I muſt have been 'wretched with him in any place, and in any condi-'tion. In a word, he was a ſurly fellow, a character 'perhaps you have never ſeen: for indeed no woman 'ever ſees it exemplified, but in a father, a brother, 'or a huſband; and, though you have a father, he is 'not of that character. This ſurly fellow had for-'merly appeared to me the very reverſe, and ſo he did 'ſtill to every other perſon. Good heaven! how is 'it poſſible for a man to maintain a conſtant lie in 'his appearance abroad and in company, and to con-'tent himſelf with ſhewing diſagreeable truth only 'at home? Here, my dear, they make themſelves

'amends for the uneasy reſtraint which they put on 'their tempers in the world; for I have obſerved the 'more merry, and gay, and good-humoured my 'huſband hath at any time been in company, the 'more ſullen and moroſe he was ſure to become at 'our next private meeting. How ſhall I deſcribe his 'barbarity? To my fondneſs he was cold and inſen-'ſible. My little comical ways, which you, my So-'phy, and which others have called ſo agreeable, he 'treated with contempt. In my moſt ſerious moments 'he ſung and whiſtled; and, whenever I was tho-'roughly dejected and miſerable, he was angry and 'abuſed me: for though he was never pleaſed with 'my good humour, nor aſcribed it to my ſatisfaction 'in him; yet my low ſpirits always offended him, 'and thoſe he imputed to my repentance of having '(as he ſaid), married an Iriſhman.

'You will eaſily conceive, my dear Graveairs; (I 'aſk your pardon, I really forgot myſelf), that when 'a woman makes an imprudent match in the ſenſe 'of the world; that is, when ſhe is not an arrant 'proſtitute to pecuniary intereſt, ſhe muſt neceſſarily 'have ſome inclination and affection for her man. 'You will as eaſily believe that this affection may 'poſſibly be leſſened. nay, I do aſſure you, contempt 'will wholly eradicate it. This contempt I now 'began to entertain for my huſband, whom I now 'diſcovered to be I muſt uſe the expreſſion — an 'arrant blockhead Perhaps you will wonder I did 'not make this diſcovery long before; but women 'will ſuggeſt a thouſand excuſes to themſelves for 'the folly of thoſe they like: beſides. give me leave 'to tell you. it requires a moſt penetrating eye to 'diſcern a fool through the diſguiſes of gaiety and 'good-breeding.

'It will be eaſily imagined, that when I once de-'ſpiſed my huſband, as I confeſs to you I ſoon did, 'I muſt conſequently diſlike his company: and in-'deed I had the happineſs of being very little trou-'bled with it; for our houſe was now moſt elegantly 'furniſhed, our cellars well ſtocked, and dogs and 'horſes provided in great abundance. As my gen-

'tleman

'tleman therefore entertained his neighbours with 'great hoſpitality; ſo his neighbours reſorted to him 'with great alacrity; and ſports and drinking con-'ſumed ſo much of his time, that a ſmall part of his 'converſation, that is to ſay, of his ill-humours, fell 'to my ſhare.

'Happy would it have been for me, if I could as 'eaſily have avoided all other diſagreeable company; 'but alas! I was confined to ſome which conſtantly 'tormented me; and the more, as I ſaw no proſpect 'of being relieved from them. Theſe companions 'were my own racking thoughts, which plagued, 'and in a manner haunted me night and day. In 'this ſituation I paſt through a ſcene, the horrors of 'which can neither be painted nor imagined. Think, 'my dear, figure, if you can, to yourſelf what I 'muſt have undergone. I became a mother by the 'man I ſcorned, hated, and deteſted. I went through 'all the agonies and miſeries of a lying-in, (ten times 'more painful in ſuch a circumſtance, than the worſt 'labour can be, when one endures it for a man one 'loves), in a deſert, or rather indeed a ſcene of riot 'and revel. without a friend, without a companion, 'or without any of thoſe agreeable circumſtances, 'which often alleviate, and. perhaps, ſometimes more 'than compenſate the ſufferings of our ſex at that 'ſeaſon.'

CHAP. VI.

In which the miſtake of the landlord throws Sophia into a dreadful conſternation.

MRS. Fitzpatrick was proceeding in her narrative, when ſhe was interrupted by the entrance of dinner, greatly to the concern of Sophia for the misfortunes of her friend had raiſed her anxiety, and left her no appetite, but what Mrs. Fitzpatrick was to ſatisfy by her relation.

The landlord now attended with a plate under his arm, and with the ſame reſpect in his countenance and

and addreſs which he would have put on, had the ladies arrived in a coach and ſix.

The married lady ſeemed leſs affected with her own misfortunes than was her couſin: for the former eat very heartily, whereas the latter could hardly ſwallow a morſel. Sophia likewiſe ſhewed more concern and ſorrow in her countenance than appeared in the other lady; who, having obſerved theſe ſymptoms in her friend, begged her to be comforted, ſaying, 'Perhaps all may yet end better than either you or I 'expect.'

Our landlord thought he had now an opportunity to open his mouth, and was reſolved not to omit it. 'I am ſorry, Madam,' cries he, 'that your Ladyſhip 'can't eat; for to be ſure you muſt be hungry after 'ſo long faſting. I hope your Ladyſhip is not un-'eaſy at any thing; for, as madam there ſays, all 'may end better than any body expects. A gentle-'man who was here juſt now brought excellent news; 'and perhaps ſome folks, who have given other folks 'the ſlip, may get to London before they are over-'taken; and, if they do, I make no doubt, but they 'will find people who will be very ready to receive 'them.'

All perſons, under the apprehenſion of danger, convert whatever they ſee and hear into the objects of that apprehenſion. Sophia therefore immediately concluded from the foregoing ſpeech, that ſhe was known and purſued by her father. She was now ſtruck with the utmoſt conſternation, and for a few minutes deprived of the power of ſpeech; which ſhe no ſooner recovered, than ſhe deſired the landlord to ſend his ſervants out of the room, and then, addreſſing herſelf to him, ſaid; 'I perceive, Sir, you know 'who we are; but I beſeech you;—nay, I am con-'vinced, if you have any compaſſion or goodneſs, 'you will not betray us.'

'I betray your Ladyſhip!' quoth the landlord; 'no; (and then he ſwore ſeveral very hearty oaths); 'I would ſooner be cut into ten thouſand pieces. I 'hate all treachery. I! I never betrayed any one in 'my life yet, and I am ſure I ſhall not begin with

ſo

'ſo ſweet a lady as your ladyſhip. All the world 'would very much blame me if I ſhould, ſince it 'will be in your ladyſhip's power ſo ſhortly to reward 'me. My wife can witneſs for me, I knew your 'ladyſhip the moment you came into the houſe: I 'ſaid it was your honour, before I lifted you from 'your horſe, and I ſhall carry the bruiſes I got in 'your ladyſhip's ſervice to the grave; but what ſig-'nified that, as long as I ſaved your ladyſhip. To 'be ſure ſome people this morning would have 'thought of getting a reward; but no ſuch thought 'ever entered into my head. I would ſooner ſtarve 'than take any reward for betraying your ladyſhip.'

'I promiſe you, Sir,' ſays Sophia, 'if it be ever 'in my power to reward you, you ſhall not loſe by 'your generoſity.'

'Alack-a-day, Madam!' anſwered the landlord, 'in your ladyſhip's power! heaven put it as much 'into your will. I am only afraid your honour will 'forget ſuch a poor man as an inkeeper; but if 'your ladyſhip ſhould not, I hope you will remem-'ber what reward I refuſed —— refuſed! that is, I 'would have refuſed, and to be ſure it may be called 'refuſing; for I might have had it certainly; and to 'be ſure you might have been in ſome houſes;—but 'for my part, would not methinks for the world have 'your ladyſhip wrong me ſo much, as to imagine I 'ever thought of betraying you, even before I heard 'the good news.'

'What news pray?' ſays Sophia, ſomething ea-gerly.

'Hath not your ladyſhip heard it then?' cries the landlord, 'nay, like enough: for I heard it only 'a few minutes ago; and if I had never heard it, 'may the devil fly away with me this inſtant, if I 'would have betrayed your honour; no, if I would, 'may I'—Here he ſubjoined ſeveral dreadful im-precations, which Sophia at laſt interrupted, and begged to know what he meant by the news.—He was going to anſwer, when Mrs. Honour came run-ning into the room, all pale and breathleſs, and cried out, 'Madam, we are all undone, all ruined,'

'they

'they are come, they are come!' theſe words almoſt froze up the blood of Sophia; but Mrs Fitzpatrick aſked Honour who were come?—'Who?' anſwered ſhe, 'why the French; ſeveral hundred thouſands 'of them are landed, and we ſhall be all murdered 'and raviſhed.'

As a miſer, who hath in ſome well-built city a cottage value twenty ſhillings, when at a diſtance he is alarmed with the news of a fire, turns pale and trembles at his loſs; but when he finds the beautiful palaces only are burnt, and his own cottage remains ſafe, he comes inſtantly to himſelf and ſmiles at his good fortunes or as (for we diſlike ſomething in the former ſimile) the tender mother, when terrified with the apprehenſion that her darling boy is drowned, is ſtruck ſenſeleſs and almoſt dead with conſternation; but when ſhe is told that little maſter is ſafe, and the Victory only with twelve hundred brave men gone to the bottom, life and ſenſe again return, maternal fondneſs enjoys the ſudden relief from all its fears, and the general benevolence which at another time would have deeply felt the dreadful cataſtrophe, lies faſt aſleep in her mind.

So Sophia, than whom none was more capable of tenderly feeling the general calamity of her country, found ſuch immediate ſatisfaction from the relief of thoſe terrors ſhe had of being overtaken by her father, that the arrival of the French ſcarce made any impreſſion on her. She gently chid her maid for the fright into which ſhe had thrown her; and ſaid, 'ſhe 'was glad it was no worſe; for that ſhe had feared 'ſomebody elſe was come.'

'Ay, ay,' quoth the landlord ſmiling, 'her lady-'ſhip knows better things: ſhe knows the French 'are our very beſt friends, and come over hither on-'ly for our good. They are the people who are to 'make old England flouriſh again. I warrant her 'honour thought the duke was coming; and that 'was enough to put her into a fright. I was going 'to tell your ladyſhip the news.—His honour's ma-'jeſty, heaven bleſs him, hath given the duke the 'ſlip; and is marching as faſt as he can to London,

'and

'and ten thouſand French are landed to join him on 'the road.'

Sophia was not greatly pleaſed with this news, nor with the gentleman who related it; but as ſhe ſtill imagined he knew her (for ſhe could not poſſibly have any ſuſpicion of the real truth) ſhe durſt not ſhew any diſlike. And now the landlord, having removed the cloth from the table, withdrew; but at his departure frequently repeated his hopes of being remembered hereafter.

The mind of Sophia was not at all eaſy under the ſuppoſition of being known at this houſe, for ſhe ſtill applied to herſelf many things which the landlord had addreſſed to Jenny Cameron; ſhe therefore ordered her maid to pump out of him by what means he had become acquainted with her perſon, and who had offered him the reward for betraying her; ſhe likewiſe ordered the horſes to be in readineſs by four in the morning, at which hour Mrs. Fitzpatrick promiſed to bear her company; and then compoſing herſelf as well as ſhe could, ſhe deſired that lady to continue her ſtory.

CHAP. VII.

In which Mrs. Fitzpatrick *concludes her hiſtory.*

WHILE Mrs. Honour, in purſuance of the commands of her miſtreſs, ordered a bowl of punch, and invited my landlord and landlady to partake of it, Mrs. Fitzpatrick thus went on with her relation.

'Moſt of the officers who were quartered at a 'town in our neighbourhood were of my huſband's 'acquaintance. Among theſe was a lieutenant, a 'very pretty ſort of a man, and who was married to 'a woman ſo agreeable both in her temper and con-'verſation, that from our firſt knowing each other, 'which was ſoon after my lying-in, we were almoſt 'inſeparable companions; for I had the good for-'tune to make myſelf equally agreeable to her.

'The

'The lieutenant, who was neither a ſot nor a 'ſportſman, was frequently of our parties; indeed 'he was very little with my huſband, and no more 'than good breeding conſtrained him to be, as he 'lived almoſt conſtantly at our houſe. My huſband 'often expreſſed much diſſatisfaction at the lieutenant's 'preferring my company to his; he was very angry 'with me on that account, and gave me many a hearty curſe for drawing away his companions; ſaying, "I ought to be d—ned for having ſpoiled one of the "prettieſt fellows in the world, by making a milk-"ſop of him.'

'You will be miſtaken, my dear Sophia, if you 'imagine that the anger of my huſband aroſe from 'my depriving him of a companion: for the lieutenant was not a perſon with whoſe ſociety a fool 'could be pleaſed; and if I ſhould admit the poſſibility 'of this, ſo little right had my huſband to place the 'loſs of his companion to me, that I am convinced 'it was my converſation alone which induced him 'ever to come to the houſe. No, child, it was envy, 'the worſt and moſt rancorous kind of envy, the 'envy of ſuperiority of underſtanding. The wretch 'could not bear to ſee my converſation preferred to 'his, by a man of whom he could not entertain the 'leaſt jealouſy. O my dear Sophy, you are a woman 'of ſenſe; if you marry a man, as is moſt probable 'you will, of leſs capacity than yourſelf, make frequent trials of his temper before marriage, and ſee 'whether he can bear to ſubmit to ſuch a ſuperiority.—Promiſe me, Sophy, you will take this advice; 'for you will hereafter find its importance.' 'It is very 'likely I ſhall never marry at all,' anſwered Sophia; 'I think, at leaſt, I ſhall never marry a man in whoſe 'underſtanding I ſee any defects before marriage; 'and I promiſe you I would rather give up my own, 'than ſee any ſuch afterwards.'—'Give up your underſtanding!' replied Mrs. Fitzpatrick, 'O fie, 'child, I will not believe ſo meanly of you. Every 'thing elſe I might myſelf be brought to give up; 'but never this. Nature would not have allotted 'this ſuperiority to the wife in ſo many inſtances, if

'ſhe had intended we ſhould all of us have ſurren-
'dered it to the huſband. This indeed men of ſenſe
'never expect of us; of which the lieutenant I have
'juſt mentioned was one notable example, for though
'he had a very good underſtanding, he always ac-
'knowledged (as was really true) that his wife had
'a better. And this, perhaps, was one reaſon of
'the hatred my tyrant bore her.

'Before he would be ſo governed by a wife, he ſaid,
'eſpecially ſuch an ugly b— (for indeed ſhe was not
'a regular beauty, but very agreeable and extremely
'genteel) he would ſee all the women upon earth at
'the devil, which was a very uſual phraſe with him.
'He ſaid, he wondered what I could ſee in her to be
'ſo charmed with her company; ſince this woman,
'ſays he, hath come among us, there is an end of
'your beloved reading, which you pretended to like
'ſo much, that you could not afford time to return
'the viſits of the ladies, in this country; and I muſt
'confeſs I had been guilty of a little rudeneſs this
'way; for the ladies there are at leaſt no better than
'the mere country ladies here; and I think I need
'make no other excuſe to you for declining any inti-
'macy with them.

'This correſpondence however continued a whole
'year, even all the while the lieutenant was quar-
'tered in that town; for which I was contented to
'pay the tax of being conſtantly abuſed in the man-
'ner above mentioned by my huſband; I mean when
'he was at home; for he was frequently abſent a
'month at a time at Dublin, and once made a journey
'of two months to London; in all which journies I
'thought it a very ſingular happineſs that he never
'once deſired my company; nay, by his frequent
'cenſures on men who could not travel, as he phraſed
'it, without a wife tied up to their tail he ſufficiently
'intimated, that had I been never ſo deſirous of ac-
'companying him, my wiſhes would have been in
'vain; but heaven knows, ſuch wiſhes were very far
'from my thoughts.

'At length my friend was removed from me,
'and I was again left to my ſolitude, to the tor-

'menting converſation with my own reflections, and 'to apply to books for my only comfort. I now 'read almoſt all day long.—How many books do 'you think I read in three months?' 'I can't gueſs 'indeed couſin, anſwered Sophia.—'Perhaps half a 'ſcore?' 'Half a ſcore! half a thouſand, child,' anſwered the other. 'I read a good deal in Daniel's 'Engliſh Hiſtory of France: a great deal in Plutarch's Lives; the Atalantas; Pope's Homer; Dryden's Plays; Chillingworth; the Counteſs D'Ancis, 'and Locke's Human Underſtanding.

'During this interval I wrote three very ſupplicating, and, I thought, moving letters to my aunt; 'but as I received no anſwer to any of them, my diſdain would not ſuffer me to continue my application'—Here ſhe ſtopt, and looking earneſtly at Sophia, ſaid, 'Methinks, my dear, I read ſomething in 'your eyes which reproaches me of neglect in another place, where I ſhould have met with a kinder 'return,' 'Indeed, dear Harriet,' anſwered Sophia, 'your ſtory is an apology for any neglect; but indeed 'I feel that I have been guilty of a remiſſneſs, without ſo good an excuſe.—Yet, pray proceed; for I 'long, though I tremble, to hear the end.'

Thus then Mrs Fitzpatrick reſumed her narrative, 'My huſband now took a ſecond journey to England. 'where he continued upwards of three months, during the greater part of this time, I led a life which 'nothing but having led a worſe, could make me 'think tolerable: for perfect ſolitude can never be reconciled to a ſocial mind, like mine, but when it relieves you from the company of thoſe you hate. 'What added to my wretchedneſs, was the loſs of 'my little infant: not that I pretend to have had for 'it that extravagant tenderneſs of which I believe I 'might have been capable under other circumſtances; 'but I reſolved in every inſtance, to diſcharge the duty 'of the tendereſt mother; and this care prevented me 'from feeling the weight of that, heavieſt of all 'things, when it can be at all ſaid to lie heavy on 'our hands.

'I had

'I had ſpent full ten weeks almoſt entirely by myſelf, having ſeen nobody all that time, except my ſervants and a very few viſitors, when a young lady, a relation to my huſband, came from a diſtant part of Ireland to viſit me. She had ſtaid once before a week at my houſe, and then I gave her a preſſing invitation to return; for ſhe was a very agreeable woman, and had improved good natural parts by a proper education. Indeed ſhe was to me a moſt welcome gueſt.

'A few days after her arrival, perceiving me in very low ſpirits, without enquiring the cauſe, which indeed ſhe very well knew, the young lady fell to compaſſionating my caſe. She ſaid, "Though politeneſs had prevented me from complaining to my huſband's relations of his behaviour; yet they all were very ſenſible of it, and felt great concern upon that account; but none more than herſelf." And after ſome more general diſcourſe on this head, which I own I could not forbear countenancing; at laſt, after much previous precaution, and enjoined concealment, ſhe communicated to me, as a profound ſecret—that my huſband kept a miſtreſs.

'You will certainly imagine, I heard this news with the utmoſt inſenſibility—Upon my word, if you do, your imagination will miſlead you. Contempt had not ſo kept down my anger to my huſband, but that hatred roſe again on this occaſion. What can be the reaſon of this? Are we ſo abominably ſelfiſh, that we can be concerned at others having poſſeſſion even of what we deſpiſe? or are we not rather abominably vain, and is not this the greateſt injury done to our vanity? What think you Sophia?

'I don't know, indeed,' anſwered Sophia, 'I have never troubled myſelf with any of theſe deep contemplations: but I think the lady did very ill in communicating to you ſuch a ſecret.

'And yet, my dear, this conduct is natural,' replied Mrs. Fitzpatrick; 'and when you have ſeen and read as much as myſelf, you will acknowledge it to be ſo.'

'I am ſorry to hear it is natural,' returned Sophia;

'for I want neither reading nor experience to convince me, that it is very dishonourable and very ill-natured; nay, it is surely as ill-bred to tell a husband or wife of the faults of each other, as to tell them of their own.'

'Well,' continued Mrs. Fitzpatrick, 'my husband at last returned; and, if I am thoroughly acquainted with my own thoughts, I hated him now more than ever; but I despised him rather less: for certainly nothing so much weakens our contempt, as an injury done to our pride or our vanity.

'He now assumed a carriage to me, so very different from what he had lately worn, and so nearly resembling his behaviour the first week of our marriage, that, had I now any spark of love remaining, he might, possibly, have rekindled my fondness for him. But, though hatred may succeed to contempt, and may perhaps get the better of it, love, I believe, cannot. The truth is, the passion of love is too restless to remain contented, without the gratification which it receives from its object: and one can no more be inclined to love without loving, than we can have eyes without seeing. When a husband, therefore, ceases to be the object of this passion, it is most probable some other man — I say, my dear, if your husband grows indifferent to you — if you once come to despise him — I say, that is, — if you have the passion of love in you — Lud! I have bewildered myself so, — but one is apt, in these abstracted considerations, to lose the concatenation of ideas, as Mr. Locke says. —— In short, the truth is —— in short, I scarce know what it is; but, as I was saying, my husband returned, and his behaviour, at first, greatly surprised me; but he soon acquainted me with the motive, and taught me to account for it. In a word, then, he had spent and lost all the ready money of my fortune; and, as he could mortgage his own estate no deeper, he was now desirous to supply himself with cash for his extravagance, by selling a little estate of mine, which he could not do without my assistance; and, to ob-

'tain

'tain this favour was the whole and ſole motive of 'all the fondneſs which he now put on.

'With this I peremptorily refuſed to comply. I 'told him, and I told him truly, that, had I been 'poſſeſſed of the Indies at our firſt marriage, he 'might have commanded it all: for it had been a 'conſtant maxim with me, that, where a woman diſpo-'ſes of her heart, ſhe ſhould always depoſit her for-'tune; but as he had been ſo kind, long ago, to re-'ſtore the former into my poſſeſſion, I was reſolved 'likewiſe to retain what little remained of the latter.

'I will not deſcribe to you the paſſion into which 'theſe words, and the reſolute air in which they were 'ſpoken, threw him: nor will I trouble you with the 'whole ſcene which ſucceeded between us. Out came, 'you may be well aſſured, the ſtory of the miſtreſs; 'and out it did come, with all the embelliſhments 'which anger and diſdain could beſtow upon it.

'Mr. Fitzpatrick ſeemed a little thunderſtruck 'with this, and more confuſed than I had ſeen him; 'though his ideas are always confuſed enough, Heaven 'knows. He did not, however, endeavour to excul-'pate himſelf; but took a method which almoſt 'equally confounded me. What was this but recri-'mination! He affected to be jealous;—he may, for 'ought I know, be inclined enough to jealouſy in 'his natural temper: nay, he muſt have had it from 'nature, or the devil muſt have put it into his head; 'for I defy all the world to caſt a juſt aſperſion on 'my character: nay, the moſt ſcandalous tongues 'have never dared cenſure my reputation. My fame, 'I thank Heaven, hath been always as ſpotleſs as 'my life; and let falſhood itſelf accuſe that, if it 'dare. No, my dear Graveairs, however provoked, 'however ill-treated, however injured in my love, I 'have firmly reſolved never to give the leaſt room 'for cenſure on this account — And yet, my dear, 'there are ſome people ſo malicious, ſome tongues 'ſo venomous, that no innocence can eſcape them. 'The moſt undeſigned word, the moſt accidental 'look, the leaſt familiarity, the moſt innocent free-'dom, will be miſconſtrued, and magnified into I

'know not what, by ſome people. But I deſpiſe, my 'dear Graveairs, I deſpiſe all ſuch ſlander. No ſuch 'malice, I aſſure you, ever gave me an uneaſy mo-'ment. No, no, I promiſe you I am above all that— 'But where was I? O let me ſee; I told you my huſ-'band was jealous—And of whom pray?—Why of 'whom but the lieutenant I mentioned to you be-'fore? He was obliged to reſort above a year and 'more back, to find any object for this unaccounta-'ble paſſion, if indeed he really felt any ſuch, and 'was not an arrant counterfeit, in order to abuſe me.

'But I have tired you already with too many par-'ticulars; I will now bring my ſtory to a very ſpee-'dy concluſion. In ſhort, then, after many ſcenes 'very unworthy to be repeated, in which my couſin 'engaged ſo heartily on my ſide, that Mr. Fitzpa-'trick at laſt turned her out of doors; when he found 'I was neither to be ſoothed nor bullied into com-'pliance, he took a very violent method indeed. Per-'haps you will conclude he beat me; but this, tho' 'he hath approached very near to it, he never ac-'tually did. He confined me to my room, without 'ſuffering me to have either pen, ink, paper, or 'book; and a ſervant every day made my bed, and 'brought me my food.

'When I had remained a week under this impriſon-'ment, he made me a viſit, and, with the voice of a 'ſchoolmaſter, or, what is often much the ſame, of 'a tyrant, aſked me, 'If I would yet comply?' I 'anſwered very ſtoutly, 'That I would die firſt.' "Then ſo you ſhall, and be d—ned,' cries he: 'for "you ſhall never go alive out of this room.'

'Here I remained a fortnight longer; and, to ſay 'the truth, my conſtancy was almoſt ſubdued, and I 'began to think of ſubmiſſion; when one day, in the 'abſence of my huſband, who was gone abroad for 'ſome ſhort time, by the greateſt good fortune in 'the world, an accident happened —— I —— at a 'time when I began to give way to the utmoſt deſpair '—— every thing would be excuſable at ſuch a time '—— at that very time I received —— But it would 'take up an hour to tell you all particulars.—In one word,

'word, then, (for I will not tire you with circum-'ſtances), gold, the common key to all padlocks, 'opened my door, and ſet me at liberty.

'I now made haſte to Dublin, where I immedi-'ately procured a paſſage to England; and was pro-'ceeding to Bath, in order to throw myſelf into the 'protection of my aunt, or of your father, or of any 'relation who would afford it me. My huſband over-'took me laſt night at the inn where I lay, and 'which you left a few minutes before me; but I had 'the good luck to eſcape him, and to follow you.

'And thus, my dear, ends my hiſtory: a tragical 'one, I am ſure, it is to myſelf; but, perhaps, I 'ought rather to apologize to you for its dullneſs.'

Sophia heaved a deep ſigh, and anſwered, 'In-'deed, Harriet, I pity you from my ſoul!—But 'what could you expect? Why, why, would you 'marry an Iriſhman?'

'Upon my word,' replied her couſin, 'your cen-'ſure is unjuſt. There are, among the Iriſh, men 'of as much worth and honour, as any among the 'Engliſh: nay, to ſpeak the truth, generoſity of ſpi-'rit is rather more common among them. I have 'known ſome examples there too of good huſbands; 'and, I believe theſe are not very plenty in England. 'Aſk me, rather, what I could expect when I mar-'ried a fool; and I will tell you a ſolemn truth: I 'did not know him to be ſo.'—'Can no man,' ſaid Sophia in a very low and altered voice, 'do you 'think, make a bad huſband, who is not a fool?' 'That,' anſwered the other, 'is too general a ne-'gative; but none, I believe, ſo likely as a fool to 'prove ſo. Among my acquaintance, the ſilliеſt fel-'lows are the worſt huſbands; and I will venture to 'aſſert, as a fact, that a man of ſenſe rarely behaves 'very ill to a wife, who deſerves very well.'

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

A dreadful alarm in the inn, with the arrival of an unexpected friend of Mrs. Fitzpatrick.

SOPHIA now, at the desire of her cousin, related —not what follows, but what hath gone before in this history: for which reason the reader will, I suppose, excuse me, for not repeating it over again.

One remark however, I cannot forbear making on her narrative, namely, that she made no more mention of Jones, from the beginning to the end, than if there had been no such person alive. This I will neither endeavour to account for, nor to excuse. Indeed, if this may be called a kind of dishonesty, it seems the more inexcusable, from the apparent openness and explicit sincerity of the other lady.—But so it was.

Just as Sophia arrived at the conclusion of her story, there arrived in the room where the two ladies were sitting a noise, not unlike in loudness, to that of a pack of hounds just let out from their kennel; nor, in shrillness, to cats, when caterwauling; or, to screech-owls; or, indeed, more like (for what animal can resemble a human voice?) to those sounds, which, in the pleasant mansions of that gate, which seems to derive its name from a duplicity of tongues, issue from the mouths, and sometimes from the nostrils of those fair river-nymphs, ycleped of old the Naïades; in the vulgar tongue translated oyster wenches: for when, instead of the acient libations of milk, and honey, and oil, the rich distillation from the juniper-berry, or perhaps from malt, hath, by the early devotion of their votaries, been poured forth in great abundance, should any daring tongue with unhallowed license prophane; *i. e.* depreciate the delicate fat Milton oyster, the plaice sound and firm, the flounder as much alive as when in the water the shrimp as big as a prawn, the fine cod alive but a few hours ago, or any other of the various treasures, which those water-deities, who fish the sea and rivers, have committed to the care of the nymphs, the angry Naïades lift up their immortal voices,

voices, and the prophane wretch is ſtruck deaf for his impiety.

Such was the noiſe, which now burſt from one of the rooms below; and ſoon the thunder, which long had rattled at a diſtance, began to approach nearer and nearer, till, having aſcended by degrees up ſtairs, it at laſt entered the apartment where the ladies were. In ſhort, to drop all metaphor and figure, Mrs. Honour, having ſcolded violently below ſtairs, and continued the ſame all the way up, came in to her miſtreſs in a moſt outrageous paſſion, crying out, 'What 'doth your ladyſhip think? Would you imagine, 'that this impudent villain, the maſter of this houſe, 'hath had the impudence to tell me, nay, to ſtand it 'out to my face, that your ladyſhip is that naſty, 'ſtinking wh—re, (Jenny Cameron they call her), 'that runs about the country with the pretender? 'Nay, the lying, ſaucy villain, had the aſſurance to 'tell me, that your ladyſhip had owned yourſelf to 'be ſo: but I have clawed the raſcal: I have left the 'marks of my nails in his impudent face. My lady!' ſays I, 'you ſaucy ſcoundrel: my lady is meat for no 'pretenders. She is a young lady of as good faſhion, 'and family, and fortune, as any in Somerſetſhire. 'Did you never hear of the great 'ſquire Weſtern, 'ſirrah? She is his only daughter; ſhe is, — and 'heireſs to all his great eſtate. My lady to be called 'a naſty Scotch wh—re by ſuch a varlet— To be ſure, 'I wiſh I had knocked his brains out with the punch 'bowl.'

The principal uneaſineſs with which Sophia was affected on this occaſion, Honour had herſelf cauſed, by having in her paſſion diſcovered who ſhe was. However, as this miſtake of the landlord ſufficiently accounted for thoſe paſſages which Sophia had before miſtaken, ſhe acquired ſome eaſe on that account; nor could ſhe, upon the whole, forbear ſmiling. This enraged Honour, and ſhe cried, 'Indeed, Madam, I 'did not think your ladyſhip would have made a laugh-'ing matter of it. To be called whore by ſuch an 'impudent low raſcal. Your ladyſhip may be angry 'with me, for ought I know, for taking your part,

'ſince

'ſince proffered ſervice, they ſay, ſtinks; but to be 'ſure I could never bear to hear a lady of mine called 'whore.—Nor will I bear it. I am ſure your lady-'ſhip is as virtuous a lady as ever ſat foot on Engliſh 'ground, and I will claw any villain's eyes out who 'dares for to offer to preſume for to ſay the leaſt word 'to the contrary. Nobody ever could ſay the leaſt ill 'of the character of any lady that ever I waited upon.'

Hinc illæ lachrymæ; in plain truth, Honour had as much love for her miſtreſs as moſt ſervants have, that is to ſay—But, beſides this, her pride obliged her to ſupport the character of the lady ſhe waited on; for ſhe thought her own was in a very cloſe manner connected with it. In proportion as the character of her miſtreſs was raiſed, hers likewiſe, as ſhe conceived, was raiſed with it; and, on the contrary, ſhe thought the one could not be lowered without the other.

On this ſubject, reader, I muſt ſtop a moment to tell thee a ſtory. 'The famous Nell Gwynn, ſtep-'ping one day from a houſe, where ſhe had made a 'ſhort viſit, into her coach, ſaw a great mob aſſembled, 'and her footman all bloody and dirty; the fellow 'being aſked by his miſtreſs, the reaſon of his being 'in that condition, anſwered, 'I have been fight-"ing, Madam, with an impudent raſcal who called "your ladyſhip a wh—re.' 'You blockhead,' re-'plied Mrs. Gwynn, 'at this rate you muſt fight every "day of your life; why, you fool, all the world "knows it.' 'Do they?' cries the fellow in a mut-'tering voice, after ſhe had ſhut the coach-door, "they ſhan't call me a whore's footman for all that.'

Thus the paſſion of Mrs. Honour appears natural enough, even if it were to be no otherwiſe accounted for; but, in reality, there was another cauſe of her anger; for which we muſt beg leave to remind our reader of a circumſtance mentioned in the above ſimile. There are indeed certain liquors, which, being applied to our paſſions, or to fire, produce effects the very reverſe of thoſe produced by water, as they ſerve to kindle and inflame, rather than to extinguiſh. Among theſe, the generous liquor called *punch* is one. It

was

was not therefore without reaſon, that the learned Dr. Cheney uſed to call drinking punch, pouring liquid fire down your throat.

Now Mrs. Honour had unluckily poured ſo much of this liquid fire down her throat, that the ſmoke of it began to aſcend into her pericranium, and blinded the eyes of reaſon, which is there ſuppoſed to keep her reſidence, while the fire itſelf from the ſtomach eaſily reached the heart, and there inflamed the noble paſſion of pride: So that, upon the whole, we ſhall ceaſe to wonder at the violent rage of the waiting-woman; though at firſt ſight we muſt confeſs the cauſe ſeems inadequate to the effect.

Sophia, and her couſin both, did all in their power to extinguiſh theſe flames, which had roared ſo loudly all over the houſe. They at length prevailed; or, to carry the metaphor one ſtep farther, the fire, having conſumed all the fuel which the language affords, to wit, every reproachful term in it, at laſt went out of its own accord.

But, though tranquillity was reſtored above ſtairs, it was not ſo below; where my landlady, highly reſenting the injury done to the beauty of her huſband, by the fleſh-ſpades of Mrs. Honour, called aloud for revenge and juſtice. As to the poor man, who had principally ſuffered in the engagement, he was perfectly quiet. Perhaps the blood which he loſt might have cooled his anger: for the enemy had not only applied her nails to his cheeks, but likewiſe her fiſt to his noſtrils, which lamented the blow with tears of blood in great abundance. To this we may add reflections on his miſtake; but indeed nothing ſo effectually ſilenced his reſentment, as the manner in which he now diſcovered his error; for as to the behaviour of Mrs Honour, it had the more confirmed him in his opinion: but he was now aſſured by a perſon of great figure, and who was attended by a great equipage, that one of the ladies was a woman of faſhion and his intimate acquaintance.

By the orders of this perſon, the landlord now aſcended, and acquainted our fair travellers, that a great gentleman below deſired to do them the honour

of

of waiting on them. Sophia turned pale, and trembled at this meſſage, though the reader will conclude it was too civil, notwithſtanding the landlord's blunder, to have come from her father; but fear hath the common fault of a juſtice of peace, and is apt to conclude haſtily from every ſlight circumſtance, without examining the evidence on both ſides.

To eaſe the reader's curioſity, therefore, rather than his apprehenſions, we proceed to inform him, that an Iriſh peer had arrived very late that evening at the inn in his way to London. This nobleman, having ſallied from his ſupper at the hurricane before commemorated, had ſeen the attendant of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, and upon a ſhort enquiry was informed, that her lady, with whom he was very particularly acquainted, was above. This information he had no ſooner received, than he addreſſed himſelf to the landlord, pacified him, and ſent him up ſtairs with compliments rather civiller than thoſe which were delivered.

It may perhaps be wondered at, that the waiting-woman herſelf was not the meſſenger employed on this occaſion; but we are ſorry to ſay, ſhe was not at preſent qualified for that, or indeed for any other office. The rum (for ſo the landlord choſe to call the diſtillation from malt), had baſely taken the advantage of the fatigue which the poor woman had undergone, and had made terrible depredations on her noble faculties, at a time when they were very unable to reſiſt the attack.

We ſhall not deſcribe this tragical ſcene too fully; but we thought ourſelves obliged, by that hiſtoric integrity which we profeſs, ſhortly to hint a matter, which we would otherwiſe have been glad to have ſpared. Many hiſtorians indeed, for want of this integrity, or of diligence, to ſay no worſe, often leave the reader to find out theſe little circumſtances in the dark, and ſometimes to his great confuſion and perplexity.

Sophia was very ſoon eaſed of her cauſeleſs fright by the entry of the noble peer, who was not only an intimate acquaintance of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, but in reality a very particular friend of that lady. To ſay truth, it

was by his aſſiſtance, that ſhe had been enabled to eſcape from her huſband; for this nobleman had the ſame gallant diſpoſition with thoſe renowned knights, of whom we read in heroic ſtory, and had delivered many an impriſoned nymph from durance. He was indeed as bitter an enemy to the ſavage authority too often exerciſed by huſbands and fathers, over the young and lovely of the other ſex, as ever knight-errant was to the barbarous power of enchanters: nay, to ſay truth, I have often ſuſpected, that thoſe very enchanters, with which romance every where abounds, were in reality no other than the huſbands of thoſe days; and matrimony itſelf was perhaps the enchanted caſtle in which the nymphs were ſaid to be confined.

This nobleman had an eſtate in the neighbourhood of Fitzpatrick, and had been for ſome time acquainted with the lady. No ſooner therefore did he hear of her confinement, than he earneſtly applied himſelf to procure her liberty; which he preſently effected, not by ſtorming the caſtle, according to the example of ancient heroes; but by corrupting the governor, in conformity with the modern art of war; in which craft is held to be preferable to valour, and gold is found to be more irreſiſtible than either lead or ſteel.

This circumſtance, however, as the lady did not think it material enough to relate to her friend, we would not at that time impart it to the reader. We rather choſe to leave him a while under a ſuppoſition that ſhe had found, or coined, or by ſome very extraordinary, perhaps ſupernatural means, had poſſeſſed herſelf of the money with which ſhe had bribed her keeper, than to interrupt her narrative by giving a hint of what ſeemed to her of too little importance to be mentioned.

The peer, after a ſhort converſation, could not forbear expreſſing ſome ſurprize at meeting the lady in that place; nor could he refrain from telling her, he imagined ſhe had been gone to Bath. Mrs Fitzpatrick very freely anſwered, 'That ſhe had been pre-'vented in her purpoſe by the arrival of a perſon ſhe 'need no mention. In ſhort,' ſays ſhe, 'I was over-'taken by my huſband (for I need not affect to con-

'ceal what the world knows too well already). I 'had the good fortune to eſcape in a moſt ſurpriſing 'manner, and am now going to London with this 'young lady, who is a near relation of mine, and 'who hath eſcaped from as great a tyrant as my 'own.'

His lordſhip concluding that this tyrant was likewiſe a huſband, made a ſpeech full of compliments to both the ladies and as full of invectives againſt his own ſex; nor indeed did he avoid ſome oblique glances at the matrimonial inſtitution itſelf, and at the unjuſt powers given by it to man over the more ſenſible, and more meritorious part of the ſpecies. He ended his oration with an offer of his protection, and of his coach and ſix, which was inſtantly accepted by Mrs. Fitzpatrick, and at laſt, upon her perſuaſions, by Sophia.

Matters being thus adjuſted, his lordſhip took his leave, and the ladies retired to reſt, where Mrs. Fitzpatrick entertained her couſin with many high encomiums on the character of the noble peer, and enlarged very particularly on his great fondneſs for his wife; ſaying, ſhe believed he was almoſt the only perſon of high rank, who was entirely conſtant to the marriage-bed. 'Indeed,' added ſhe, 'my dear So-'phy, that is a very rare virtue amongſt men of con-'dition. Never expect it when you marry; for, be-'lieve me, if you do, you will certainly be deceived.'

A gentle ſigh ſtole from Sophia at theſe words, which perhaps contributed to form a dream of no very pleaſant kind; but as ſhe never revealed this dream to any one, ſo the reader cannot expect to ſee it related here.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

The morning introduced in ſome pretty writing. A ſtage-coach. The civility of chamber-maids. The heroic temper of Sophia. Her generoſity. The return to it. The departure of the company, and their arrival at London; with ſome remarks for the uſe of travellers.

THOSE members of the ſociety, who are born to furniſh the bleſſings of life, now began to light their candles, in order to purſue their daily labours for the uſe of thoſe who are born to enjoy theſe bleſſings. The ſturdy hind now attends the levee of his fellow-labourer the ox; the cunning artificer, the diligent mechanic, ſpring from their hard mattreſſes; and now the bonny houſemaid begins to repair the diſordered drum-room, while the riotous authors of that diſorder, in broken interrupted ſlumbers tumble and toſs, as if the hardneſs of down diſquieted their repoſe.

In ſimple phraſe, the clock had no ſooner ſtruck ſeven, than the ladies were ready for their journey; and at their deſire, his lordſhip and his equipage were prepared to attend them.

And now a matter of ſome difficulty aroſe; and this was how his lordſhip himſelf ſhould be conveyed: for though in ſtage-coaches, where paſſengers are properly conſidered as ſo much luggage, the ingenious coachman ſtows half a dozen with perfect eaſe into the place of four; for well he contrives that the fat hoſteſs, or well-fed alderman, may take up no more room than the ſlim miſs, or taper maſter; it being the nature of guts, when well ſqueezed, to give way, and to lie in a narrow compaſs: yet in theſe vehicles, which are called, for diſtinction's ſake, *gentlemen's coaches*, though they are often larger than the others, this method of packing is never attempted.

His lordſhip would have put a ſhort end to the difficulty, by very gallantly deſiring to mount his horſe; but Mrs Fitzpatrick would by no means conſent to it. It was therefore concluded, that the Abigails ſhould by turns relieve each other on one of his

lordſhip's horſes, which was preſently equipped with a ſide ſaddle for that purpoſe.

Every thing being ſettled at the inn, the ladies diſcharged their former guides, and Sophia made a preſent to the landlord, partly to repair the bruiſe which he had received under herſelf, and partly on account of what he had ſuffered under the hands of her enraged waiting-woman. And now Sophia firſt diſcovered a loſs which gave her ſome uneaſineſs; and this was of the hundred pound bank-bill which her father had given her at their laſt meeting; and which, within a very inconſiderable trifle, was all the treaſure ſhe was at preſent worth. She ſearched every where, and ſhook and tumbled all her things to no purpoſe; the bill was not to be found: and ſhe was at laſt fully perſuaded, that ſhe had loſt it from her pocket, when ſhe had the misfortune of tumbling from her horſe in the dark lane, as before recorded: A fact that ſeemed the more probable, as ſhe now recollected ſome diſcompoſure in her pockets which had happened at that time, and the great difficulty with which ſhe had drawn forth her handkerchief, the very inſtant before her fall, in order to relieve the diſtreſs of Mrs. Fitzpatrick.

Misfortunes of this kind, whatever inconveniencies they may be attended with, are incapable of ſubduing a mind in which there is any ſtrength, without the aſſiſtance of avarice. Sophia therefore, though nothing could be worſe timed than this accident at ſuch a ſeaſon, immediately got the better of her concern, and, with her wonted ſerenity and cheerfulneſs of countenance, returned to her company. His lordſhip conducted the ladies into the vehicle, as he did likewiſe Mrs. Honour, who, after many civilities, and more dear Madams, at laſt yielded to the well-bred importunities of her ſiſter Abigail, and ſubmitted to be complimented with the firſt ride in the coach; in which indeed ſhe would afterwards have been contented to have purſued her whole journey, had not her miſtreſs, after ſeveral fruitleſs intimations, at length forced her to take her turn on horſeback.

The coach now, having received its company, began to move forwards, attended by many ſervants, and

and by two led captains, who had before rode with his lordſhip, and who would have been diſmiſſed from the vehicle upon a much leſs worthy occaſion, than was this of accommodating two ladies. In this they acted only as gentlemen; but they were ready at any time to have performed the office of a footman, or indeed would have condeſcended lower, for the honour of his lordſhip's company, and for the convenience of his table.

My landlord was ſo pleaſed with the preſent he had received from Sophia, that he rather rejoiced in than regretted his bruiſe, or his ſcratches. The reader will perhaps be curious to know the *quantum* of this preſent; but we cannot ſatisfy his curioſity. Whatever it was, it ſatisfied the landlord for his bodily hurt; but he lamented he had not known before how little the lady valued her money; 'For to be ſure,' ſays he, 'one might have charged every article double, and 'ſhe would have made no cavil at the reckoning.'

His wife however was far from drawing this concluſion; whether ſhe really felt any injury done to her huſband more than he did himſelf, I will not ſay; certain it is, ſhe was much leſs ſatisfied with the generoſity of Sophia. 'Indeed,' cries ſhe, 'my dear, the 'lady knows better how to diſpoſe of her money than 'you imagine. She might very well think we ſhould 'not put up ſuch a buſineſs without ſome ſatisfaction, 'and the law would have coſt her an infinite deal 'more than this poor little matter, which I wonder 'you would take.' 'You are always ſo bloodily wiſe,' quoth the huſband: 'It would have coſt her more, 'would it? doſt fancy I don't know that as well as 'thee? but would any of that more, or ſo much, 'have come into our pockets? Indeed, if ſon Tom 'the lawyer had been alive, I could have been glad 'to have put ſuch a pretty buſineſs into his hands. 'He would have got a good picking out of it; but I 'have no relation now who is a lawyer, and why 'ſhould I go to law for the benefit of ſtrangers?' 'Nay, to be ſure,' anſwered ſhe, 'you muſt know 'beſt.' 'I believe I do,' replied he. 'I fancy, 'when money is to be got, I can ſmell it out as well

'as another. Every body, let me tell you, would 'not have talked people out of this. Mind that, I 'ſay; every body would not have cajoled this out of 'her, mind that.' The wife then joined in the applauſe of her huſband's ſagacity; and thus ended the ſhort dialogue between them on this occaſion.

We will therefore take our leave of theſe good people, and attend his lordſhip and his fair companions, who made ſuch good expedition that they performed a journey of ninety miles in two days, and on the ſecond evening arrived in London, without having encountered any one adventure on the road worthy the dignity of this hiſtory to relate. Our pen, therefore, ſhall imitate the expedition which it deſcribes, and our hiſtory ſhall keep pace with the travellers who are its ſubject. Good writers will indeed do well to imitate the ingenious traveller in this inſtance, who always proportions his ſtay at any place to the beauties, elegancies, and curioſities which it affords. At Eſhur, at Stowe, at Wilton, at Eatbury, and at Prior's Park, days are too ſhort for the raviſhed imagination; while we admire the wonderous power of art in improving nature. In ſome of theſe, art chiefly engages our admiration; in others, nature and art contend for our applauſe: but in the laſt the former ſeems to triumph. Here nature appears in her richeſt attire, and art, dreſſed with the modeſteſt ſimplicity, attends her benignant miſtreſs. Here nature indeed pours forth the choiceſt treaſures which ſhe hath laviſhed on this world; and here human nature preſents you with an object which can be exceeded only in the other.

The ſame taſte, the ſame imagination, which luxurioufly riots in theſe elegant ſcenes, can be amuſed with objects of far inferior note. The woods, the rivers, the lawns of Devon and of Dorſet, attract the eye of the ingenious traveller, and retard his pace, which delay he afterwards compenſates by ſwiftly ſcouring over the gloomy heath of Bagſhot, or that pleaſant plain which extends itſelf weſtward from Stockbridge where no other object than one ſingle tree only in ſixteen miles preſents itſelf to the view, unleſs the clouds, in compaſſion to our tired ſpirits, kindly

kindly open their variegated manſions to our proſpect.

Not ſo travels the money-meditating tradeſman, the ſagacious juſtice, the dignified doctor, the warm-clad grazier, with all the numerous offspring of wealth and dulneſs. On they jog, with equal pace, through the verdant meadows, or over the barren heath, their horſes meaſuring four miles and a half *per* hour with the utmoſt exactneſs; the eyes of the beaſt and of his maſter being alike directed forwards, and employed in contemplating the ſame objects in the ſame manner. With equal rapture the good rider ſurveys the proudeſt boaſts of the architect, and thoſe fair buildings with which ſome unknown hand hath adorned the rich cloathing town; where heaps of bricks are piled up as a kind of monument, to ſhew that heaps of money have been piled there before.

And now, reader, as we are in haſte to attend our heroine, we will leave to thy ſagacity to apply all this to the Bœotian writers, and to thoſe authors who are their oppoſites. This thou wilt be abundantly able to perform without our aid. Beſtir thyſelf therefore on this occaſion; for though we will always lend thee proper aſſiſtance in difficult places, as we do not, like ſome others, expect thee to uſe the arts of divination to diſcover our meaning; yet we ſhall not indulge thy lazineſs where nothing but thy own attention is required; for thou art highly miſtaken if thou doſt imagine that we intended, when we began this great work, to leave thy ſagacity nothing to do; or that without ſometimes exerciſing this talent thou wilt be able to travel through our pages with any pleaſure or profit to thyſelf.

CHAP. X.

Containing a hint or two concerning virtue, and a few more concerning ſuſpicion.

OUR company being arrived at London, were ſet down at his lordſhip's houſe, where, while they refreſhed themſelves after the fatigue of their journey,

journey, ſervants were diſpatched to provide a lodging for the two ladies; for as her ladyſhip was not then in town, Mrs. Fitzpatrick would by no means conſent to accept a bed in the manſion of the peer.

Some readers will perhaps condemn this extraordinary delicacy, as I may call it, of virtue, as too nice and ſcrupulous: but we muſt make allowances for her ſituation, which muſt be owned to have been very tickliſh; and when we conſider the malice of cenſorious tongues, we muſt allow, if it was a fault, the fault was an exceſs on the right ſide, and which every woman who is in the ſelf ſame ſituation will do well to imitate. The moſt formal appearance of virtue, when it is only an appearance, may perhaps in very abſtracted conſiderations, ſeem to be rather leſs commendable than virtue itſelf without this formality; but it will however be always more commended; and this, I believe, will be granted by all, that it is neceſſary, unleſs in ſome very particular caſes, for every woman to ſupport either the one or the other,

A lodging being prepared, Sophia accompanied her couſin for that evening; but reſolved early in the morning to enquire after the lady, into whoſe protection, as we have formerly mentioned, ſhe had determined to throw herſelf, when ſhe quitted her father's houſe. And this ſhe was the more eager in doing; from ſome obſervations ſhe had made during her journey in the coach

Now as we would by no means fix the odious character of ſuſpicion on Sophia, we are almoſt afraid to open to our reader the conceits which filled her mind concerning Mrs Fitzpatrick, of whom ſhe certainly entertained at preſent ſome doubts: which as they are very apt to enter into the boſoms of the worſt of people, we think proper not to mention more plainly, till we have firſt ſuggeſted a word or two to our reader touching ſuſpicion in general

Of this there have always appeared to me to be two degrees. The firſt of theſe I chuſe to derive from the heart, as the extreme velocity of its diſcernment ſeems to denote ſome previous inward impulſe, and the rather,

ther, as this ſuperlative degree often forms its own objects; ſees what is not, and always more than really exiſts. This is that quick ſighted penetration, whoſe hawk's eyes no ſymptom of evil can eſcape; which obſerves not only upon the actions, but upon the words and looks of men; and as it proceeds from the heart of the obſerver, ſo it dives into the heart of the obſerved, and there eſpies evil as it were in the firſt embryo; nay ſometimes before it can be ſaid to be conceived. An admirable faculty, if it were infallible; but as this degree of perfection is not even claimed by more than one mortal being; ſo from the fallibility of ſuch acute diſcernment have ariſen many ſad miſchiefs and moſt grievous heart-aches to innocence and virtue. I cannot help therefore regarding this vaſt quick-ſightedneſs into evil, as a vicious exceſs, and as a very pernicious evil in itſelf. And I am the more inclined to this opinion, as I am afraid it always proceeds from a bad heart, for the reaſons I have above-mentioned, and for one more, namely, becauſe I never knew it the property of a good one. Now from this degree of ſuſpicion I entirely and abſolutely acquit Sophia.

A ſecond degree of this quality ſeems to ariſe from the head. This is indeed no other than the faculty of ſeeing what is before your eyes, and of drawing concluſions from what you ſee. The former of theſe is unavoidable by thoſe who have any eyes, and the latter is perhaps no leſs certain and neceſſary a conſequence of our having any brains. This is altogether as bitter an enemy to guilt, as the former is to innocence; nor can I ſee it in an unamiable light, even though, through human fallibility, it ſhould be ſometimes miſtaken. For inſtance, if a huſband ſhould accidentally ſurprize his wife in the lap or in the embraces of ſome of thoſe pretty young gentlemen who profeſs the art of cuckold-making, I ſhould not highly, I think, blame him for concluding ſomething more than what he ſaw, from the familiarities which he really had ſeen, and which we are at leaſt favourable enough to, when we call them innocent freedoms. The reader will eaſily ſuggeſt great plenty of inſtances to himſelf;

I ſhall

I ſhall add but one more, which however unchriſtian it may be thought by ſome, I cannot help eſteeming to be ſtrictly juſtifiable; and this is a ſuſpicion that a man is capable of doing what he hath done already, and that it is poſſible for one who hath been a villain once, to act the ſame part again. And to confeſs the truth of this degree of ſuſpicion, I believe Sophia was guilty. From this degree of ſuſpicion ſhe had, in fact, conceived an opinion, that her couſin was really not better than ſhe ſhould be.

The caſe, it ſeems, was this: Mrs. Fitzpatrick wiſely conſidered, that the virtue of a young lady is, in the world, in the ſame ſituation with a poor hare, which is certain, whenever it ventures abroad, to meet its enemies: for it can hardly meet any other. No ſooner therefore was ſhe determined to take the firſt opportunity of quitting the protection of her huſband, than ſhe reſolved to caſt herſelf under the protection of ſome other man; and whom could ſhe ſo properly chuſe to be her guardian as a perſon of quality, of fortune, of honour: and who, beſides a gallant diſpoſition, which inclines men to knight-errantry, that is, to be the champions of ladies in diſtreſs, had often declared a violent attachment to herſelf, and had already given her all the inſtances of it in his power?

But as the law hath fooliſhly omitted this office of vice-huſband, or guardian to an eloped lady: and as malice is apt to denominate him by a more diſagreeable appellation; it was concluded that his lordſhip ſhould perform all ſuch kind offices to the lady in ſecret, and without publickly aſſuming the character of her protector. Nay, to prevent any other perſon from ſeeing him in this light, it was agreed that the lady ſhould proceed directly to Bath, and that his lordſhip ſhould firſt go to London, and thence ſhould go down to that place, by the advice of his phyſicians.

Now all this Sophia very plainly underſtood, not from the lips or behaviour of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, but from the peer, who was infinitely leſs expert at retaining a ſecret, than was the good lady: and perhaps the exact ſecrecy which Mrs. Fitzpatrick had obſerved on this head in her narrative, ſerved not a little to heighten thoſe

thoſe ſuſpicions which were now riſen in the mind of her couſin.

Sophia very eaſily found out the lady ſhe ſought; for indeed there was not a chairman in town to whom her houſe was not perfectly well known; and as ſhe received, in return of her firſt meſſage, a moſt preſſing invitation, ſhe immediately accepted it. Mrs. Fitzpatrick indeed did not deſire her couſin to ſtay with her with more earneſtneſs than civility required. Whether ſhe had diſcerned and reſented the ſuſpicion above-mentioned, or from what other motive it aroſe, I cannot ſay, but certain it is, ſhe was full as deſirous of parting with Sophia, as Sophia herſelf could be of going.

The young lady when ſhe came to take leave of her couſin, could not avoid giving her a ſhort hint of advice. She begged her, for heaven's ſake, to take care of herſelf, and to conſider in how dangerous a ſituation ſhe ſtood; adding, ſhe hoped ſome method would be found of reconciling her to her huſband. 'You muſt 'remember, my dear,' ſays ſhe, 'the maxim which 'my aunt Weſtern hath ſo often repeated to us both; 'That whenever the matrimonial alliance is broke, 'and war declared between huſband and wife, ſhe can 'hardly make a diſadvantageous peace for herſelf on 'any conditions. Theſe are my aunt's very words, 'and ſhe hath had a great deal of experience in the world.' Mrs. Fitzpatrick anſwered with a contemptuous ſmile, 'Never fear me, child, take care of your 'ſelf; for you are younger than I. I will come and 'viſit you in a few days; but, dear Sophy, let me 'give you one piece of advice: leave the character of 'Graveairs in the country; for, believe me, it will 'ſet very aukwardly upon you in this town.'

Thus the two couſins parted, and Sophia repaired directly to lady Bellaſton, where ſhe found a moſt hearty, as well as a moſt polite welcome. The lady had taken a great fancy to her when ſhe had ſeen her formerly with her aunt Weſtern. She was indeed extremely glad to ſee her, and was no ſooner acquainted with the reaſons which induced her to leave the 'ſquire and fly to London, than ſhe highly applauded her ſenſe and reſolution; and after expreſſing the higheſt ſatisfaction in

in the opinion which Sophia had declared ſhe entertained of her ladyſhip, by chuſing her houſe for an aſylum, ſhe promiſed her all the protection which it was in her power to give.

As we have now brought Sophia into ſafe hands, the reader will, I apprehend, be contented to depoſit her there a while, and to look a little after other perſonages, and particularly poor Jones, whom we have left long enough to do penance for his paſt offences, which, as is the nature of vice, brought ſufficient puniſhment upon him themſelves.

THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

BOOK XII.

Containing the ſame individual time with the former.

CHAP. I.

Shewing what is to be deemed plagiariſm in a modern Author, and what is to be conſidered as a lawful prize.

THE learned reader muſt have obſerved, that in the courſe of this mighty work, I have often tranſlated paſſages out of the beſt ancient Authors, without quoting the original, or without taking the leaſt notice of the book from whence they were borrowed.

This conduct in writing is placed in a very proper light by the ingenious Abbé Banier, in his preface to his Mythology, a work of great erudition, and of equal judgment. "It will be eaſy," ſays he, "for "the reader to obſerve, that I have frequently had "greater regard to him, than to my own reputation: "for an Author certainly pays him a conſiderable "compliment, when for his ſake he ſuppreſſes learn-"ed quotations that come in his way, and which "would have coſt him but the bare trouble of tran-"ſcribing."

To fill up a work with theſe ſcraps may indeed be conſidered as a downright cheat on the learned world, who are by ſuch means impoſed upon to buy a ſecond time in fragments and by retail what they have already in groſs, if not in their memories, upon their ſhelves; and it is ſtill more cruel upon the illiterate, who are drawn in to pay for what is of no manner of uſe to them. A writer who intermixes great quantity of Greek and Latin with his works, deals by the ladies and fine gentlemen in the ſame paultry manner with which they are treated by the auctioneers, who often endeavour ſo to confound and mix up their lots, that, in order to purchaſe the commodity you want, you are obliged at the ſame time to purchaſe that which will do you no ſervice.

And yet as there is no conduct ſo fair and diſintereſted, but that it may be miſunderſtood by ignorance, and miſrepreſented by malice, I have been ſometimes tempted to preſerve my own reputation, at the expence of my reader, and to tranſcribe the original, or at leaſt to quote chapter and verſe, whenever I have made uſe either of the thought or expreſſion of another. I am indeed in ſome doubt that I have often ſuffered by the contrary method; and that by ſuppreſſing the original Author's name, I have been rather ſuſpected of plagiariſm, than reputed to act from the amiable motive above aſſigned by that juſtly celebrated Frenchman.

Now to obviate all ſuch imputations for the future, I do here confeſs and juſtify the fact. The ancients may be conſidered as a rich common, where every perſon who hath the ſmalleſt tenement in Parnaſſus, hath a free right to fatten his muſe. Or, to place it in a clearer light, we moderns are to the antients what the poor are to the rich. By the poor here I mean, that large and venerable body which, in Engliſh, we call the mob. Now, whoever hath had the honour to be admitted to any degree of intimacy with this mob, muſt well know that it is one of their eſtabliſhed maxims to plunder and pillage their rich neighbours without any reluctance; and that this is held to be neither ſin nor ſhame among them. And ſo conſtantly

conſtantly do they abide and act by this maxim, that in every pariſh almoſt in the kingdom, there is a kind of confederacy ever carrying on againſt a certain perſon of opulence called the 'ſquire, whoſe property is conſidered as free-booty by all his poor neighbours; who, as they conclude that there is no manner of guilt in ſuch depredations, look upon it as a point of honour and moral obligation to conceal and to preſerve each other from puniſhment on all ſuch occaſions.

In like manner are the ancients, ſuch as Homer, Virgil, Horace, Cicero, and the reſt, to be eſteemed among us writers, as ſo many wealthy 'ſquires, from whom we the poor of Parnaſſus, claim an immemorial cuſtom of taking whatever we can come at. This liberty I demand, and this I am as ready to allow again to my poor neighbours in their turn. All I profeſs, and all I require of my brethren, is to maintain the ſame ſtrict honeſty among ourſelves, which the mob ſhew to one another. To ſteal from one another, is indeed highly criminal and indecent; for this may be ſtrictly ſtiled defrauding the poor (ſometimes perhaps thoſe who are poorer than ourſelves) or, to ſee it under the moſt opprobrious colours, robbing the ſpittal.

Since, therefore, upon the ſtricteſt examination, my own conſcience cannot lay any ſuch pitiful theft to my charge, I am contented to plead guilty to the former accuſation; nor ſhall I ever ſcruple to take to myſelf any paſſage which I ſhall find in an ancient author to my purpoſe, without ſetting down the name of the author from whence it was taken. Nay, I abſolutely claim a property in all ſuch ſentiments the moment they are tranſcribed into my writings, and I expect all readers henceforwards to regard them as purely and entirely my own. This claim however I deſire to be allowed me only on condition that I preſerve ſtrict honeſty towards my poor brethren, from whom, if ever I borrow any of that little of which they are poſſeſſed, I ſhall never fail to put their mark upon it, that it may be at all times ready to be reſtored to the right owner.

The omiſſion of this was highly blameable in one Mr. Moore, who having formerly borrowed ſome lines of Pope and company, took the liberty to tranſcribe ſix of them into his play of the Rival Modes. Mr. Pope however very luckily found them in the ſaid play, and laying violent hands on his own property, tranſferred it back again into his own works; and for a further puniſhment, impriſoned the ſaid Moore in the loathſome dungeon of the Dunciad, where his unhappy memory now remains, and eternally will remain, as a proper puniſhment for ſuch his unjuſt dealings in the poetical trade.

CHAP. II.

In which, though the 'ſquire doth not find his daughter, ſomething is found, which puts an end to his purſuit.

THE hiſtory now returns to the inn at Upton, whence we ſhall firſt trace the footſteps of 'ſquire Weſtern; for as he will ſoon arrive at an end of his journey, we ſhall have then full leiſure to attend our hero.

The reader may be pleaſed to remember, that the ſaid 'ſquire departed from the inn in great fury, and in that fury he purſued his daughter. The hoſtler having informed him that ſhe had croſſed the Severn, he likewiſe paſt that river with his equipage, and rode full ſpeed, vowing the utmoſt vengeance againſt poor Sophia, if he ſhould but overtake her.

He had not gone far before he arrived at a croſs way. Here he called a ſhort council of war, in which after hearing different opinions, he at laſt gave the direction of his purſuit to fortune, and ſtruck directly into the Worceſter road.

In this road he proceeded about two miles, when he began to bemoan himſelf moſt bitterly, frequently crying out, 'What pity is it! Sure never was ſo unlucky a dog as myſelf!' and then burſt forth a volley of oaths and execrations.

The parſon attempted to adminiſter comfort to him on this occaſion. 'Sorrow not, Sir,' ſays he, 'like thoſe

'thoſe without hope. Howbeit we have not yet been 'able to overtake young madam, we may account 'it ſome good fortune, that we have hitherto traced 'her courſe aright. Peradventure ſhe will ſoon be 'fatigated with her journey, and will tarry in ſome 'inn, in order to renovate her corporeal functions; 'and in that caſe in all moral certainty, you will ve-'ry briefly be *compos voti*.'

'Pogh! D—n the ſlut,' anſwered the 'ſquire, 'I 'am lamenting the loſs of ſo fine a morning for hunt-'ing. It is confounded hard to loſe one of the beſt 'ſcenting days in all appearance, which hath been this 'ſeaſon, and eſpecially after ſo long a froſt.'

Whether fortune, who now and then ſhews ſome compaſſion in her wantoneſt tricks, might not take pity of the 'ſquire; and as ſhe had determined not to let him overtake his daughter, might not reſolve to make him amends ſome other way, I will not aſſert; but he had hardly uttered the words juſt before commemorated, and two or three oaths at their heels, when a pack of hounds began to open their melodious throats at a ſmall diſtance from them, which the 'ſquire's horſe and his rider both perceiving, both immediately pricked up their ears, and the 'ſquire crying, 'She's gone, ſhe's gone! Damn me if ſhe is not gone!' inſtantly clapped ſpurs to the beaſt, who little needed it, having indeed the ſame inclination with his maſter; and now the whole company croſſing into a corn-field, rode directly towards the hounds, with much hallowing and hooping, while the poor parſon, bleſſing himſelf, brought up the rear.

Thus fable reports that the fair Grimalkin, whom Venus, at the deſire of a paſſionate lover, converted from a cat into a fine woman, no ſooner perceived a mouſe, than mindful of her former ſport, and ſtill retaining her priſtine nature, ſhe leapt from the bed of her huſband to purſue the little animal.

What are we to underſtand by this? Not that the bride was diſpleaſed with the embraces of her amorous bridegroom: for though ſome have remarked that cats are ſubject to ingratitude; yet women and cats too will be pleaſed and purr on certain occaſions. The

truth is, as the ſagacious Sir Roger L'Eſtrange obſerves, in his deep reflections, that, 'if we ſhut nature out at the door, ſhe will come in at the window; and that puſs, though a madam, will be a mouſer ſtill.' In the ſame manner we are not to arraign the ſquire of any want of love for his daughter; for in reality he had a great deal: we are only to conſider, that he was a ſquire and a ſportſman, and then we may apply the fable to him, and the judicious reflections likewiſe.

The hounds ran very hard, as it is called, and the ſquire purſued over hedge and ditch with all his uſual vociferation and alacrity, and with all his uſual pleaſure; nor did the thoughts of Sophia ever once intrude themſelves to allay the ſatisfaction he enjoyed in the chace, which he ſaid was one of the fineſt he ever ſaw, and which he ſwore was very well worth going fifty miles for. As the ſquire forgot his daughter, the ſervants, we may eaſily believe, forgot their miſtreſs: and the parſon, after having expreſſed much aſtoniſhment in Latin to himſelf, at length likewiſe abandoned all farther thoughts of the young lady, and, jogging on at a diſtance behind, began to meditate a portion of doctrine for the enſuing Sunday.

The ſquire who owned the hounds was highly pleaſed with the arrival of his brother ſquire and ſportſman; for all men approve merit in their own way, and no man was more expert in the field than Mr. Weſtern, nor did any other better know how to encourage the dogs with his voice, and to animate the hunt with his holla.

Sportſmen, in the warmth of a chace, are too much engaged to attend to any manner of ceremony; nay, even to the offices of humanity: for if any of them meet with an accident by tumbling into a ditch, or into a river the reſt paſs on regardleſs, and generally leave him to his fate; during this time, therefore, the two ſquires, though often cloſe to each other, interchanged not a ſingle word. The maſter of the hunt, however, often ſaw and approved the great judgment of the ſtranger in drawing the dogs when they were at a fault, and hence conceived a very high opinion

opinion of his underſtanding, as the number of his attendants inſpired no ſmall reverence to his quality. As ſoon therefore as the ſport was ended by the death of the little animal which had occaſioned it, the two ſquires met, and, in all ſquire-like greeting, ſaluted each other.

The converſation was entertaining enough, and what we may perhaps relate in an appendix, or on ſome other occaſion; but, as it nowiſe concerns this hiſtory, we cannot prevail on ourſelves to give it a place here. It concluded with a ſecond chace, and that with an invitation to dinner. This, being accepted, was followed by a hearty bout of drinking, which ended in as hearty a nap on the part of ſquire Weſtern.

Our ſquire was by no means a match either for his hoſt, or for parſon Supple, at his cups that evening: for which the violent fatigue of mind as well as body, that he had undergone, may very well account, without the leaſt derogation from his honour. He was indeed according to the vulgar phraſe, whiſtled-drunk; for, before he had ſwallowed the third bottle, he became ſo entirely overpowered, that, though he was not carried off to bed till long after, the parſon conſidered him as abſent, and, having acquainted the other ſquire with all relating to Sophia, he obtained his promiſe of ſeconding thoſe arguments, which he intended to urge the next morning for Mr. Weſtern's return.

No ſooner therefore had the good ſquire ſhaken off his evening, and began to call for his morning draught, and to ſummon his horſes in order to renew his purſuit than Mr. Supple began his diſſuaſives, which the hoſt ſo ſtrongly ſeconded, that they at length prevailed, and Mr. Weſtern agreed to return home, being principally moved by one argument, *viz.* that he knew not which way to go, and might probably be riding farther from his daughter inſtead of towards her. He then took leave of his brother ſportſman, and, expreſſing great joy that the froſt was broken, (which might perhaps be no ſmall motive to his haſtening home), ſet forward, or rather backwards, for Somerſet-

Somerſet-ſhire; but not before he had firſt diſpatched part of his retinue in queſt of his daughter, after whom he likewiſe ſent a volley of the moſt bitter execrations which he could invent.

CHAP. III.

The departure of Jones from Upton, with what paſſ between him and Partridge on the road.

AT length we are once more come to our hero; and, to ſay truth, we have been obliged to part with him ſo long, that, conſidering the condition in which we left him, I apprehend many of our readers have concluded we intended to abandon him for ever; he being at preſent in that ſituation in which prudent people uſually deſiſt from enquiring any farther after their friends, leaſt they ſhould be ſhocked by hearing ſuch friends had hanged themſelves.

But, in reality, if we have not all the virtues, I will boldly ſay, neither have we all the vices of a prudent character; and, though it is not eaſy to conceive circumſtances much more miſerable than thoſe of poor Jones at preſent, we ſhall return to him, and attend upon him with the ſame diligence, as if he was wantoning in the brighteſt beams of fortune.

Mr. Jones then, and his companion Partridge, left the inn a few minutes after the departure of ſquire Weſtern, and purſued the ſame road on foot; for the hoſtler told them, that no horſes were by any means to be at that time procured at Upton. On they marched with heavy hearts; for though their diſquiet proceeded from very different reaſons, yet diſpleaſed they were both; and, if Jones ſighed bitterly, Partridge grunted altogether as ſadly at every ſtep.

When they came to the croſs-roads where the ſquire had ſtopt to take counſel, Jones ſtopt likewiſe, and, turning to Partridge, aſked his opinion which track they ſhould purſue. 'Ah, Sir,' anſwered Partridge, 'I wiſh your honour would follow my advice.' 'Why 'ſhould I not?' replied Jones, 'for it is now indif-'ferent to me whither I go, or what becomes of me?'

'My

'My advice then,' ſaid Partridge, 'is, that you im-
'mediately face about and return home: for who,
'that hath ſuch a home to return to as your honour,
'would travel thus about the country like a vaga-
'bond? I aſk pardon, *ſed vox ea ſola reperta eſt.*'

'Alas!' cries Jones, 'I have no home to return
'to;—but, if my friend, my father would receive
'me, could I bear the country from which Sophia is
'flown—Cruel Sophia! Cruel! No. Let me blame
'myſelf—No, let me blame thee. D—nation ſeize
'thee, fool, blockhead! thou haſt undone me, and
'I will tear thy ſoul from thy body.'——At which words he laid violent hands on the collar of poor Partridge, and ſhook him more heartily than an ague-fit, or his own fears had ever done before.

Partridge fell trembling on his knees, and begged for mercy, vowing he had meant no harm—when Jones, after ſtaring wildly on him for a moment, quitted his hold, and diſcharged a rage on himſelf, that, had it fallen on the other, would certainly have put an end to his being, which indeed the very apprehenſion of it had almoſt effected.

We would beſtow ſome pains here in minutely deſcribing all the mad pranks which Jones played on this occaſion, could we be well aſſured that the reader would take the ſame pains in peruſing them; but as we are apprehenſive that, after all the labour which we ſhould employ in painting this ſcene, the ſaid reader would be very apt to ſkip it entirely over, we have ſaved ourſelves that trouble. To ſay the truth, we have, from this reaſon alone, often done great violence to the luxuriance of our genius, and have left many excellent deſcriptions out of our work, which would otherwiſe have been in it. And this ſuſpicion, to be honeſt, ariſes, as is generally the caſe, from our own wicked heart: for we have, ourſelves, been very often moſt horridly given to jumping, as we have run through the pages of voluminous hiſtorians.

Suffice it then ſimply to ſay, that Jones, after having played the part of a madman for many minutes, came by degrees to himſelf; which no ſooner happened, than, turning to Partridge, he very earneſtly

begged

begged his pardon for the attack he had made on him in the violence of his paſſion: but concluded, by deſiring him never to mention his return again; for he was reſolved never to ſee that country any more.

Partridge eaſily forgave, and faithfully promiſed to obey the injunction now laid upon him. And then Jones very briſkly cried out: 'Since it is abſolutely 'impoſſible for me to purſue any farther the ſteps of 'my angel—I will purſue thoſe of glory. Come on, 'my brave lad, now for the army:—It is a glorious 'cauſe, and I would willingly ſacrifice my life in it, 'even though it was worth my preſerving.' And, ſo ſaying, he immediately ſtruck into the different road from that which the ſquire had taken, and, by mere chance, purſued the very ſame through which Sophia had before paſſed.

Our travellers now marched a full mile, without ſpeaking a ſyllable to each other, though Jones indeed muttered many things to himſelf. As to Partridge, he was profoundly ſilent: for he was not perhaps perfectly recovered from his former fright; beſides, he had apprehenſions of provoking his friend to a ſecond fit of wrath; eſpecially as he now began to entertain a conceit, which may not perhaps create any great wonder in the reader. In ſhort, he began now to ſuſpect, that Jones was abſolutely out of his ſenſes.

At length Jones, being weary of ſoliloquy, addreſſed himſelf to his companion, and blamed him for his taciturnity: for which the poor man very honeſtly accounted, from his fear of giving offence. And now, this fear being pretty well removed by the moſt abſolute promiſes of indemnity, Partridge again took the bridle from his tongue; which perhaps rejoiced no leſs at regaining its liberty, than a young colt, when the bridle is ſlipt from his neck, and he is turned looſe into the paſtures.

As Partridge was inhibited from that topic which would at firſt have ſuggeſted itſelf, he fell upon that which was next uppermoſt in his mind, namely, the Man of the Hill. 'Certainly, Sir,' ſays he, 'that 'could

'could never be a man, who dreſſes himſelf, and 'lives after ſuch a ſtrange manner, and ſo unlike 'other folks. Beſides, his diet, as the old woman 'told me, is chiefly upon herbs, which is a fitter food 'for a horſe than a Chriſtian: nay, landlord at Upton 'ſays, that the neighbours thereabouts have very fear-'ful notions about him. It runs ſtrangely in my head, 'that it muſt have been ſome ſpirit who perhaps 'might be ſent to forewarn us: and who knows, but 'all that matter which he told us, of his going to 'fight, and of his being taken priſoner, and of the 'great danger he was in of being hanged, might be 'intended as a warning to us, conſidering what we 'are going about: beſides, I dreamt of nothing all 'laſt night, but of fighting; and methought the 'blood ran out of my noſe, as liquor out of a tap. In-'deed, Sir, *infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem.*'

'Thy ſtory, Partridge,' anſwered Jones, 'is almoſt 'as ill applied as thy Latin. Nothing can be more 'likely to happen than death to men who go into bat-'tle. Perhaps we ſhall both fall in it,—and what 'then?' 'What then!' replied Partridge: 'Why 'then there is an end of us, is there not? when I am 'gone, all is over with me. What matters the cauſe 'to me, or who gets the victory, if I am killed? I 'ſhall never enjoy any advantage from it. What are 'all the ringing of bells, and bonfires, to one that is 'ſix foot under ground? there will be an end of poor 'Partridge.' 'And an end of poor Partridge,' cries Jones, 'there muſt be one time or other. If you love 'Latin, I will repeat you ſome fine lines out of Ho-'race, which would inſpire courage into a coward.

Dulce et decorum eſt pro patria mori.
Mors & fugacem perſequitur virum
Nec parcit imbellis juventæ
Poplitibus, timidoque tergo.

'I wiſh you would conſtrue them,' cries Partridge; 'for Horace is a hard author, and I cannot under-'ſtand as you repeat them.'

'I will repeat you a bad imitation, or rather para-

'phraſe

'phraſe of my own,' ſaid Jones; 'for I am but an 'indifferent poet.

'Who would not die in his dear country's cauſe?
'Since, if baſe fear his daſtard ſtep withdraws,
'From death he cannot fly:—One common grave
'Receives, at laſt, the coward and the brave.'

'That's very certain,' cries Partridge. 'Ay, ſure, '*Mors omnibus communis*: but there is a great difference 'between dying in one's bed a great many years 'hence, like a good Chriſtian, with all our friends 'crying about us, and being ſhot to-day or to-mor-'row, like a mad-dog; or perhaps hacked in twenty 'pieces with a ſword. and that too before we have 'repented of all our ſins. O Lord, have mercy upon 'us! to be ſure, the ſoldiers are a wicked kind of 'people. I never loved to have any thing to do with 'them. I could hardly bring myſelf ever to look up-'on them as Chriſtians. There is nothing but curſing 'and ſwearing among them. I wiſh your honour 'would repent: I heartily wiſh you would repent, be-'fore it is too late, and not think of going among 'them.—Evil communication corrupts good man-'ners. That is my principal reaſon. For, as for that 'matter, I am no more afraid than another man, not 'I, as to matter of that. I know all human fleſh muſt 'die; but yet a man may live many years for all that. 'Why I am a middle aged man now, and yet I may 'live a great number of years. I have read of ſeveral 'who have lived to be above a hundred, and ſome 'a great deal above a hundred. Not that I hope, I 'mean that I promiſe myſelf, to live to any ſuch age 'as that neither.—But, if it be only to eighty or 'ninety, Heaven be praiſed, that is a great ways off 'yet; and I am not afraid of dying then, no more 'than another man: but ſurely, to tempt death be-'fore a man's time is come, ſeems to me downright 'wickedneſs and preſumption. Beſides, if it was to 'do any good indeed; but let the cauſe be what it 'will, what mighty matter of good can two people 'do? and, for my part, I underſtand nothing of it.

'I never fired off a gun above ten times in my life; 'and then it was not charged with bullets. And for 'the ſword, I never learned to fence, and know no- 'thing of the matter. And then there are thoſe can- 'nons, which certainly it muſt be thought the higheſt 'preſumption to go in the way of: and nobody but 'a madman—I aſk pardon; upon my ſoul, I meant 'no harm; I beg I may not throw your honour into 'another paſſion.'

'Be under no apprehenſion, Partridge,' cries Jones; 'I am now ſo well convinced of thy cowardice, that 'thou couldſt not provoke me on any account.' 'Your honour,' anſwered he, 'may call me a coward, 'or any thing elſe you pleaſe. If loving to ſleep in 'a whole ſkin makes a man a coward, *non immunes 'ab illis malis ſumus*. I never read in my grammar, 'that a man can't be a good man without fighting. '*Vir bonus eſt quis? Qui conſulta patrum, qui leges 'juraque ſervat*. Not a word of fighting; and I am 'ſure the ſcripture is ſo much againſt it, that a man 'ſhall never perſuade me he is a good Chriſtian, 'while he ſheds chriſtian blood.'

CHAP. IV.

The adventure of a beggar-man.

JUST as Partridge had uttered that good and pious doctrine, with which the laſt chapter concluded, they arrived at another croſs-way, when a lame fellow in rags aſked them for alms; upon which Partridge gave him a ſevere rebuke, ſaying, 'Every pariſh 'ought to keep their own poor.' Jones then fell a-laughing, and aſked Partridge, 'if he was not a- 'ſhamed, with ſo much charity in his mouth, to 'have no charity in his heart. Your religion,' ſays he, 'ſerves you only for an excuſe for your faults, 'but is no incentive to your virtue. Can any man, 'who is really a Chriſtian, abſtain from relieving one 'of his brethren in ſuch a miſerable condition?' And at the ſame time, putting his hand in his pocket, he gave the poor object a ſhilling.

'Maſter,' cries the fellow, after thanking him, 'I 'have a curious thing here in my pocket, which I 'found about two miles off, if your worſhip will pleaſe 'to buy it. I ſhould not venture to pull it out to e-'very one; but, as you are ſo good a gentleman, 'and ſo kind to the poor, you won't ſuſpect a man 'of being a thief only becauſe he is poor.' He then pulled out a little gilt pocket-book, and delivered it into the hand of Jones.

Jones preſently opened it, and (gueſs, reader, what he felt), ſaw in the firſt page the words *Sophia Weſtern*, written by her own fair hand. He no ſooner read the name than he preſt it cloſe to his lips: nor could he avoid falling into ſome very frantic raptures, notwithſtanding his company; but perhaps theſe very raptures made him forget he was not alone.

While Jones was kiſſing and mumbling the book, as if he had an excellent brown buttered cruſt in his mouth, or as if he had really been a bookworm, or an author, who had nothing to eat but his own works, a piece of paper fell from its leaves to the ground, which Partridge took up, and delivered to Jones, who preſently perceived it to be a bank-bill. It was indeed the very bill which Weſtern had given his daughter the night before her departure; and a Jew would have jumped to purchaſe it at five ſhillings leſs than 100 l.

The eyes of Partridge ſparkled at this news, which Jones now proclaimed aloud, and ſo did (though with ſomewhat a different aſpect), thoſe of the poor fellow who had found the book; and who (I hope from a principle of honeſty), had never opened it; but we ſhould not deal honeſtly by the reader, if we omitted to inform him of a circumſtance, which may be here a little material, *viz.* that the fellow could not read.

Jones, who had felt nothing but pure joy and tranſport from the finding the book, was affected with a mixture of concern at this new diſcovery; for his imagination inſtantly ſuggeſted to him, that the owner of the bill might poſſibly want it, before he ſhould be able to convey it to her. He then acquainted the finder,

finder, that he knew the lady to whom the book belonged, and would endeavour to find her out as ſoon as poſſible, and return it to her.

The pocket-book was a late preſent from Mrs. Weſtern to her niece: it had coſt five and twenty ſhillings, having been bought of a celebrated toyman; but the real value of the ſilver, which it contained in its claſp, was about 18 d. and that price the ſaid toyman, as it was altogether as good as when it firſt iſſued from his ſhop, would now have given for it. A prudent perſon would, however, have taken proper advantage of the ignorance of this fellow, and would not have offered more than a ſhilling, or perhaps ſixpence for it; nay, ſome perhaps would have given nothing, and left the fellow to his action of trover, which ſome learned ſerjeants may doubt whether he could, under theſe circumſtances, have maintained.

Jones, on the contrary, whoſe character was on the outſide of generoſity, and may perhaps not very unjuſtly have been ſuſpected of extravagance, without any heſitation, gave a guinea in exchange for the book. The poor man, who had not for a long time before been poſſeſſed of ſo much treaſure, gave Mr. Jones a thouſand thanks, and diſcovered little leſs of tranſport in his muſcles, than Jones had before ſhewn, when he had firſt read the name of Sophia Weſtern.

The fellow very readily agreed to attend our travellers to the place where he had found the pocket-book. Together, therefore, they proceeded directly thither, but not ſo faſt as Mr. Jones deſired; for his guide unfortunately happened to be lame, and could not poſſibly travel faſter than a mile an hour. As this place, therefore, was at about three miles diſtance, though the fellow had ſaid otherwiſe, the reader need not be acquainted how long they were in walking it.

Jones opened the book a hundred times during their walk, kiſſed it as often, talked much to himſelf, and very little to his companions. At all which the guide expreſt ſome ſigns of aſtoniſhment to Partridge, who more than once ſhook his head, and cry'd, 'Poor gen-'tleman! *orandum eſt ut ſit mens ſana in corpore ſano.*'

At length they arrived at the very ſpot where Sophia unhappily dropt the pocket-book, and where the fellow had as happily found it. Here Jones offered to take leave of his guide, and to improve his pace; but the fellow, in whom that violent ſurprize and joy, which the firſt receipt of the guinea had occaſioned, was now conſiderably abated, and who had now had ſufficient time to recollect himſelf, put on a diſcontented look, and, ſcratching his head, ſaid, 'He 'hoped his worſhip would give him ſomething more. 'Your worſhip,' ſaid he, 'will, I hope, take it into 'your conſideration, that if I had not been honeſt I 'might have kept the whole.' And indeed this the reader muſt confeſs to have been true. 'If the paper 'there,' ſaid he, 'be worth 100 l. I am ſure the find-'ing it deſerves more than a guinea. Beſides, ſup-'poſe your worſhip ſhould never ſee the lady, nor give 'it her—and though your worſhip looks and talks 'very much like a gentleman, yet I have only your 'worſhip's bare word: and certainly, if the right 'owner ben't to be found, it all belongs to the firſt 'finder. I hope your worſhip will conſider of all theſe 'matters. I am but a poor man, and therefore don't 'deſire to have all; but it is but reaſonable I ſhould 'have my ſhare. Your worſhip looks like a good 'man, and, I hope, will conſider my honeſty; for I 'might have kept every farthing, and nobody ever 'the wiſer.' 'I promiſe thee, upon my honour,' cries Jones, 'that I know the right owner, and will 'reſtore it to her.' 'Nay, your worſhip,' anſwered the fellow, 'may do as you pleaſe as to that: if you 'will but give me my ſhare, that is, one half of the 'money, your honour may keep the reſt yourſelf if 'you pleaſe;' and concluded with ſwearing by a very vehement oath, 'that he would never mention a ſyl-'lable of it to any man living.'

'Lookee, friend,' cries Jones, 'the right owner 'ſhall certainly have again all that ſhe loſt; and, as 'for any further gratuity, I really cannot give it you 'at preſent, but let me know your name, and where 'you live, and it is more than poſſible, you may here-'after

'after have further reaſon to rejoice at this morning's 'adventure.'

'I don't know what you mean by venture,' cries the fellow; 'it ſeems, I muſt venture whether you will 'return the lady her money or no: but I hope your 'worſhip will conſider'—'Come, come,' ſaid Partridge, 'tell his honour your name, and where you 'may be found; I warrant you will never repent hav-'ing put the money into his hands.' The fellow, ſeeing no hopes of recovering the poſſeſſion of the pocket-book, at laſt complied in giving in his name and 'place of abode, which Jones writ upon a piece of paper with the pencil of Sophia; and then, placing the paper in the ſame page where ſhe had writ her name, he cried out, 'There, friend, you are the 'happieſt man alive; I have joined your name to 'that of an angel.' 'I don't know any thing about 'angels,' anſwered the fellow; 'but I wiſh you 'would give me a little more money, or elſe return 'me the pocket-book.' Partridge now waxed wroth: he called the poor cripple by ſeveral vile and opprobrious name, and was abſolutely proceeding to beat him, but Jones would not ſuffer any ſuch thing: and now, telling the fellow he would certainly find ſome opportunity of ſerving him, Mr. Jones departed as faſt as his heels would carry him; and Partridge, into whom the thoughts of the hundred pound had infuſed new ſpirits, followed his leader; while the man, who was obliged to ſtay behind, fell to curſing them both, as well as his parents; 'for had they,' ſays he, 'ſent me to charity-ſchool to learn to write and read 'and caſt account, I ſhould have known the value of 'theſe matters as well as other people.'

CHAP. V.

Containing more adventures which Mr. Jones and his companion met on the road.

OUR travellers now walked ſo faſt, that they had very little time or breath for converſation; Jones meditating all the way on Sophia, and Partridge on the bank-bill, which, though it gave him ſome pleaſure, cauſed him at the ſame time to repine at fortune, which,

in all his walks, had never given him ſuch an opportunity of ſhewing his honeſty. They had proceeded above three miles, when Partridge, being unable any longer to keep up with Jones, called to him, and begged him a little to ſlacken his pace; with this he was the more ready to comply, as he had for ſome time loſt the footſteps of the horſes, which the thaw had enabled him to trace for ſeveral miles, and he was now upon a wide common where were ſeveral roads.

He here therefore ſtopt to conſider which of theſe roads he ſhould purſue, when on a ſudden they heard the noiſe of a drum that ſeemed at no great diſtance. This ſound preſently alarmed the fears of Partridge, and he cried out, 'Lord have mercy upon us all; they 'are certainly a-coming!' 'Who is coming?' cries Jones: for fear had long ſince given place to ſofter ideas in his mind; and, ſince his adventure with the lame man, he had been totally intent on purſuing Sophia, without entertaining one thought of an enemy. Who!' cries Partridge, 'why the rebels: but why ſhould I 'call them rebels? they may be very honeſt gentlemen, 'for any thing I know to the contrary. The devil take 'him that affronts them, I ſay. I am ſure, if they have 'nothing to ſay to me, I will have nothing to ſay to 'them but in a civil way. For Heaven's ſake, Sir, 'don't affront them if they ſhould come, and perhaps 'they may do us no harm; but would it not be the 'wiſer way to creep into ſome of yonder buſhes till they 'are gone by? What can two unarmed men do per-'haps againſt fifty thouſand? Certainly nobody but 'a madman: I hope your honour is not offended; 'but certainly no man who hath *mens ſana in corpore* '*ſano*' Here Jones interrupted this torrent of eloquence, which fear had inſpired, ſaying, 'That by the 'drum he perceived they were near ſome town.' He then made directly towards the place whence the noiſe proceeded, bidding Partridge 'take courage, for that 'he would lead him into no danger;' and adding, 'it 'was impoſſible the rebels ſhould be ſo near.'

Partridge was a little comforted with this laſt aſſurance; and, though he would more gladly have gone the contrary way, he followed his leader, his heart beating

beating time, but not after the manner of heroes, to the muſic of the drum, which ceaſed not till they had traverſed the common, and were come into a narrow lane.

And now Partridge, who kept even pace with Jones, diſcovered ſomething painted flying in the air, a very few yards before him; which fancying to be the colours of the enemy, he fell a bellowing, 'O lord, Sir, here 'they are; there is the crown and coffin. Oh lord! 'I never ſaw any thing ſo terrible; and we are with-'in gun ſhot of them already.'

Jones no ſooner looked up than he plainly perceived what it was which Partridge had thus miſtaken. 'Per-'tridge,' ſays he, 'I fancy you will be able to engage 'this whole army yourſelf; for by the colours I gueſs 'what the drum was which we heard before, and 'which beats up for recruits to a puppet-ſhow.'

'A puppet-ſhow,' anſwered Partridge, with moſt eager tranſport. 'And is it really no more than that? 'I love a puppet-ſhow of all the paſtimes upon earth. 'Do, good Sir, let us tarry and ſee it. Beſides I am 'quite famiſhed to death; for it is now almoſt dark, 'and I have not eat a morſel ſince three o'clock in 'the morning.'

They now arrived at an inn, or indeed an alehouſe where Jones was prevailed upon to ſtop, the rather as he had no longer any aſſurance of being in the road he deſired. They walked both directly into the kitchen, where Jones began to inquire if no ladies had paſſed that way in the morning, and Partridge as eagerly examined into the ſtate of their proviſions; and indeed his enquiry met with the better ſucceſs; for Jones could not hear news of Sophia; but Partridge, to his great ſatisfaction, found good reaſon to expect very ſhortly the agreeable ſight of an excellent ſmoking diſh of eggs and bacon.

In ſtrong and healthy conſtitutions love hath a very different effect from what it cauſes in the puny part of the ſpecies. In the latter it generally deſtroys all that appetite which tends towards the conſervation of the individual: but in the former, though it often induces forgetfulneſs, and a neglect of food, as well as of every thing

thing elſe; yet place a good piece of well-powdered buttock before a hungry lover, and he ſeldom fails very handſomely to play his part. Thus it happened in the preſent caſe; for though Jones perhaps wanted a prompter, and might have travelled much farther, had he been alone, with an empty ſtomach; yet no ſooner did he ſit down to the bacon and eggs, than he fell to as heartily and voraciouſly as Partridge himſelf.

Before our travellers had finiſhed their dinner, night came on, and as the moon was now paſt the full, it was extremely dark. Partridge therefore prevailed on Jones to ſtay and ſee the puppet-ſhow, which was juſt going to begin, and to which they were very eagerly invited by the maſter of the ſaid ſhow, who declared that his figures were the fineſt which the world had ever produced, and that they had given great ſatisfaction to all the quality in every town in England.

The puppet-ſhow was performed with great regularity and decency. It was called the fine and ſerious part of the Provoked Huſband; and it was indeed a very grave and ſolemn entertainment, without any low wit or humour, or jeſts; or, to do it no more than juſtice, without any thing which could provoke a laugh. The audience were all highly pleaſed. A grave matron told the maſter ſhe would bring her two daughters the next night, as he did not ſhew any ſtuff; and an attorney's clerk and an exciſeman both declared, that the characters of lord and lady Townley were well preſerved, and highly in nature. Partridge likewiſe concurred with this opinion.

The maſter was ſo highly elated with theſe encomiums, that he could not refrain from adding ſome more of his own. He ſaid, 'The preſent age was not im-'proved in any thing ſo much as in their puppet ſhows; 'which by throwing out Punch and his wife Joan, 'and ſuch idle trumpery, were at laſt brought to be 'a rational entertainment. I remember,' ſaid he, 'when 'I firſt took to the buſineſs, there was a great deal of 'low ſtuff that did very well to make folks laugh: but 'was never calculated to improve the morals of young 'people; which certainly ought to be principally aim-'ed at in every puppet-ſhow: for why may not good

'and

'and inſtructive leſſons be conveyed this way, as well 'as any other? My figures are as big as the life, and 'they repreſent the life in every particular; and I 'queſtion not but people riſe from my little drama 'as much improved as they do from the great.' 'I 'would by no means degrade the ingenuity of your 'profeſſion,' anſwered Jones, 'but I ſhould have been 'glad to have ſeen my old acquaintance maſter Punch 'for all that; and ſo far from improving, I think, 'by leaving out him and his merry wife Joan, you 'have ſpoiled your puppet-ſhow.'

The dancer of wires conceived an immediate and high contempt for Jones, from theſe words: and, with much diſdain in his countenance he replied, 'Very probably, Sir, that may be your opinion; but 'I have the ſatisfaction to know the beſt judges differ 'from you, and it is impoſſible to pleaſe every taſte. 'I confeſs, indeed, ſome of the quality at Bath, two 'or three years ago, wanted mightily to bring Punch 'again upon the ſtage. I believe I loſt ſome money 'for not agreeing to it; but, let others do as they 'will, a little matter ſhall never bribe me to degrade 'my own profeſſion, nor will I ever willingly conſent 'to the ſpoiling the decency and regularity of my 'ſtage, by introducing any ſuch low ſtuff upon it.'

'Right, friend,' cries the clerk, 'you are very 'right. Always avoid what is low. There are ſeveral 'of my acquaintance in London, who are reſolved 'to drive every thing which is low from the ſtage.' 'Nothing can be more proper,' cries the exciſeman, pulling his pipe from his mouth. 'I remember,' added he, (for then I lived with my lord), 'I was in 'the footman's gallery, the night when this play of 'the Provoked Huſband was acted firſt. There was 'a great deal of low ſtuff in it about a country gen-'tleman come up to town to ſtand for parliament-'man; and there they brought a parcel of his ſer-'vants upon the ſtage, his coachman I remember 'particularly; but the gentlemen in our gallery 'could not bear any thing ſo low, and they damned 'it. I obſerve, friend, you have left all that mat-'ter out, and you are to be commended for it.'

'Nay,

'Nay, gentlemen,' cries Jones, 'I can never 'maintain my opinion againſt ſo many; indeed, if the 'generality of his audience diſlike him, the learned 'gentleman, who conducts the ſhow, may have done 'very right in diſmiſſing Punch from his ſervice.'

The maſter of the ſhow then began a ſecond harangue, and ſaid much of the great force of example, and how much the inferior part of mankind would be deterred from vice, by obſerving how odious it was in their ſuperiors; when he was unluckily interrupted by an incident, which, though perhaps we might have omitted it at another time, we cannot help relating at preſent, but not in this chapter.

CHAP. VI.

From which it may be inferred, that the beſt things are liable to be miſunderſtood and miſinterpreted.

A VIOLENT uproar now aroſe in the entry, where my landlady was well cuffing her maid both with her fiſt and tongue. She had indeed miſſed the wench from her employment, and, after a little ſearch, had found her on the puppet-ſhow ſtage in company with the Merry Andrew, and in a ſituation not very proper to be deſcribed.

Though Grace (for that was her name), had forfeited all title to modeſty, yet had ſhe not impudence enough to deny a fact in which ſhe was actually ſurpriſed; ſhe therefore took another turn, and attempted to mitigate the offence. 'Why do you beat me in 'this manner, miſtreſs?' cries the wench. 'If you 'don't like my doings, you may turn me away. If 'I am a w——e,' (for the other had liberally beſtowed that appellation on her), 'my betters are ſo 'as well as I! What was the fine lady in the pup-'pet-ſhow juſt now? I ſuppoſe ſhe did not lie all 'night out from her huſband for nothing.'

The landlady now burſt into the kitchen, and fell foul on both her huſband and the poor puppet-mover. 'Here huſband,' ſays ſhe, 'you ſee the conſequence 'of harbouring theſe people in your houſe. If one 'doth

'doth draw a little drink the more for them, one is 'hardly made amends for the litter they make; and 'then to have one's houſe made a bawdy-houſe of by 'ſuch louſy vermin. In ſhort, I deſire you would be 'gone to-morrow morning; for I will tolerate no more 'ſuch doings. It is only the way to teach our ſervants 'idleneſs and nonſenſe; for to be ſure nothing better 'can be learned by ſuch idle ſhows as theſe. I re-'member when puppet-ſhows were made of good 'ſcripture ſtories, as Jeptha's raſh vow, and ſuch 'good things, and when wicked people were carried 'away by the devil. There was ſome ſenſe in thoſe 'matters; but, as the parſon told us laſt Sunday, no-'body believes in the devil now a-days; and here you 'bring about a parcel of puppets dreſt up like lords 'and ladies, only to turn the heads of poor country-'wenches; and, when their heads are once turned 'topſy-turvy, no wonder every thing elſe is ſo.'

Virgil, I think tells us, that when the mob are aſſembled in a riotous and tumultuous manner, and all ſorts of miſſile weapons fly about, if a man of gravity and authority appears amongſt them, the tumult is preſently appeaſed, and the mob, which, when collected into one body, may be well compared to an aſs, erect their long ears at the grave man's diſcourſe.

On the contrary, when a ſet of grave men and philoſophers are diſputing; when wiſdom herſelf may in a manner be conſidered as preſent, and adminiſtring arguments to the diſputants; ſhould a tumult ariſe among the mob, or ſhould one ſcold, who is herſelf equal in noiſe to a mighty mob, appear among the ſaid philoſophers; their diſputes ceaſe in a moment, wiſdom no longer performs her miniſterial office, and the attention of every one is immediately attracted by the ſcold alone.

Thus the uproar aforeſaid, and the arrival of the landlady, ſilenced the maſter of the puppet-ſhow, and put a ſpeedy and final end to that grave and ſolemn harangue, of which we have given the reader a ſufficient taſte already. Nothing indeed could have happened ſo very inopportune as this accident; the moſt wanton malice of fortune could not have contrived

trived ſuch another ſtratagem to confound the poor fellow, while he was ſo triumphantly deſcanting on the good morals inculcated by his exhibitions. His mouth was now as effectually ſtopt, as that of a quack muſt be, if, in the midſt of a declamation on the great virtues of his pills and powders, the corpſe of one of his martyrs ſhould be brought forth, and depoſited before the ſtage, as a teſtimony of his ſkill.

Inſtead, therefore, of anſwering my landlady, the puppet-ſhow-man ran out to puniſh his merry Andrew; and now the moon beginning to put forth her ſilver light, as the poets call it, (though ſhe looked at that time more like a piece of copper), Jones called for his reckoning, and ordered Partridge, whom my landlady had juſt awaked from a profound nap, to prepare for his journey; but Partridge, having lately carried two points, as my reader hath ſeen before, was emboldened to attempt a third, which was to prevail with Jones to take up a lodging that evening in the houſe where he then was. He introduced this with an affected ſurprize at the intention which Mr Jones declared of removing; and, after urging many excellent arguments againſt it, he at laſt inſiſted ſtrongly, that it could be to no manner of purpoſe whatever; for that, unleſs Jones knew which way the lady was gone, every ſtep he took might very poſſibly lead him the farther from her; 'for you find, Sir,' ſaid he, 'by 'all the people in the houſe, that ſhe is not gone this 'way. How much better, therefore, would it be to 'ſtay till the morning, when we may expect to meet 'with ſomebody to enquire of?'

This laſt argument had indeed ſome effect on Jones; and, while he was weighing it, the landlord threw all the rhetoric of which he was maſter, into the ſame ſcale. 'Sure, Sir,' ſaid he, 'your ſervant gives you 'moſt excellent advice; for who would travel by 'night at this time of the year?' He then began in the uſual ſtile to trumpet forth the excellent accommodation which his houſe afforded; and my landlady likewiſe opened on the occaſion —— But not to detain the reader with what is common to every hoſt and hoſteſs, it is ſufficient to tell him, Jones was at laſt prevailed on

to ſtay and refreſh himſelf with a few hours reſt, which indeed he very much wanted; for he had hardly ſhut his eyes ſince he had left the inn, where the accident of the broken head had happened.

As ſoon as Jones had taken a reſolution to proceed no farther that night, he preſently retired to reſt with his two bed-fellows, the pocket-book and the muff; but Partridge, who at ſeveral times had refreſhed himſelf with ſeveral naps, was more inclined to eating than to ſleeping, and more to drinking than to either.

And now the ſtorm which Grace had raiſed being at an end, and my landlady being again reconciled to the puppet-man, who on his ſide forgave the indecent reflections which the good woman in her paſſion had caſt on his performances, a face of perfect peace and tranquillity reigned in the kitchen; where ſat aſſembled round the fire, the landlord and landlady of the houſe, the maſter of the puppet ſhow, the attorney's clerk, the exciſeman, and the ingenious Mr Partridge; in which company paſt the agreeable converſation which will be found in the next chapter.

CHAP. VII.

Containing a remark or two of our own, and many more of the good company aſſembled in the kitchen.

THOUGH the pride of Partridge did not ſubmit to acknowledge himſelf a ſervant, yet he condeſcended in moſt particulars to imitate the manners of that rank. One inſtance of this was, his greatly magnifying the fortune of his companion, as he called Jones: ſuch is a general cuſtom with all ſervants among ſtrangers, as none of them would willingly be thought the attendant on a beggar: for the higher the ſituation of the maſter is, the higher conſequently is that of the man in his own opinion; the truth of which obſervation appears from the behaviour of all the footmen of the nobility.

But though title and fortune communicate a ſplendor all around them, and the footmen of men of quality and of eſtate think themſelves entitled to a part

of that reſpect which is paid to the quality and eſtates of their maſters; it is clearly otherwiſe with regard to virtue and underſtanding. Theſe advantages are ſtrictly perſonal, and ſwallow themſelves all the reſpect which is paid to them. To ſay the truth, this is ſo very little, that they cannot well afford to let any others partake with them. As theſe therefore reflect no honour on the domeſtic, ſo neither is he at all diſhonoured by the moſt deplorable want of both in his maſter. Indeed it is otherwiſe in the want of what is called *virtue* in a miſtreſs, the conſequence of which we have before ſeen: for in this diſhonour there is a kind of contagion, which, like that of poverty, communicates itſelf to all who approach it.

Now for theſe reaſons we are not to wonder, that ſervants (I mean among the men only), ſhould have ſo great regard for the reputation of the wealth of their maſters, and little or none at all for their character in other points; and that, though they would be aſhamed to be the footman of a beggar, they are not ſo to attend upon a rogue or a blockhead, and do conſequently make no ſcruple to ſpread the fame of the iniquities and follies of their ſaid maſters as far as poſſible, and this often with great humour and merriment. In reality, a footman is often a wit, as well as a beau, at the expence of the gentleman whoſe livery he wears.

After Partridge, therefore, had enlarged greatly on the vaſt fortune to which Mr. Jones was heir, he very freely communicated an apprehenſion which he had begun to conceive the day before, and for which, as we hinted at that very time, the behaviour of Jones ſeemed to have furniſhed a ſufficient foundation. In ſhort, he was now pretty well confirmed in an opinion, that his maſter was out of his wits, with which opinion he very bluntly acquainted the good company round the fire.

With this ſentiment the puppet ſhow man immediately coincided. 'I own,' ſaid he, 'the gentleman 'ſurpriſed me very much, when he talked ſo abſurd-'ly about puppet-ſhows. It is indeed hardly to be 'conceived that any man in his ſenſes ſhould be ſo

'much

'much miſtaken; what you ſay now accounts very 'well for all his monſtrous notions. Poor gentleman! 'I am heartily concerned for him; indeed he hath a 'ſtrange wildneſs about his eyes, which I took notice 'of before, though I did not mention it.'

The landlord agreed with this laſt aſſertion, and likewiſe claimed the ſagacity of having obſerved it. 'And certainly,' added he, 'it muſt be ſo: for no 'one but a madman would have thought of leaving 'ſo good a houſe, to ramble about the country at 'that time of night.'

The exciſeman, pulling his pipe from his mouth, ſaid, 'He thought the gentleman looked and talked 'a little wildly;' and then turning to Partridge, 'If 'he be a madman,' ſays he, 'he ſhould not be ſuf-'fered to travel thus about the country; for poſſibly 'he may do ſome miſchief. It is pity he was not ſe-'cured and ſent home to his relations.'

Now ſome conceits of this kind were likewiſe lurking in the mind of Partridge; for, as he was now perſuaded that Jones had run away from Mr Allworthy, he promiſed himſelf the higheſt rewards, if he could by any means convey him back. But fear of Jones, of whoſe fierceneſs and ſtrength he had ſeen, and indeed felt ſome inſtances, had however repreſented any ſuch ſcheme as impoſſible to be executed, and had diſcouraged him from applying himſelf to form any regular plan for the purpoſe. But no ſooner did he hear the ſentiments of the exciſeman, than he embraced that opportunity of declaring his own, and expreſſed a hearty wiſh that ſuch a matter could be brought about.

'Could be brought about!' ſays the exciſeman; 'why there is nothing eaſier.'

'Ah! Sir,' anſwered Partridge, 'you don't know 'what a devil of a fellow he is. He can take me up 'with one hand, and throw me out at a window; 'and he would too, if he did but imagine ——

'Pogh!' ſays the exciſeman, 'I believe I am as 'good a man as he. Beſides, here are five of us.'

'I don't know what five," cries the landlady, 'my 'huſband ſhall have nothing to do in it. Nor ſhall

'any violent hands be laid upon any body in my 'houſe. The young gentleman is as pretty a young 'gentleman as ever I ſaw in my life, and I believe he 'is no more mad than any of us What do you tell 'of his having a wild look with his eyes? they are 'the prettieſt eyes I ever ſaw, and he hath the pret-'tieſt look with them; and a very modeſt civil young 'man he is. I am ſure I have bepitied him heartily 'ever ſince the gentleman there in the corner told us 'he was croſt in love. Certainly that is enough to 'make any man, eſpecially ſuch a ſweet young gen-'tleman as he is, to look a little otherwiſe than he 'did before. Lady, indeed! what the devil would 'the lady have better than ſuch a handſome man 'with a great eſtate? I ſuppoſe ſhe is one of your 'quality folks, one of your townly ladies that we ſaw 'laſt night in the puppet-ſhow, who don't know 'what they would be at.'

The attorney's clerk likewiſe declared he would have no concern in the buſineſs, without the advice of council. 'Suppoſe,' ſays he, 'an action of falſe 'impriſonment ſhould be brought againſt us, what 'defence could we make? Who knows what may be 'ſufficient evidence of madneſs to a jury? But I only 'ſpeak upon my own account; for it don't look well 'for a lawyer to be concerned in theſe matters, un-'leſs it be as a lawyer. Juries are always leſs favour-'able to us than to other people. I don't therefore 'diſſuade you, Mr. Thomſon, (to the exciſeman), 'nor the gentleman, nor any body elſe.'

The exciſeman ſhook his head at this ſpeech, and the puppet ſhow-man ſaid, 'madneſs was ſometimes 'a difficult matter for a jury to decide: For I re-'member,' ſays he, 'I was once preſent at a trial 'of madneſs, where twenty witneſſes ſwore that the 'perſon was as mad as a March hare; and twenty 'others, that he was as much in his ſenſes as any 'man in England—And indeed it was the opinion of 'moſt people, that it was only a trick of his rela-'tions to rob the poor man of his right.'

'Very likely!' cries the landlady, 'I myſelf knew 'a poor gentleman who was kept in a mad houſe all 'his

'his life by his family, and they enjoyed his eſtate, 'but it did them no good; for, though the law gave 'it them, it was the right of another.'

'Pogh!' cries the clerk with great contempt, 'who hath any right but what the law gives them? 'If the law gave me the beſt eſtate in the country, 'I ſhould never trouble myſelf much who had the 'right.'

'If it be ſo,' ſays Partridge, '*Felix quem faciunt* '*aliena pericula cautum.*'

My landlord, who had been called out by the arrival of a horſeman at the gate, now returned into the kitchen, and with an affrighted countenance cried out, 'What do you think, gentlemen? The 'rebels have given the duke the ſlip, and are got al-'moſt to London—It is certainly true, for a man on 'horſeback juſt now told me ſo.'

'I am glad of it with all my heart,' cries Partridge; 'then there will be no fighting in theſe 'parts.'

'I am glad,' cries the clerk, 'for a better reaſon; 'for I would always have right take place.'

'Ay but,' anſwered the landlord, 'I have heard 'ſome people ſay this man hath no right.'

'I will prove the contrary in a moment,' cries the clerk; 'if my father dies ſeized of a right; do you 'mind me, ſeized of a right, I ſay; doth not that 'right deſcend to his ſon? and doth not one right 'deſcend as well as another?'

'But how can he have any right to make us pa-'piſhes?' ſays the landlord.

'Never fear that,' cries Partridge. 'As to the 'matter of right, the gentleman there hath proved 'it as clear as the ſun; and, as to the matter of re-'ligion, it is quite out of the caſe. The papiſts them-'ſelves don't expect any ſuch thing. A popiſh prieſt, 'whom I knew very well, and who is a very honeſt 'man, told me upon his word and honour they had 'no ſuch deſign.'

'And another prieſt of my acquaintance,' ſaid the landlady, 'hath told me the ſame thing—But my 'huſband is always ſo afraid of papiſhes. I know a

'great many papiſhes that are very honeſt ſort of 'people, and ſpend their money very freely; and it 'is always a maxim with me, that one man's money 'is as good as another's.'

'Very true, miſtreſs,' ſaid the puppet ſhow-man 'I don't care what religion comes, provided the 'preſbyterians are not uppermoſt; for they are ene-'mies to puppet ſhows.'

'And ſo you would ſacrifice your religion to your 'intereſt,' cries the exciſeman; 'and are deſirous to 'ſee popery brought in, are you?

'Not I truly,' anſwered the other; 'I hate popery 'as much as any man: but yet it is a comfort to one, 'that one ſhould be able to live under it, which 'I could not do among preſbyterians. To be ſure 'every man values his livelihood firſt; that muſt be 'granted; and I warrant, if you would confeſs the 'truth, you are more afraid of loſing your place than 'any thing elſe; but never fear, friend, there will 'be an exciſe under another government as well as 'under this.'

'Why certainly,' replied the exciſeman, 'I ſhould 'be a very ill man, if I did not honour the king, 'whoſe bread I eat. That is no more than natural, 'as a man may ſay: for what ſignifies it to me that 'there would be an exciſe-office under another go-'vernment, ſince my friends would be out, and I 'could expect no better than to follow them? No, 'no, friend, I ſhall never be bubbled out of my reli-'gion, in hopes only of keeping my place under an-'other government; for I ſhould certainly be no 'better and very probably might be worſe.'

'Why that is what I ſay,' cries the landlord, 'whenever folks ſay, who knows what may happen? 'Odzooks, ſhould not I be a blockhead to lend my 'money to I know not who, becauſe mayhap he may 'return it again? I am ſure it is ſafe in my own bu-'reau, and there I will keep it.'

The attorney's clerk had taken a great fancy to the ſagacity of Partridge. Whether this proceeded from the great diſcernment which the former had into men, as well as things, or whether it aroſe from the ſympathy

ſympathy between their minds; for they were both truly Jacobites in principle; they now ſhook hands heartily, and drank bumpers of ſtrong beer to healths which we think proper to bury in oblivion.

Theſe healths were afterwards pledged by all preſent, and even by my landlord himſelf, though reluctantly; but he could not withſtand the menaces of the clerk, who ſwore he would never ſet his foot within his houſe again, if he refuſed. The bumpers which were ſwallowed on this occaſion ſoon put an end to the converſation. Here, therefore, we will put an end to the chapter.

CHAP. VIII.

In which fortune ſeems to have been in a better humour with Jones *than we have hitherto ſeen her.*

AS there is no wholeſomer, ſo perhaps there are few ſtronger ſleeping potions than fatigue. Of this Jones might be ſaid to have taken a very large doſe, and it operated very forcibly upon him. He had already ſlept nine hours, and might perhaps have ſlept longer, had he not been awakened by a moſt violent noiſe at his chamber-door, where the ſound of many heavy blows was accompanied with many exclamations of murder. Jones preſently leapt from his bed, where he found the maſter of the puppet-ſhow belabouring the back and ribs of his poor merry Andrew, without either mercy or moderation.

Jones inſtantly interpoſed on behalf of the ſuffering party, and pinned the inſulting conqueror up to the wall; for the puppet ſhow-man was no more able to contend with Jones, than the poor party coloured jeſter had been to contend with this puppet-man.

But, though the merry Andrew was a little fellow, and not very ſtrong, he had nevertheleſs ſome choler about him. He therefore no ſooner found himſelf delivered from the enemy than he began to attack him with the only weapon at which he was his equal. From this he firſt diſcharged a volley of general abuſive words, and thence proceeded to ſome particular accuſa-

accuſations —' D—n your bl—d, you raſcal,' ſays he, 'I have not only ſupported you, (for to me you 'owe all the money you get), but I have ſaved you 'from the gallows. Did you not want to rob the 'lady of her fine riding habit, no longer ago than 'yeſterday, in the back lane here? Can you deny 'that you wiſhed to have her alone in a wood to 'ſtrip her, to ſtrip one of the prettieſt ladies that ever 'was ſeen in the world? and here you have fallen 'upon me, and have almoſt murdered me for doing 'no harm to a girl as willing as myſelf, only be-'cauſe ſhe likes me better than you.'

Jones no ſooner heard this, than he quitted the maſter, laying on him at the ſame time the moſt violent injunctions of forbearance from any further inſult on the merry Andrew; and, then taking the poor wretch with him into his own apartment, he ſoon learnt tidings of his Sophia, whom the fellow, as he was attending his maſter with his drum the day before, had ſeen paſs by. He eaſily prevailed with the lad to ſhew him the exact place, and then, having ſummoned Partridge, he departed with the utmoſt expedition.

It was almoſt eight of the clock before all matters could be got ready for his departure; for Partridge was not in any haſte, nor could the reckoning be preſently adjuſted; and, when both theſe were ſettled and over, Jones would not quit the place, before he had perfectly reconciled all differences between the maſter and the man.

When this was happily accompliſhed, he ſet forwards, and was by the truſty merry Andrew conducted to the ſpot by which Sophia had paſt; and then, having handſomely rewarded his conductor, he again puſhed on with the utmoſt eagerneſs, being highly delighted with the extraordinary manner in which he received his intelligence. Of this Partridge was no ſooner acquainted, than he with great earneſtneſs began to propheſy, and aſſured Jones, that he would certainly have good ſucceſs in the end; for he ſaid, 'two ſuch accidents could never have happened 'to direct him after his miſtreſs, if Providence had not 'deſigned to bring them together at laſt.' And this

was

was the firſt time that Jones lent any attention to the ſuperſtitious doctrines of his companion.

They had not gone above two miles, when a violent ſtorm of rain overtook them; and, as they happened to be at the ſame time in ſight of an alehouſe, Partridge with much earneſt entreaty prevailed with Jones to enter and weather the ſtorm. Hunger is an enemy, (if indeed it may be called one), which partakes more of the Engliſh than of the French diſpoſition; for, though you ſubdue this never ſo often, it will always rally again in time; and ſo it did with Partridge, who was no ſooner arrived within the kitchen, than he began to aſk the ſame queſtions which he had aſked the night before. The conſequence of this was an excellent cold chine being produced upon the table, upon which not only Partridge, but Jones himſelf, made a very hearty breakfaſt, though the latter began to grow again uneaſy, as the people of the houſe could give him no freſh information concerning Sophia.

Their meal being over, Jones was again preparing to ſally, notwithſtanding the violence of the ſtorm ſtill continued; but Partridge begged heartily for another mug; and, at laſt caſting his eyes on a lad at the fire, who had entered into the kitchen, and who at that inſtant was looking as earneſtly at him, he turned ſuddenly to Jones, and cried, 'Maſter, give 'me your hand; a ſingle mug ſhan't ſerve the turn 'this bout. Why here's more news of madam So'phia come to town. The boy there ſtanding by the 'fire is the very lad that rode before her. I can 'ſwear to my own plaiſter on his face.' 'Heavens 'bleſs you, Sir,' cries the boy; 'it is your own plaiſter 'ſure enough; I ſhall have always reaſon to remem'ber your goodneſs; for it hath almoſt cured me.'

At theſe words Jones ſtarted from his chair, and, bidding the boy follow him, immediately departed from the kitchen into a private apartment; for ſo delicate was he with regard to Sophia, that he never willingly mentioned her name in the preſence of many people; and though he had as it were, from the overflowings of his heart, given Sophia as a toaſt among

among the officers, where he thought it was impoſſible ſhe ſhould be known; yet even there the reader may remember how difficultly he was prevailed upon to mention her ſirname.

Hard therefore was it, and perhaps, in the opinion of many ſagacious readers, very abſurd and monſtrous, that he ſhould principally owe his preſent misfortune to the ſuppoſed want of that delicacy with which he ſo abounded; for, in reality, Sophia was much more offended at the freedoms which ſhe thought (and not without good reaſon) he had taken with her name and character, than at any freedoms, in which, under his preſent circumſtances, he had indulged himſelf with the perſon of another woman; and, to ſay truth, I believe Honour could never have prevailed on her to leave Upton without her ſeeing Jones, had it not been for thoſe two ſtrong inſtances of a levity in his behaviour, ſo void of reſpect, and indeed ſo highly inconſiſtent with any degree of love and tenderneſs in great and delicate minds.

But ſo matters fell out, and ſo I muſt relate them; and, if any reader is ſhocked at their appearing unnatural, I cannot help it. I muſt remind ſuch perſons, that I am not writing a ſyſtem, but a hiſtory, and I am not obliged to reconcile every matter to the received notions concerning truth and nature. But, if this was never ſo eaſy to do, perhaps it might be more prudent in me to avoid it. For inſtance, as the fact at preſent before us now ſtands, without any comment of mine upon it, though it may at firſt ſight offend ſome readers, yet, upon more mature conſideration, it muſt pleaſe all; for wiſe and good men may conſider what happened to Jones at Upton, as a juſt puniſhment for his wickedneſs with regard to women, of which it was indeed the immediate conſequence; and filly and bad perſons may comfort themſelves in their vices, by flattering their own hearts, that the characters of men are rather owing to accident than to virtue. Now perhaps the reflections, which we ſhould be here inclined to draw, would alike contradict both theſe concluſions, and would ſhew, that theſe incidents contribute only to confirm the great,

uſeful,

uſeful, and uncommon doctrine, which it is the purpoſe of this whole work to inculcate. and which we muſt not fill up our pages by frequently repeating. as an ordinary parſon fills his ſermon by repeating his text at the end of every paragraph.

We are contented that it muſt appear, however unhappily Sophia had erred in her opinion of Jones, ſhe had ſufficient reaſon for her opinion: ſince. I believe, every other young lady would, in her ſituation, have erred in the ſame manner. Nay, had ſhe followed her lover at this very time, and had entered this very alehouſe the moment he was departed from it, ſhe would have found the landlord as well acquainted with her name and perſon, as the wench at Upton had appeared to be: For, while Jones was examining his boy in whiſpers in an inner room, Partridge, who had no ſuch delicacy in his diſpoſition, was in the kitchen very openly catechiſing the other guide who had attended Mrs. Fitzpatrick; by which means the landlord, whoſe ears were open on all ſuch occaſions, became perfectly well acquainted with the tumble of Sophia from her horſe, &c. with the miſtake concerning Jenny Cameron, with the many conſequences of the punch, and, in ſhort, with almoſt every thing which had happened at the inn, whence we diſpatched our ladies in a coach and ſix, when we laſt took our leaves of them.

CHAP. IX.

Containing little more than a few odd obſervations.

JONES had been abſent a full half hour, when he returned into the kitchen in a hurry, deſiring the landlord to let him know that inſtant what was to pay. And now the concern, which Partridge felt at being obliged to quit the warm chimney corner and a cup of excellent liquor, was ſomewhat compenſated by hearing, that he was to proceed no farther on foot: for Jones, by golden arguments, had prevailed with the boy to attend him back to the inn whither he had before conducted Sophia; but to this however the lad conſented,

conſented, upon condition that the other guide would wait for him at the alehouſe; becauſe, as the landlord at Upton was an intimate acquaintance of the landlord at Glouceſter, it might ſome time or other come to the ears of the latter, that his horſes had been let to more than one perſon; and ſo the boy might be brought to account for money, which he wiſely intended to put in his own pocket.

We were obliged to mention this circumſtance, trifling as it may ſeem, ſince it retarded Mr. Jones a conſiderable time in his ſetting out; for the honeſty of this latter boy was ſomewhat high—that is, ſomewhat high priced, and would indeed have coſt Jones very dear, had not Partridge, who, as we have ſaid, was a very cunning fellow, artfully thrown in half a crown to be ſpent at that very alehouſe, while the boy was waiting for his companion. This half-crown the landlord no ſooner got ſcent of, than he opened after it with ſuch vehement and perſuaſive outcry, that the boy was ſoon overcome, and conſented to take half a crown more for his ſtay. Here we cannot help obſerving, that, as there is ſo much of policy in the loweſt life, great men often over-value themſelves on thoſe refinements in impoſture, in which they are frequently excelled by ſome of the loweſt of the human ſpecies.

The horſes being now produced, Jones directly leapt into the ſide-ſaddle, on which his dear Sophia had rid. The lad indeed very civilly offered him the uſe of his; but he choſe the ſide-ſaddle, probably becauſe it was ſofter. Partridge however, though full as effeminate as Jones, could not bear the thought of degrading his manhood; he therefore accepted the boy's offer; and now Jones, being mounted on the ſide-ſaddle of his Sophia, the boy on that of Mrs. Honour, and Partridge beſtriding the third horſe, they ſet forwards on their journey, and within four hours arrived at the inn where the reader hath already ſpent ſo much time. Partridge was in very high ſpirits during the whole way, and often mentioned to Jones the many good omens of his future ſucceſs, which had lately befriended him; and which the reader, without being the

leaſt ſuperſtitious, muſt allow to have been peculiarly fortunate. Partridge was moreover better pleaſed with the preſent purſuit of his companion, than he had been with his purſuit of glory; and from theſe very omens, which aſſured the pedagogue of ſucceſs, he likewiſe firſt acquired a clear idea of the amour between Jones and Sophia; to which he had before given very little attention, as he had originally taken a wrong ſcent concerning the reaſons of Jones's departure; and as to what happened at Upton, he was too much frightened juſt before and after his leaving that place, to draw any other concluſions from thence, than that poor Jones was a downright madman: a conceit which was not at all diſagreeable to the opinion he before had of his extraordinary wildneſs, of which he thought his behaviour on their quitting Glouceſter ſo well juſtified all the accounts he had formerly received. He was now however pretty well ſatisfied with his preſent expedition, and henceforth began to conceive much worthier ſentiments of his friend's underſtanding.

The clock had juſt ſtruck three when they arrived, and Jones immediately beſpoke poſt-horſes; but unluckily there was not a horſe to be procured in the whole place; which the reader will not wonder at, when he conſiders the hurry in which the whole nation, and eſpecially this part of it, was at this time engaged, when expreſſes were paſſing and repaſſing every hour of the day and night.

Jones endeavoured all he could to prevail with his former guide to eſcorte him to Coventry; but he was inexorable. While he was arguing with the boy in the inn-yard, a perſon came up to him, and ſaluting him by his name, enquired how all the good family did in Somerſetſhire; and now Jones, caſting his eyes upon this perſon, preſently diſcovered him to be Mr. Dowling the lawyer, with whom he had dined at Glouceſter, and with much courteſy returned his ſalutation.

Dowling very earneſtly preſſed Mr. Jones to go no further that night; and backed his ſolicitations with many unanſwerable arguments, ſuch as that it was almoſt dark, that the roads were very dirty, and that he would be able to travel much better by day-light, with

many others equally good, ſome of which Jones had probably ſuggeſted to himſelf before; but as they were then ineffectual, ſo they were ſtill; and he continued reſolute in his deſign, even though he ſhould be obliged to ſet out on foot.

When the good attorney found he could not prevail on Jones to ſtay, he as ſtrenuouſly applied himſelf to perſuade the guide to accompany him. He urged many motives to induce him to undertake this ſhort journey, and at laſt concluded with ſaying, 'Do you think the gentleman won't very well reward 'you for your trouble?'

'Two to one are odds at every other thing, as well as at foot-ball. But the advantage which this united force hath in perſuaſion or entreaty, muſt have been viſible to a curious obſerver; for he muſt have often ſeen, that when a father, a maſter, a wife, or any other perſon in authority, have ſtoutly adhered to a denial againſt all the reaſons which a ſingle man could produce, they have afterwards yielded to the repetition of the ſame ſentiments by a ſecond or third perſon, who hath undertaken the cauſe, without attempting to advance any thing new in its behalf. And hence perhaps proceeds the phraſe of ſeconding an argument or a motion, and the great conſequence this is of in all aſſemblies of public debate. Hence likewiſe probably it is, that in our courts of law we often hear a learned gentleman (generally a ſerjeant) repeating for an hour together what another learned gentleman who ſpoke juſt before him, had been ſaying.

Inſtead of accounting for this, we ſhall proceed in our uſual manner to exemplify it in the conduct of the lad above-mentioned, who ſubmitted to the perſuaſions of Mr. Dowling, and promiſed once more to admit Jones into his ſide-ſaddle; but inſiſted on firſt giving the poor creatures a good bait, ſaying they had travelled a great way, and been rid very hard. Indeed this caution of the boy was needleſs; for Jones, notwithſtanding his hurry and impatience, would have ordered this of himſelf; for he by no means agreed with the opinion of thoſe who conſider animals as mere machines, and when they bury their ſpurs in the belly of their

their horſe, imagine the ſpur and the horſe to have an equal capacity of feeling pain.

While the beaſts were eating their corn, or rather were ſuppoſed to eat it; (for, as the boy was taking care of himſelf in the kitchen, the hoſtler took great care that his corn ſhould not be conſumed in the ſtable), Mr. Jones, at the earneſt deſire of Mr. Dowling, accompanied that gentleman into his room, where they ſat down together over a bottle of wine.

CHAP. X.

In which Mr. Jones and Mr. Dowling drink a bottle together.

MR. Dowling, pouring out a glaſs of wine, named the health of the good ſquire Allworthy, adding, 'If you pleaſe, Sir, we will likewiſe remember 'his nephew and heir, the young ſquire; come, Sir, 'here's Mr. Bliſil to you, a very pretty young gen'tleman; and who, I dare ſwear, will hereafter make 'a very conſiderable figure in his country. I have 'a borough for him myſelf in my eye.'

'Sir,' anſwered Jones, 'I am convinced you don't 'intend to affront me, ſo I ſhall not reſent it; but, I 'promiſe you, you have joined two perſons very im'properly together; for one is the glory of the hu'man ſpecies, and the other is a raſcal, who diſho'nours the name of man.'

Dowling ſtared at this. He ſaid, 'He thought both 'the gentlemen had a very unexceptionable charac'ter. As for ſquire Allworthy himſelf,' ſays he, 'I 'never had the happineſs to ſee him; but all the 'world talks of his goodneſs. And, indeed, as to 'the young gentleman, I never ſaw him but once, 'when I carried him the news of the loſs of his mo'ther; and then I was ſo hurried, and drove and tore 'with the multiplicity of buſineſs, that I had hard'ly time to converſe with him; but he looked ſo like 'a very honeſt gentleman, and behaved himſelf ſo 'prettily, that I proteſt I never was more delighted 'with any gentleman ſince I was born.'

'I don't wonder,' anſwered Jones, 'that he ſhould 'impoſe upon you in ſo ſhort an acquaintance; for 'he hath the cunning of the devil himſelf, and you 'may live with him many years, without diſcovering 'him. I was bred up with him from my infancy, and 'we were hardly ever aſunder; but it is very lately 'only, that I have diſcovered half the villainy which 'is in him. I own I never greatly liked him. I 'thought he wanted that generoſity of ſpirit, which 'is the ſure foundation of all that is great and noble 'in human nature. I ſaw a ſelfiſhneſs in him long 'ago, which I deſpiſed; but it is lately, very lately, 'that I have found him capable of the baſeſt and 'blackeſt deſigns; for, indeed, I have at laſt found 'out, that he hath taken an advantage of the open-'neſs of my own temper, and hath concerted the 'deepeſt project, by a long train of wicked artifice, 'to work my ruin, which at laſt he hath effected.'

'Ay! Ay!' cries Dowling, 'I proteſt then, it is 'a pity ſuch a perſon ſhould inherit the great eſtate 'of your uncle Allworthy.'

'Alas, Sir,' cries Jones, 'you do me an honour 'to which I have no title. It is true, indeed, his 'goodneſs once allowed me the liberty of calling him 'by a much nearer name; but, as this was only a vo-'luntary act of goodneſs, I can complain of no in-'juſtice, when he thinks proper to deprive me of this 'honour, ſince the loſs cannot be more unmerited 'than the gift originally was. I aſſure you, Sir, I 'am no relation of Mr. Allworthy; and if the world, 'who are incapable of ſetting a true value on his 'virtue, ſhould think, in his behaviour by me, he 'hath dealt hardly by a relation, they do an injuſ-'tice to the beſt of men: for I—but I aſk your par-'don; I ſhall trouble you with no particulars rela-'ting to myſelf; only, as you ſeemed to think me a 'relation of Mr. Allworthy, I thought proper to ſet 'you right in a matter that might draw ſome cen-'ſures upon him, which I promiſe you I would ra-'ther loſe my life, than give occaſion to.'

'I proteſt, Sir,' cried Dowling, 'you talk very 'much like a man of honour; but, inſtead of giving

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'me any trouble, I proteſt it would give me great 'pleaſure to know how you came to be thought a 'relation of Mr. Allworthy's, if you are not. Your 'horſes won't be ready this half hour, and, as you 'have ſufficient opportunity, I wiſh you would tell 'me how all that happened; for I proteſt, it ſeems 'very ſurpriſing that you ſhould paſs for a relation 'of a gentleman, without being ſo.'

Jones, who in the compliance of his diſpoſition (tho' not in his prudence), a little reſembled his lovely Sophia, was eaſily prevailed on to ſatisfy Mr Dowling's curioſity, by relating the hiſtory of his birth and education, which he did, like Othello,

——Even from his boyiſh years,
To th' very moment he was bad to tell;

the which to hear, Dowling, like Deſdemona, did ſeriouſly incline;

He ſwore 'twas ſtrange, 'twas paſſing ſtrange;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful.

Mr. Dowling was indeed very greatly affected with this relation; for he had not diveſted himſelf of humanity by being an attorney. Indeed nothing is more unjuſt than to carry our prejudices againſt a profeſſion into private life, and to borrow our idea of a man from our opinion of his calling. Habit, it is true, leſſens the horror of thoſe actions which the profeſſion makes neceſſary, and conſequently habitual; but, in all other inſtances, nature works in men of all profeſſions alike, nay perhaps even more ſtrongly with thoſe who give her, as it were, a holiday, when they are following their ordinary buſineſs. A butcher, I make no doubt, would feel compunction at the ſlaughter of a fine horſe; and, though a ſurgeon can conceive no pain in cutting off a limb, I have known him compaſſionate a man in a fit of the gout. The common hang-man, who hath ſtretched the necks of hundreds, is known to have trembled at his firſt operation on a head: and the very profeſſors of human

blood-ſhedding, who in their trade of war butcher thouſands, not only of their fellow-profeſſors, but often of women and children, without remorſe; even theſe, I ſay, in times of peace, when drums and trumpets are laid aſide, often lay aſide all their ferocity, and become very gentle members of civil ſociety. In the ſame manner an attorney may feel all the miſeries and diſtreſſes of his fellow-creatures, provided he happens not to be concerned againſt them.

Jones, as the reader knows, was yet unacquainted with the very black colours in which he had been repreſented to Mr. Allworthy; and, as to other matters, he did not ſhew them in the moſt diſadvantageous light; for, though he was unwilling to caſt any blame on his former friend and patron, yet he was not very deſirous of heaping too much upon himſelf. Dowling therefore obſerved, and not without reaſon, that very ill offices muſt have been done him by ſomebody: 'For certainly,' cries he, 'the ſquire would 'never have diſinherited you only for a few faults, 'which any young gentleman might have committed. Indeed, I cannot ſay properly diſinherited; 'for to be ſure, by law you cannot claim as heir. 'That's certain; that nobody need go to counſel 'for Yet, when a gentleman had in a manner a'dopted you thus as his own ſon, you might reaſon'ably have expected ſome very conſiderable part, if 'not the whole; nay, if you had expected the whole, 'I ſhould not have blamed you; for certainly all 'men are for getting as much as they can, and they 'are not to be blamed on that account.'

'Indeed you wrong me,' ſaid Jones, 'I ſhould 'have been contented with very little I never had 'any view upon Mr. Allworthy's fortune; nay, I be'lieve, I may truly ſay, I never once conſidered 'what he could or might give me This I ſolemnly 'declare, if he had done a prejudice to his nephew 'in my favour, I would have undone it again I had 'rather enjoy my own mind than the fortune of ano'ther man. What is the poor pride ariſing from a 'magnificent houſe, a numerous equipage, a ſplendid 'table, and from all the other advantages or appear-

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'ances of fortune, compared to the warm, ſolid con-
'tent, the ſwelling ſatisfaction, the thrilling tranſports,
'and the exulting triumphs, which a good mind en-
'joys in the contemplation of a generous, virtuous,
'noble, benevolent action? I envy not Blifil in the
'proſpect of his wealth; nor ſhall I envy him in the
'poſſeſſion of it. I would not think myſelf a raſcal
'half an hour, to exchange ſituations. I believe, in-
'deed, Mr. Blifil ſuſpected me of the views you men-
'tion; and I ſuppoſe theſe ſuſpicions, as they aroſe
'from the baſeneſs of his own heart, ſo they occaſioned
'his baſeneſs to me But, I thank heaven, I know,
'I feel,——I feel my innocence, my friend; and
'I would not part with that feeling for the world.
'—— For as long as I know I have never done, nor
'even deſigned an injury to any being whatever,

Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor æſtiva recreatur aura,
Quod latus mundi nebulæ, maluſque
Jupiter urget.

Pone, ſub curru nimium propinqui
Solis in terra dominibus negata;
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem *.

He then filled a bumper of wine, and drank it off to the health of his dear Lalage; and, filling Dowling's glaſs likewiſe up to the brim, inſiſted on his pledging him. 'Why then here's Miſs Lalage's health, with 'all my heart,' cries Dowling. 'I have heard her

* Place me where never ſummer breeze
Unbinds the glebe, or warms the trees;
Where ever lowering clouds appear,
And angry Jove deforms th' inclement year.

Place me beneath the burning ray,
Where rolls the rapid car of day;
Love and the nymph ſhall charm my toils,
The nymph who ſweetly ſpeaks, and ſweetly ſmiles.
Mr. FRANCIS.

'toaſted

'toaſted often, I proteſt, though I never ſaw her; but 'they ſay ſhe's extremely handſome.'

Though the Latin was not the only part of this ſpeech which Dowling did not perfectly underſtand; yet there was ſomewhat in it, that made a very ſtrong impreſſion upon him. And though he endeavoured by winking, nodding, ſneering, and grinning, to hide the impreſſion from Jones, (for we are as often aſhamed of thinking right as of thinking wrong), it is certain he ſecretly approved as much of his ſentiments as he underſtood, and really felt a very ſtrong impulſe of compaſſion for him. But we may poſſibly take ſome other opportunity of commenting upon this, eſpecially if we ſhould happen to meet Mr. Dowling any more in the courſe of our hiſtory. At preſent we are obliged to take our leave of that gentleman a little abruptly, in imitation of Mr. Jones, who was no ſooner informed by Partridge that his horſes were ready, than he depoſited his reckoning, wiſhed his companion a good night, mounted, and ſet forward towards Coventry, though the night was dark, and it juſt then began to rain very hard.

CHAP. XI.

The diſaſters which befel Jones on his departure for Coventry; with the ſage remarks of Partridge.

NO road can be plainer than that from the place where they now were to Coventry; and, tho' neither Jones nor Partridge, nor the guide, had ever travelled it before, it would have been almoſt impoſſible to have miſſed their way, had it not been for the two reaſons mentioned in the concluſion of the laſt chapter.

Theſe two circumſtances, however, happening both unfortunately to intervene, our travellers deviated into a much leſs frequented track; and, after riding full ſix miles, inſtead of arriving at the ſtately ſpires of Coventry, they found themſelves ſtill in a very dirty lane, where they ſaw no ſymptoms of approaching the ſuburbs of a large city.

Jones

Jones now declared that they muſt certainly have loſt their way; but this the guide inſiſted upon was impoſſible; a word which, in common converſation, is often uſed to ſignify not only improbable, but often what is really very likely, and ſometimes what hath certainly happened: an hyperbolical violence, like that which is ſo frequently offered to the words *infinite* and *eternal*; by the former of which it is uſual to expreſs a diſtance of half a yard, and by the latter, a duration of five minutes. And thus it is as uſual to aſſert the impoſſibility of loſing what is already actually loſt. This was, in fact, the caſe at preſent; for, notwithſtanding all the confident aſſertions of the lad to the contrary, it is certain they were no more in the right road to Coventry, than the fraudulent, griping, cruel, canting miſer is in the right road to heaven.

It is not perhaps eaſy for a reader, who hath never been in thoſe circumſtances, to imagine the horror with which darkneſs, rain, and wind, fill perſons who have loſt their way in the night; and who, conſequently, have not the pleaſant proſpect of warm fires, dry cloaths, and other refreſhments, to ſupport their minds in ſtruggling with the inclemencies of the weather. A very imperfect idea of this horror will, however, ſerve ſufficiently to account for the conceits, which now filled the head of Partridge, and which we ſhall preſently be obliged to open.

Jones grew more and more poſitive that they were out of their road; and the boy himſelf at laſt acknowledged, he believed they were not in the right road to Coventry; though he affirmed, at the ſame time, it was impoſſible they ſhould have miſt the way. But Partridge was of a different opinion. He ſaid, 'When they firſt ſet out, he imagined ſome miſchief 'or other would happen.—— Did you not obſerve, 'Sir,' ſaid he to Jones, 'that old woman who ſtood 'at the door juſt as you was taking horſe? I wiſh you 'had given her a ſmall matter with all my heart; for 'ſhe ſaid then you might repent it; and at that very 'inſtant it began to rain, and the wind hath conti-'nued riſing ever ſince. Whatever ſome people may 'think, I am very certain it is in the power of 'witches

'witches to raiſe the wind whenever they pleaſe. I 'have ſeen it happen very often in my time; and, if 'ever I ſaw a witch in all my life, that old woman 'was certainly one. I thought ſo to myſelf at that 'very time; and, if I had had any halfpence in my 'pocket, I would have given her ſome: for to be 'ſure it is always good to be charitable to thoſe ſort 'of people, for fear what may happen; and many a 'perſon hath loſt his cattle by ſaving a halfpenny.'

Jones, though he was horridly vexed at the delay which this miſtake was likely to occaſion in his journey, could not help ſmiling at the ſuperſtition of his friend, whom an accident now greatly confirmed in his opinion. This was a tumble from his horſe; by which, however, he received no other injury than what the dirt conferred on his cloaths.

Partridge had no ſooner recovered his legs, than he appealed to his fall, as concluſive evidence of all he had aſſerted; but Jones, finding he was unhurt, anſwered with a ſmile, 'This witch of yours, Par-'tridge, is a moſt ungrateful jade, and doth not, I 'find, diſtinguiſh her friends from others in her re-'ſentment. If the old lady had been angry with me 'for neglecting her, I don't ſee why ſhe ſhould tum-'ble you from your horſe, after all the reſpect you 'have expreſſed for her.

'It is ill jeſting,' cries Partridge, 'with people 'who have power to do theſe things; for they are 'often very malicious. I remember a farrier,' who 'provoked one of them, by aſking her when the time 'ſhe had bargained with the devil for would be out; 'and, within three months from that very day, one of 'his beſt cows was drowned. Nor was ſhe ſatisfied 'with that; for a little time afterwards he loſt a bar-'rel of beſt drink; for the old witch pulled out the 'ſpigot, and let it run all over the cellar, the very 'firſt evening he had tapped it, to make merry with 'ſome of his neighbours. In ſhort, nothing ever 'thrived with him afterwards; for ſhe worried the 'poor man ſo, that he took to drinking; and, in a 'year or two his ſtock was ſeized, and he and his 'family are now come to the pariſh.'

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The guide, and perhaps his horſe too, were both ſo attentive to this diſcourſe, that, either through want of care, or by the malice of the witch, they were now both ſprawling in the dirt.

Partridge entirely imputed this fall, as he had done his own, to the ſame cauſe. He told Mr. Jones, 'it 'would certainly be his turn next;' and earneſtly entreated him, 'to return back, and find out the old 'woman, and pacify her. We ſhall very ſoon,' added he, 'reach the inn; for though we have ſeemed 'to go forward, I am very certain we are in the identical place in which we were an hour ago; and I 'dare ſwear if it was day-light, we might now ſee 'the inn we ſet out from.'

Inſtead of returning any anſwer to this ſage advice, Jones was entirely attentive to what had happened to the boy, who received no other hurt than what had before befallen Partridge, and which his cloaths very eaſily bore, as they had been for many years inured to the like. He ſoon regained his ſide-ſaddle, and by the hearty curſes and blows which he beſtowed on his horſe, quickly ſatisfied Mr. Jones that no harm was done.

CHAP. XII.

Relates that Mr. Jones continued his journey contrary to the advice of Partridge, with what happened on that occaſion.

THEY now diſcovered a light at ſome diſtance, to the great pleaſure of Jones, and to the no ſmall terror of Partridge, who firmly believed himſelf to be bewitched, and that this light was a Jack with a Lantern, or ſomewhat more miſchievous.

But how were theſe fears increaſed, when, as they approached nearer to this light, (or lights as they now appeared) they heard a confuſed ſound of human voices; of ſinging, laughing, and hallowing, together with a ſtrange noiſe that ſeemed to proceed from ſome inſtruments; but could hardly be allowed the name of muſic! indeed, to favour a little the opinion

of

of Partridge, it might very well be called muſic bewitched.

It is impoſſible to conceive a much greater degree of horror than what now ſeized on Partridge; the contagion of which had reached the poſt-boy, who had been very attentive to many things that the other had uttered. He now therefore joined in petitioning Jones to return; ſaying, he firmly believed what Partridge had juſt before ſaid, that though the horſes ſeemed to go on, they had not moved a ſtep forwards during at leaſt the laſt half hour.

Jones could not help ſmiling in the midſt of his vexation, at the fears of theſe poor fellows. 'Either 'we advance,' ſays he, 'towards the lights, or the 'lights have advanced towards us; for we are now at 'a very little diſtance from them; but how can either 'of you be afraid of a ſet of people who appear only 'to be merry-making?'

'Merry-making, Sir!' cries Partridge; 'who 'could be merry-making at this time of night, and 'in ſuch a place, and ſuch weather? They can be 'nothing but ghoſts or witches, or ſome evil ſpirits or 'other, that's certain.'

'Let them be what they will,' cries Jones, 'I am 'reſolved to go up to them, and enquire the way to 'Coventry. All witches, Partridge, are not ſuch ill-'natured hags as that we had the misfortune to meet 'with laſt.'

'O Lord, Sir!' cries Partridge, 'there is no know-'ing what humour they will be in; to be ſure it is 'always beſt to be civil to them; but what if we 'ſhould meet with ſomething worſe than witches, 'with evil ſpirits themſelves?—— Pray, Sir, be ad-'viſed; pray, Sir, do. If you had read ſo many 'terrible accounts as I have of theſe matters, you 'would not be ſo fool-hardy.—The Lord knows whi-'ther we have got already, or whither we are going; 'for ſure ſuch darkneſs was never ſeen upon earth, 'and I queſtion whether it can be darker in the other 'world.'

Jones put forwards as faſt as he could, notwithſtanding all theſe hints and cautions, and poor Partridge

was obliged to follow: for though he hardly dared to advance, he dared ſtill leſs to ſtay behind by himſelf.

At length they arrived at the place whence the lights and different noiſes had iſſued. This Jones perceived to be no other than a barn, where a great number of men and women were aſſembled, and diverting themſelves with much apparent jollity.

Jones no ſooner appeared before the great doors of the barn, which were open, than a maſculine and very rough voice from within, demanded who was there? ——To which Jones gently anſwered, a friend; and immediately aſked the road to Coventry.

'If you are a friend,' cries another of the men in the barn, 'you had better alight till the ſtorm is over;' (for indeed it was now more violent than ever) 'you 'are very welcome to put up your horſe; for there is 'ſufficient room for him at one end of the barn.'

'You are very obliging,' returned Jones; 'and 'I will accept your offer for a few minutes, whilſt 'the rain continues; and here are two more who will 'be glad of the ſame favour.' This was accorded with more good-will than it was accepted: for Partridge would rather have ſubmitted to the utmoſt inclemency of the weather, than have truſted to the clemency of thoſe whom he took for hobgoblins; and the poor poſt-boy was now infected with the ſame apprehenſions; but they were both obliged to follow the example of Jones; the one becauſe he durſt not leave his horſe, and the other becauſe he feared nothing ſo much as being left by himſelf.

Had this hiſtory been writ in the days of ſuperſtition, I ſhould have had too much compaſſion for the reader to have left him ſo long in ſuſpence, whether Beelzebub or Satan was about actually to appear in perſon, with all his helliſh retinue; but as theſe doctrines are at preſent very unfortunate, and have but few, if any believers, I have not been much aware of conveying any ſuch terrors. To ſay truth, the whole furniture of the infernal regions hath long been appropriated by the managers of playhouſes, who ſeem lately to have lain them by as rubbiſh, capable only of affecting the upper gallery; a place in which few of our readers ever ſit.

However, though we do not ſuſpect raiſing any great terror on this occaſion, we have reaſon to fear ſome other apprehenſions may here ariſe in our reader, into which we would not willingly betray him; I mean, that we are going to take a voyage into fairy-land, and to introduce a ſet of beings into our hiſtory, which ſcarce any one was ever childiſh enough to believe, though many have been fooliſh enough to ſpend their time in writing and reading their adventures.

To prevent therefore any ſuch ſuſpicions, ſo prejudicial to the credit of an hiſtorian, who profeſſes to draw his materials from nature only, we ſhall now proceed to acquaint the reader who theſe people were, whoſe ſudden appearance had ſtruck ſuch terrors into Partridge, had more than half frightened the poſt-boy, and had a little ſurprized even Mr. Jones himſelf.

The people then aſſembled in this barn were no other than a company of Egyptians, or as they are vulgarly called Gypſies, and they were now celebrating the wedding of one of their ſociety.

It is impoſſible to conceive a happier ſet of people than appeared here to be met together. The utmoſt mirth indeed ſhewed itſelf in every countenance; nor was their ball totally void of all order and decorum. Perhaps it had more than a country aſſembly is ſometimes conducted with: for theſe people are ſubject to a formal government and laws of their own, and all pay obedience to one great magiſtrate, whom they call their king.

Greater plenty likewiſe was no where to be ſeen, than what flouriſhed in this barn. Here was indeed no nicety nor elegance, nor did the keen appetite of the gueſts require any. Here was good ſtore of bacon, fowls, and mutton, to which every one preſent provided better ſauce himſelf, than the beſt and dareſt French cook can prepare.

Eneas is not deſcribed under more conſternation in the temple of Juno,

Dum ſtupet obtutuque hæret defixus in uno,

than was our hero at what he ſaw in this barn. While he

he was looking every where round him with aſtoniſhment, a venerable perſon approached him with many friendly ſalutations, rather of too hearty a kind to be called courtly. This was no other than the king of the Gypſies himſelf. He was very little diſtinguiſhed in dreſs from his ſubjects, nor had he any regalia of majeſty to ſupport his dignity; and yet there ſeemed (as Mr. Jones ſaid) to be ſomewhat in his air which denoted authority, and inſpired the beholders with an idea of awe and reſpect; though all this was perhaps imaginary in Jones; and the truth may be, that ſuch ideas are incident to power, and almoſt inſeparable from it.

There was ſomewhat in the open countenance and courteous behaviour of Jones, which being accompanied with much comelineſs of perſon, greatly recommended him at firſt ſight to every beholder. Theſe were perhaps a little heightened in the preſent inſtance, by that profound reſpect which he paid to the king of the Gypſies, the moment he was acquainted with his dignity, and which was the ſweeter to his Gypſeian majeſty, as he was not uſed to receive ſuch homage from any but his own ſubjects.

The king ordered a table to be ſpread with the choiceſt of their proviſions for his accommodation; and having placed himſelf at his right hand, his majeſty began to diſcourſe our hero in the following manner:

'Me doubt not, Sir, but you have often ſeen ſome 'of my people, who are what you call de parties de-'tache: for dey go about every where; but me fancy 'you imagine not we be ſo conſidrable body as we be; 'and may be you will be ſurpriſe more, when you 'hear de Gypſey be as orderly and well govern peo-'ple as any upon face of de earth.

'Me have honour, as me ſay, to be deir king, 'and no monarch can do boaſt of more dutiful ſub-'ject, ne no more affectionate. How far me deſerve 'deir good will, me no ſay; but dis me can ſay, dat 'me never deſign any ting but to do dem good. Me 'ſall no do boaſt of dat neider: for what can me do 'oderwiſe dan conſider of de good of doſe poor peo-

'ple who go about all day to give me always the beſt 'of what dey get. Dey love and honour me dare-'fore, becauſe me do love and take care of dem; 'dat is all, me know no oder reaſon.

'About a touſand or two touſand year ago, me 'cannot tell to a year or two, as can neider write 'nor read, dere was a great what you call,—a volu-'tion among de Gypſy; for dere was de lord Gypſy 'in doſe days; and doſe lord did quarrel vid one ano-'der about de place; but de king of de Gypſy did 'demoliſh dem all, and made all his ſubject equal vid 'each oder; and ſince dat time dey have agree very 'well: for dey no tink of being king, and may be it 'be better for dem as dey be; for me aſſure you it 'be ver troubleſome ting to be king, and always to 'do juſtice; me have often wiſh to be de private 'Gypſy when me have been forced to puniſh my 'dear friend and relation; for dough we never put 'to death, our puniſhments be ver ſevere. Dey make 'de Gypſey aſhamed of demſelves, and dat be ver ter-'rible puniſhment; me ave ſcarce ever known de 'Gypſy ſo puniſh do harm any more.'

The king then proceeded to expreſs ſome wonder that there was no ſuch puniſhment as ſhame in other governments. Upon which Jones aſſured him to the contrary: for that there were many crimes for which ſhame was inflicted by the Engliſh laws, and that it was indeed one conſequence of all puniſhment. 'Dat 'be ver ſtrange,' ſaid the king: 'for me know and 'hears good deal of your people, dough me no live 'among dem; and me ave often hear dat ſham is de 'conſequence and de cauſe too of many of your re-'wards. Are your rewards and puniſhments den de 'ſame ting?'

While his Majeſty was thus diſcourſing with Jones, a ſudden uproar aroſe in the barn, and as it ſeems upon this occaſion: the courteſy of theſe people had by degrees removed all the apprehenſions of Partridge, and he was prevailed upon not only to ſtuff himſelf with their food, but to taſte ſome of their liquors, which by degrees entirely expelled all fear from

from his compoſition, and in its ſtead introduced much more agreeable ſenſations.

A young female gypſy, more remarkable for her wit than her beauty, had decoyed the honeſt fellow aſide, pretending to tell his fortune. Now when they were alone together in a remote part of the barn, whether it proceeded from the ſtrong liquor, which is never ſo apt to inflame inordinate deſire as after moderate fatigue; or whether the fair gypſy herſelf threw aſide the delicacy and decency of her ſex, and tempted the youth Partridge with expreſs ſolicitations; but they were diſcovered in a very improper manner by the huſband of the gypſy, who from jealouſy, it ſeems, had kept a watchful eye over his wife, and had dogged her to the place, where he found her in the arms of her gallant.

To the great confuſion of Jones, Partridge was now hurried before the king; who heard the accuſation, and likewiſe the culprit's defence, which was indeed very trifling; for the poor fellow was confounded by the plain evidence which appeared againſt him, and had very little to ſay for himſelf. His Majeſty, then turning towards Jones, ſaid, 'Sir, you 'have hear what dey ſey; what puniſhment do you 'tink your man deſerve?'

Jones anſwered, 'He was ſorry for what had hap-'pened, and that Partridge ſhould make the huſband 'all the amends in his power:' he ſaid, 'he had 'very little money about him at that time;' and, putting his hand into his pocket, offered the fellow a guinea. To which he immediately anſwered, 'He 'hoped his honour would not think of giving him 'leſs than five.'

This ſum, after ſome altercation, was reduced to two; and Jones, having ſtipulated for the full forgiveneſs of both Partridge and the wife, was going to pay the money, when his Majeſty, reſtraining his hand, turned to the witneſs, and aſked him, 'At 'what time he had diſcovered the criminals?' To which he anſwered, 'That he had been deſired by the 'huſband to watch the motions of his wife from her 'firſt ſpeaking to the ſtranger, and that he had never

'loſt ſight of her afterwards till the crime had been 'committed.' The king then aſked, 'If the huſband 'was with him all that time in his lurking place?' To which he anſwered in the affirmative. His Egyptian Majeſty then addreſſed himſelf to the huſband as follows, 'Me be ſorry to ſee any gypſy dat have 'no more honour dan to ſell de honour of his wife 'for money. If you had de love for your wife, you 'would have prevented dis matter, and not endeavour to make her de whore, dat you might diſcover 'her Me do order dat you have no money given 'you; for you deſerve puniſhment, not reward: Me 'do order derefore, dat you be de infamous gypſy, 'and do wear a pair of horns upon your forehead for 'one month, and dat your wife be called *de whore*, 'and pointed at all dat time: for you be de infa'mous gypſy, but ſhe be no leſs de infamous whore.'

The gypſies immediately proceeded to execute the ſentence, and left Jones and Partridge alone with his Majeſty.

Jones greatly applauded the juſtice of the ſentence; upon which the king, turning to him, ſaid, 'Me be'lieve you be ſurprize: for me ſuppoſe you have ver 'bad opinion of my people; me ſuppoſe you tink us 'all de tieves.'

'I muſt confeſs, Sir,' ſaid Jones, 'I have not heard 'ſo favourable an account of them as they ſeem to 'deſerve.'

'Me vil tell you,' ſaid the king, 'how the differ'ence is between you and us A y people rob your 'people, and your people rob one anoder.'

Jones afterwards proceeded very gravely to ſing forth the happineſs of thoſe ſubjects who live under ſuch a magiſtrate.

Indeed their happineſs appears to have been ſo complete, that we are aware leſt ſome advocate for arbitrary power ſhould hereafter quote the caſe of thoſe people, as an inſtance of the great advantages which attend that government above all others.

And here we will make a conceſſion, which would not perhaps have been expected from us, that no limited form of government is capable of riſing to the

the ſame degree of perfection, or of producing the ſame benefits to ſociety with this mankind have never been ſo happy, as when the greateſt part of the then known world was under the dominion of a ſingle maſter; and this ſtate of their felicity continued during the reigns of five ſucceſſive princes *. This was the true æra of the golden age, and the only golden age which ever had any exiſtence, unleſs in the warm imaginations of the poets, from the expulſion from Eden down to this day.

In reality, I know but of one ſolid objection to abſolute monarchy: the only defect, in which excellent conſtitution, ſeems to be the difficulty of finding any man adequate to the office of an abſolute monarch; for this indiſpenſably requires three qualities very difficult, as it appears from hiſtory, to be found in princely natures: *firſt*, a ſufficient quantity of moderation in the prince, to be contented with all the power which is poſſible for him to have; *2dly*, Enough of wiſdom to know his own happineſs; and *3dly*, Goodneſs ſufficient to ſupport the happineſs of others, when not only compatible with, but inſtrumental to his own.

Now, if an abſolute monarch with all theſe great and rare qualifications, ſhould be allowed capable of conferring the greateſt good on ſociety; it muſt be ſurely granted, on the contrary, that abſolute power, veſted in the hands of one who is deficient in them all, is likely to be attended with no leſs a degree of evil.

In ſhort, our own religion furniſhes us with adequate ideas of the bleſſing, as well as curſe, which may attend abſolute power. The pictures of heaven and of hell will place a very lively image of both before our eyes; for though the prince of the latter can have no power, but what he originally derives from the omnipotent ſovereign in the former, yet it plainly appears from ſcripture, that abſolute power in his infernal dominions is granted to their diabolical ruler. This is indeed the only abſolute power,

* Nerva, Trajan, Adrian, and the two Antonini.

which

which can by ſcripture be derived from heaven. If therefore, the ſeveral tyrannies upon earth can prove any title to a divine authority, it muſt be derived from this original grant to the Prince of darkneſs, and theſe ſubordinate deputations muſt conſequently come immediately from him whoſe ſtamp they ſo expreſsly bear.

To conclude, as the examples of all ages ſhew us, that mankind in general deſire power only to do harm, and, when they obtain it, uſe it for no other purpoſe, it is not conſonant with even the leaſt degree of prudence to hazard an alteration, where our hopes are poorly kept in countenance, by only two or three exceptions out of a thouſand inſtances to alarm our fears. In this caſe, it will be much wiſer to ſubmit to a few inconveniencies ariſing from the diſpaſſionate deafneſs of laws, than to remedy them by applying to the paſſionate open ears of a tyrant.

Nor can the example of the gypſies, though poſſibly they may have long been happy under this form of government, be here urged; ſince we muſt remember the very material reſpect in which they differ from all other people, and to which perhaps this their happineſs is entirely owing, namely, that they have no falſe honours among them, and that they look on ſhame as the moſt grievous puniſhment in the world.

CHAP. XIII.

A dialogue between Jones and Partridge.

THE honeſt lovers of liberty will, we doubt not, pardon that long digreſſion into which we were led, at the cloſe of the laſt chapter, to prevent our hiſtory from being applied to the uſe of the moſt pernicious doctrine, which prieſt-craft had ever the wickedneſs or the impudence to preach.

We will now proceed with Mr. Jones, who, when the ſtorm was over, took leave of his Egyptian Majeſty, after many thanks for his courteous behaviour and kind entertainment, and ſet out for Coventry; to which

which place (for it was ſtill dark), a gypſy was ordered to conduct him.

Jones having, by reaſon of his deviation, travelled eleven miles inſtead of ſix, and moſt of thoſe through very execrable roads, where no expedition could have been made in queſt of a midwife, did not arrive at Coventry till near twelve. Nor could he poſſibly get again into the ſaddle till paſt two; for poſt-horſes were now not eaſy to get; nor were the hoſtler or poſt-boy in half ſo great a hurry as himſelf, but choſe rather to imitate the tranquil diſpoſition of Partridge, who, being denied the nouriſhment of ſleep, took all opportunities to ſupply its place with every other kind of nouriſhment, and was never better pleaſed than when he arrived at an inn, nor ever more diſſatisfied than when he was again forced to leave it.

Jones now travelled poſt: we will follow him therefore, according to our cuſtom, and to the rules of Longinus in the ſame manner. From Coventry he arrived at Daventry; from Daventry at Stratford; and from Stratford at Dunſtable, whither he came the next day a little after noon, and within a few hours after Sophia had left it; and, though he was obliged to ſtay here longer than he wiſhed, while a ſmith, with great deliberation, ſhoed the poſt-horſe he was to ride, he doubted not but to overtake his Sophia, before ſhe ſhould ſet out from St. Alban's; at which place he concluded, and very reaſonably, that his lordſhip would ſtop and dine.

And had he been right in this conjecture, he moſt probably would have overtaken his angel at the aforeſaid place; but unluckily my lord had appointed a dinner to be prepared for him at his own houſe in London, and, in order to enable him to reach that place in proper time, he had ordered a relay of horſes to meet him at St. Alban's. When Jones therefore arrived there, he was informed that the coach and ſix had ſet out two hours before.

If freſh poſt-horſes had been now ready, as they were not, it ſeemed ſo apparently impoſſible to overtake the coach before it reached London, that Partridge thought he had now a proper opportunity to remind

remind his friend of a matter which he ſeemed entirely to have forgotten: what this was the reader will gueſs, when we inform him, that Jones had eat nothing more than one poached egg, ſince he had left the alehouſe where he had firſt met the guide returning from Sophia; for, with the gypſies, he had feaſted only his underſtanding.

The landlord ſo entirely agreed with the opinion of Mr Partridge, that he no ſooner heard the latter deſire his friend to ſtay and dine. than he very readily put in his word. and, retracting his promiſe before given of furniſhing the horſes immediately, he aſſured Mr. Jones he would loſe no time in beſpeaking a dinner, which, he ſaid, could be got ready ſooner than it was poſſible to get the horſes up from graſs, and to prepare them for their journey by a feed of corn.

Jones was at length prevailed on chiefly by the latter argument of the landlord; and now a joint of mutton was put down to the fire While this was preparing, Partridge, being admitted into the ſame apartment with his friend or maſter, began to harangue in the following manner.

'Certainly, Sir, if ever man deſerved a young lady, 'you deſerve young Madam Weſtern: for what a vaſt 'quantity of love muſt a man have, to be able to live 'upon it without any other food as you do? I am 'poſitive I have eat thirty times as much within theſe 'laſt twenty-four hours as your honour, and yet I am 'almoſt famiſhed; for nothing makes a man ſo hungry as travelling, eſpecially in this cold raw weather. 'And yet I can't tell how it is, but your honour is 'ſeemingly in perfect good health, and you never 'looked better nor freſher in your life. It muſt be 'certainly love that you live upon.'

'And a very rich diet too, Partridge,' anſwered Jones. 'But did not fortune ſend me an excellent 'dainty yeſterday? Doſt thou imagine I cannot live 'more than twenty-four hours on this dear pocket-'book?'

'Undoubtedly,' cries Partridge, 'there is enough 'in that pocket-book to purchaſe many a good meal. 'Fortune ſent it to your honour very opportunely for

'preſent

'preſent uſe, as your honour's money muſt be almoſt 'out by this time.'

'What do you mean?' anſwered Jones; 'I hope 'you don't imagine that I ſhould be diſhoneſt enough, 'even if it belonged to any other perſon, beſides 'Miſs Weſtern —

'Diſhoneſt!' replied Partridge; 'Heaven forbid I 'ſhould wrong your honour ſo much; but where's 'the diſhoneſty in borrowing a little for preſent ſpend-'ing, ſince you will be ſo well able to pay the lady 'hereafter? No, indeed, I would have your honour 'pay it again, as ſoon as it is convenient, by all 'means; but where can be the harm in making uſe 'of it, now you want it? Indeed, if it belonged to 'a poor body, it would be another thing; but ſo 'great a lady to be ſure can never want it, eſpecially 'now as ſhe is along with a lord, who, it can't be 'doubted. will let her have whatever ſhe hath need 'of. Beſides, if ſhe ſhould want a little, ſhe cannot 'want the whole, therefore I would give her a little; 'but I would be hanged before I mentioned the hav-'ing found it at firſt, and before I got ſome money 'of my own; for London, I have heard, is the very 'worſt of places to be in without money. Indeed, 'if I had not known to whom it belonged, I might 'have thought it was the devil's money, and have 'been afraid to uſe it; but, as you know otherwiſe, 'and came honeſtly by it, it would be an affront to 'fortune to part with it all again. at the very time 'when you want it moſt; you can hardly expect ſhe 'ſhould ever do you ſuch another good turn; for '*fortuna nunquam perpetuo eſt bona*. You will do as 'you pleaſe, notwithſtanding all I ſay; but, for my 'part, I would be hanged before I mentioned a word 'of the matter.'

'By what I can ſee, Partridge,' cries Jones, 'hang-'ing is a matter *non longe alienum à ſcævolæ ſtudiis*.' 'You ſhould ſay *alienus*,' ſays Partridge; 'I remem-'ber the paſſage; it is an example under *Communis, 'alienus, immunis, variis caſibus ſerviunt*.' 'If you 'do remember it,' cries Jones, 'I find you don't 'underſtand it; but I tell thee, friend, in plain En-'gliſh,

'gliſh, that he, who finds another's property, and 'wilfully detains it from the known owner, deſerves, '*in foro conſcientiæ*, to be hanged no leſs than if he 'had ſtolen it. And as for this very identical bill, 'which is the property of my angel, and was once 'in her dear poſſeſſion, I will not deliver it into any 'hands but her own, upon any conſideration what-'ever; no, though I was hungry as thou art, and 'had no other means to ſatisfy my craving appetite; 'this I hope to do before I ſleep; but, if it ſhould 'happen otherwiſe, I charge thee, if thou wouldſt 'not incur my diſpleaſure for ever, not to ſhock me 'any more by the bare mention of ſuch deteſtable 'baſeneſs.'

'I ſhould not have mentioned it now,' cries Partridge, 'if it had appeared ſo to me: for I'm ſure 'I ſcorn any wickedneſs as much as another: but 'perhaps you know better; and yet I might have 'imagined that I ſhould not have lived ſo many 'years, and have taught ſchool ſo long, without 'being able to diſtinguiſh between *fas & neſas*: but 'it ſeems, we are all to live and learn. I remember 'my old ſchoolmaſter, who was a prodigious great 'ſcholar, uſed often to ſay, *Polly matete cry town is 'my daſkalon*; the Engliſh of which he told us was, 'That a child may ſometimes teach his grand-mo-'ther to ſuck eggs. I have lived to a fine purpoſe 'truly, if I am to be taught my grammar at this 'time of day. Perhaps, young gentleman, you may 'change your opinion, if you live to my years; for 'I remember I thought myſelf as wiſe when I was a 'ſtripling of one or two and twenty as I am now. I 'am ſure I always taught *alienus*, and my maſter 'read it ſo before me.'

There were not many inſtances in which Partridge could provoke Jones, nor were there many in which Partridge himſelf could have been hurried out of his reſpect. Unluckily however they had both hit on one of theſe. We have already ſeen Partridge could not bear to have his learning attacked, nor could Jones bear ſome paſſage or other in the foregoing ſpeech. And now, looking upon his companion with

a contemptuous and diſdainful air, (a thing not uſual with him), he cried, 'Partridge, I ſee thou art a 'conceited old fool, and I wiſh thou art not likewiſe 'an old rogue. Indeed, if I was as well convinced 'of the latter as I am of the former, thou ſhouldſt 'travel no farther in my company.'

The ſage pedagogue was contented with the vent which he had already given to his indignation; and, as the vulgar phraſe is, immediately drew in his horns. He ſaid, 'He was ſorry he had uttered any thing 'which might give offence, for that he had never 'intended it; but *Nemo omnibus horis ſapit*.'

As Jones had the vices of a warm diſpoſition, he was entirely free from thoſe of a cold one; and, if his friends muſt have confeſt his temper to have been a little too eaſily ruffled, his enemies muſt at the ſame time have confeſt, that it as ſoon ſubſided; nor did it at all reſemble the ſea, whoſe ſwelling is more violent and dangerous after a ſtorm is over, than while the ſtorm itſelf ſubſiſts. He inſtantly accepted the ſubmiſſion of Partridge, ſhook him by the hand, and, with the moſt benign aſpect imaginable, ſaid twenty kind things, and at the ſame time very ſeverely condemned himſelf, though not half ſo ſeverely as he will moſt probably be condemned by many of our good readers.

Partridge was now highly comforted, as his fears of having offended were at once aboliſhed, and his pride completely ſatisfied by Jones having owned himſelf in the wrong; which ſubmiſſion he inſtantly applied to what had principally nettled him, and repeated in a muttering voice, 'To be ſure Sir, your 'knowledge may be ſuperior to mine in ſome things; 'but, as to the grammar, I think I may challenge 'any man living. I think at leaſt I have that at my 'fingers end.'

If any thing could add to the ſatisfaction which the poor man now enjoyed, he received this addition by the arrival of an excellent ſhoulder of mutton, that at this inſtant came ſmoking to the table. On which, having both plentifully feaſted, they again mounted their horſes, and ſet forward for London.

CHAP. XIV.

What happened to Mr. Jones in his journey from St. Albans.

THEY were got about two miles beyond Barnet, and it was now the duſk of the evening, when a genteel-looking man, but upon a very ſhabby horſe, rode up to Jones, and aſked him whether he was going to London, to which Jones anſwered in the affirmative. The gentleman replied, 'I ſhould be obliged to you, Sir, if you will accept of my company; for it is very late, and I am a ſtranger to the road.' Jones readily complied with the requeſt: and on they travelled together, holding that ſort of diſcourſe which is uſual on ſuch occaſions.

Of this, indeed, robbery was the principal topic; upon which ſubject the ſtranger expreſſed great apprehenſions; but Jones declared he had very little to loſe, and conſequently as little to fear. Here Partridge could not forbear putting in his word. 'Your honour,' ſaid he, 'may think it a little, but I am ſure if I had a hundred pound bank-note in my pocket as you have, I ſhould be very ſorry to loſe it; but, for my part, I never was leſs afraid in my life; for we are four of us, and, if we all ſtand by one another, the beſt man in England can't rob us. Suppoſe he ſhould have a piſtol, he can kill but one of us, and a man can die but once—That's my comfort, a man can die but once.'

Beſides the reliance on ſuperior numbers, a kind of valour which hath raiſed a certain nation among the moderns to a high pitch of glory, there was another reaſon for the extraordinary courage which Partridge now diſcovered; for he had at preſent as much of that quality as was in the power of liquor to beſtow.

Our company were now arrived within a mile of Highgate, when the ſtranger turned ſhort upon Jones, and, pulling out a piſtol, demanded that little bank-note which Partridge had mentioned.

Jones

Jones was at firſt ſomewhat ſhocked at this unexpected demand; however, he preſently recollected himſelf, and told the highwayman all the money he had in his pocket was entirely at his ſervice; and, ſo ſaying, he pulled out upwards of three guineas, and offered to deliver it; but the other anſwered with an oath, That would not do. Jones anſwered coolly, he was very ſorry for it, and returned the money into his pocket.

The highwayman then threatened, if he did not deliver the bank note that moment, he muſt ſhoot him; holding his piſtol at the ſame time very near to his breaſt. Jones inſtantly caught hold of the fellow's hand, which trembled ſo that he could ſcarce hold the piſtol in it, and turned the muzzle from him. A ſtruggle then enſued, in which the former wreſted the piſtol from the hand of his antagoniſt, and both came from their horſes on the ground together, the highwayman upon his back, and the victorious Jones upon him.

The poor fellow now began to implore mercy of the conqueror; for, to ſay the truth, he was in ſtrength by no means a match for Jones. 'Indeed, Sir,' ſays he, 'I could have no intention to ſhoot you; for you 'will find the piſtol was not loaded. This is the firſt 'robbery I ever attempted, and I have been driven 'by diſtreſs to this.'

At this inſtant, at about an hundred and fifty yards diſtance, lay another perſon on the ground, roaring for mercy in a much louder voice than the highwayman. This was no other than Partridge himſelf, who, endeavouring to make his eſcape from the engagement, had been thrown from his horſe, and lay flat on his face, not daring to look up, and expecting every minute to be ſhot.

In this poſture he lay till the guide, who was no otherwiſe concerned than for his horſes, having ſecured the ſtumbling beaſt, came up to him, and told him, his maſter had got the better of the highwayman.

Partridge leapt up at this news, and ran back to the place, where Jones ſtood with his ſword drawn in his hand to guard the poor fellow; which Partridge no ſooner ſaw, than he cried out, 'Kill the villain, Sir, 'run him through the body, kill him this inſtant.'

Luckily however for the poor wretch he had fallen into more merciful hands; for Jones, having examined the piſtol, and found it to be really unloaded, began to believe all the man had told him before Partridge came up; namely, that he was a novice in the trade, and that he had been driven to it by the diſtreſs he mentioned, the greateſt indeed imaginable, that of five hungry children, and a wife lying in of a ſixth, in the utmoſt want and miſery: The truth of all which the highwayman moſt vehemently aſſerted, and offered to convince Mr. Jones of it, if he would take the trouble to go to his houſe, which was not above two miles off, ſaying, 'That he deſired no favour, but upon 'condition of proving all he had alledged.'

Jones at firſt pretended that he would take the fellow at his word, and go with him, declaring, that his fate ſhould depend entirely on the truth of his ſtory. Upon this the poor fellow immediately expreſſed ſo much alacrity, that Jones was perfectly ſatisfied with his veracity, and began now to entertain ſentiments of compaſſion for him. He returned the fellow his empty piſtol, adviſed him to think of honeſter means of relieving his diſtreſs, and gave him a couple of guineas for the immediate ſupport of his wife and his family, adding, 'he wiſhed he had more 'for his ſake, for the hundred pound that had been 'mentioned was not his own.'

Our readers will probably be divided in their opinions concerning this action; ſome may applaud it perhaps as an act of extraordinary humanity, while thoſe of a more ſaturnine temper will conſider it as a want of regard to that juſtice which every man owes his country. Partridge certainly ſaw it in that light; for he teſtified much diſſatisfaction on the occaſion, quoted an old proverb, and ſaid, He ſhould not wonder if the rogue attacked them again before they reached London.

The highwayman was full of expreſſions of thankfulneſs and gratitude He actually dropt tears, or pretended ſo to do He vowed he would immediately return home, and would never afterwards commit ſuch a tranſgreſſion; whether he kept his word or no, perhaps may appear hereafter.

Our

Our travellers, having remounted their horſes, arrived in town, without encountering any new miſhap. On the road much pleaſant diſcourſe paſſed, between Jones and Partridge, on the ſubject of their laſt adventure: In which Jones expreſt a great compaſſion for thoſe highwaymen who are, by unavoidable diſtreſs, driven as it were to ſuch illegal courſes, as generally bring them to a ſhameful death: 'I mean,' ſaid he, 'thoſe only whoſe higheſt guilt extends no 'farther than to robbery, and who are never guilty 'of cruelty nor inſult to any perſon, which is a cir-'cumſtance that, I muſt ſay to the honour of our 'country, diſtinguiſhes the robbers of England from 'thoſe of all other nations: for murder is amongſt 'thoſe almoſt inſeparably incident to robbery.'

'No doubt,' anſwered Partridge, 'it is better to 'take away one's money than one's life; and yet it is 'very hard upon honeſt men, that they can't travel 'about their buſineſs, without being in danger of theſe 'villains. And to be ſure it would be better that all 'rogues were hanged out of the way, than that one 'honeſt man ſhould ſuffer. For my own part indeed, 'I ſhould not care to have the blood of any of them 'on my hands; but it is very proper for the law to 'hang them all. What right hath any man to take 'ſixpence from me, unleſs I give it him? Is there 'any honeſty in ſuch a man?'

'No ſurely,' cries Jones, 'no more than there is 'in him who takes the horſes out of another man's 'ſtable, or who applies to his own uſe the money 'which he finds, when he knows the right owner.'

Theſe hints ſtopt the mouth of Partridge, nor did he open it again, till, Jones having thrown ſome ſarcaſtical jokes on his cowardice, he offered to excuſe himſelf on the inequality of fire-arms, ſaying, 'A 'thouſand naked men are nothing to one piſtol; for 'though it is true it will kill but one at a ſingle diſ-'charge, yet who can tell but that one may be him-'ſelf.'

THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

BOOK XIII.

Containing the ſpace of twelve days.

CHAP. I.

An invocation.

COME, bright love of fame, inſpire my glowing breaſt; not thee I call, who, over ſwelling tides of blood and tears, doſt bear the hero on to glory, while ſighs of millions waft his ſpreading ſails; but thee, fair, gentle maid, whom Mnemoſis, happy nymph, firſt on the banks of Hebrus did produce: Thee, whom Mæonia educated, whom Mantua charmed, and who, on that fair hill which overlooks the proud metropolis of Britain, ſat'ſt, with thy Milton, ſweetly tuning thy heroic lyre; fill my raviſhed fancy with the hopes of charming ages yet to come. Foretel me, that ſome tender maid, whoſe grandmother is yet unborn, hereafter, when under the fictitious name of Sophia, ſhe reads the real worth which once exiſted in my Charlotte, ſhall from her ſympathetic breaſt ſend forth the heaving ſigh. Do thou teach me not only to foreſee, but to enjoy, nay even to feed on future praiſe. Comfort me by a ſolemn aſſurance, that, when the little parlour

parlour in which I ſit at this inſtant, ſhall be reduced to a worſe furniſhed box, I ſhall be read, with honour, by thoſe who never knew nor ſaw me, and whom I ſhall neither know nor ſee.

And thou, much plumper dame, whom no airy forms nor phantoms of imagination clothe: whom the well-ſeaſoned beef, and pudding richly ſtained with plumbs, delight. Thee, I call; of whom in a Treckſchuyte in ſome Dutch canal the fat ufrow gelt, impregnated by a jolly merchant of Amſterdam, was delivered: in Grub ſtreet ſchool didſt thou ſuck in the elements of thy erudition. Here haſt thou, in thy maturer age, taught poetry to tickle not the fancy, but the pride of the patron. Comedy from thee learns a grave and ſolemn air; while tragedy ſtorms loud, and rends the affrighted theatres with its thunder. To ſooth thy wearied limbs in ſlumber, alderman Hiſtory tells his tedious tale; and again to awaken thee, Monſieur Romance performs his ſurprizing tricks of dexterity. Nor leſs thy well-fed bookſeller obeys thy influence. By thy advice the heavy, unread, folio lump, which long had dozed on the duſty ſhelf, piece-mealed into numbers, runs nimbly through the nation. Inſtructed by thee ſome books, like quacks, impoſe on the world by promiſing wonders; while others turn beaus, and truſt all their merits to a gilded outſide. Come, thou jolly ſubſtance, with thy ſhining face, keep back thy inſpiration, but hold forth thy tempting rewards; thy ſhining, chinking heap; thy quickly-convertible bank-bill, big with unſeen riches; thy often varying ſtock; the warm, the comfortable houſe; and, laſtly, a fair portion of that bounteous mother, whoſe flowing breaſts yield redundant ſuſtenance for all her numerous offspring, did not ſome too greedily and wantonly drive their brethren from the treat. Come thou, and if I am too taſteleſs of thy valuable treaſures, warm my heart with the tranſporting thought of conveying them to others. Tell me, that through thy bounty, the prattling babes, whoſe innocent play hath often been interrupted by my labours, may one time be amply rewarded for them.

And

And now this ill-yoked pair, this lean ſhadow and this fat ſubſtance, have prompted me to write, whoſe aſſiſtance ſhall I invoke to direct my pen?

Firſt, genius; thou gift of heaven; without whoſe aid in vain we ſtruggle againſt the ſtream of nature. Thou who doſt ſow the generous ſeeds which art nouriſhes, and brings to perfection. Do thou kindly take me by the hand, and lead me through all the mazes, the winding labyrinths of nature. Initiate me into all thoſe myſteries which profane eyes never beheld. Teach me, which to thee is no difficult taſk, to know mankind better than they know themſelves Remove that miſt which dims the intellects of mortals, and cauſes them to adore men for their art or to deteſt them for their cunning in deceiving others, when they are in reality, the objects only of ridicule, for deceiving themſelves. Strip off the thin diſguiſe of wiſdom from ſelf-conceit, of plenty from avarice, and of glory from ambition. Come thou that haſt inſpired thy Ariſtophanes, thy Lucian, thy Cervantes, thy Rabelais, thy Moliere, thy Shakeſpear, thy Swift, thy Marivaux, fill my pages with humour; till mankind learn the good-nature to laugh only at the follies of others, and the humility to grieve at their own.

And thou, almoſt the conſtant attendant on true genius, humanity, bring all thy tender ſenſations If thou haſt already diſpoſed of them all between thy Allen and thy Lyttleton, ſteal them a little while from their boſoms. Not without theſe the tender ſcene is painted. From theſe alone proceed the noble diſintereſted friendſhip, the melting love, the generous ſentiment, the ardent gratitude, the ſoft compaſſion, the candid opinion; and all thoſe ſtrong energies of a good mind, which fill the moiſtened eyes with tears, the glowing cheeks with blood, and ſwell the heart with tides of grief, joy, and benevolence.

And thou, O learning, (for without thy aſſiſtance nothing pure, nothing correct, can genius produce) do thou guide my pen Thee in thy favourite fields, where the limpid, gently-rolling Thames waſhes thy Etonian banks, in early youth I have worſhipped. To thee, at thy birchen altar, with true Spartan devotion, I have

I have ſacrificed my blood. Come then, and, from thy vaſt luxuriant ſtores, in long antiquity piled up, pour forth the rich profuſion. Open thy Mæonian and thy Mantuan coffers, with whatever elſe includes thy philoſophic, thy poetic, and thy hiſtorical treaſures, whether with Greek or Roman characters thou haſt choſen to inſcribe the ponderous cheſts: give me a while that key to all thy treaſures, which to thy Warburton thou haſt entruſted.

Laſtly, come, experience, long converſant with the wiſe, the good, the learned, and the polite; nor with them only, but with every kind of character, from the miniſter at his levee, to the bailiff in his ſpunging-houſe; from the ducheſs at her drum, to the landlady behind her bar. From thee only can the manners of mankind be known; to which the recluſe pedant, however great his parts, or extenſive his learning may be, hath ever been a ſtranger.

Come all theſe, and more, if poſſible: for arduous is the taſk I have undertaken, and without all your aſſiſtance, will, I find, be too heavy for me to ſupport. But, if you all ſmile on my labours, I hope ſtill to bring them to a happy concluſion.

CHAP. II.

What befel Mr. Jones on his arrival in London.

THE learned Dr Miſaubin uſed to ſay, that the proper direction to him was, *To Dr. Miſaubin in the World*; intimating, that there were few people in it to whom his great reputation was not known. And perhaps, upon a very nice examination into the matter, we ſhall find that this circumſtance bears no inconſiderable part among the many bleſſings of grandeur.

The great happineſs of being known to poſterity, with the hopes of which we ſo delighted ourſelves in the preceding chapter, is the portion of few. To have the ſeveral elements which compoſe our names, as Sydenham expreſſes it, repeated a thouſand years hence, is a gift beyond the power of title and wealth; and is ſcarce to be purchaſed, unleſs by the ſword and the

the pen. But to avoid the ſcandalous imputation, while we yet live, of being *one whom nobody knows*, (a ſcandal by the by as old as the days of Homer *), will always be the envied portion of thoſe, who have a legal title either to honour or eſtate.

From the figure, therefore, which the Iriſh peer, who brought Sophia to town, hath already made in this hiſtory, the reader will conclude, doubtleſs, it muſt have been an eaſy matter to have diſcovered his houſe in London, without knowing the particular ſtreet or ſquare which he inhabited, ſince he muſt have been *one whom every body knows*. To ſay the truth, ſo it would have been to any of thoſe tradeſmen who are accuſtomed to attend the regions of the great; for the doors of the great are generally no leſs eaſy to find, than it is difficult to get entrance into them. But Jones, as well as Partridge, was an entire ſtranger in London; and as he happened to arrive firſt in a quarter of the town, the inhabitants of which have very little intercourſe with the houſholders of Hanover or Groſvenor-ſquare, (for he entered through Gray's-Inn Lane), ſo he rambled about ſome time, before he could even find his way to thoſe happy manſions, where fortune ſegregates from the vulgar thoſe magnanimous heroes, the deſcendants of ancient Britons, Saxons, or Danes, whoſe anceſtors, being born in better days, by ſundry kinds of merit, have entailed riches and honour on their poſterity.

Jones, being at length arrived at thoſe terreſtrial Elyſian fields, would now ſoon have diſcovered his lordſhip's manſion; but the peer unluckily quitted his former houſe when he went for Ireland; and, as he was juſt entered into a new one, the fame of his equipage had not yet ſufficiently blazed in the neighbourhood: ſo that, after a ſucceſsleſs enquiry till the clock had ſtruck eleven, Jones at laſt yielded to the advice of Partridge, and retreated to the Bull and Gate in Holborn, that being the inn where he had firſt alighted, and where he retired to enjoy that kind of repoſe, which uſually attends perſons in his circumſtances.

* See the 2d Odyſſy, ver. 175.

Early

Early in the morning he again ſet forth in purſuit of Sophia: and many a weary ſtep he took to no better purpoſe than before. At laſt, whether it was that fortune relented, or whether it was no longer in her power to diſappoint him, he came into the very ſtreet which was honoured by his lordſhip's reſidence; and, being directed to the houſe, he gave one gentle rap at the door.

The porter, who from the modeſty of the knock had conceived no high idea of the perſon approaching, conceived but little better from the appearance of Mr. Jones, who was dreſt in a ſuit of fuſtian, and had by his ſide the weapon formerly purchaſed of the ſerjeant; of which, though the blade might be compoſed of well tempered ſteel, the handle was compoſed only of braſs, and that none of the brighteſt. When Jones, therefore, enquired after the young lady, who had come to town with his lordſhip, this fellow anſwered ſurlily, 'That there were no ladies there.' Jones then deſired to ſee the maſter of the houſe; but was informed that his lordſhip would ſee nobody that morning. And, upon growing more preſſing, the porter ſaid, 'he had 'poſitive orders to let no perſon in; but if you think 'proper,' ſaid he, 'to leave your name, I will ac-'quaint his lordſhip; and, if you call another time, 'you ſhall know when he will ſee you.'

Jones now declared, 'that he had very particular 'buſineſs with the young lady, and could not depart 'without ſeeing her.' Upon which the porter, with no very agreeable voice or aſpect, affirmed, 'that there 'was no young lady in that houſe, and conſequently 'none could he ſee;' adding, 'ſure you are the 'ſtrangeſt man I ever met with; for you will not take 'an anſwer.'

I have often thought, that, by the particular deſcription of Cerberus the porter of hell in the 6th Æneid, Virgil might poſſibly intend to ſatirize the porters of the great men in his time; the picture at leaſt reſembles thoſe, who have the honour to attend at the doors of our great men. The porter in his lodge anſwers exactly to Cerberus in his den, and, like him, muſt be appeaſed by a ſop, before acceſs can be

he gained to his maſter. Perhaps Jones might have ſeen him in that light, and have recollected the paſſage, where the Sibyl, in order to procure an entrance for Æneas, preſents the keeper of the Stygian avenue with ſuch a ſop. Jones, in like manner, now began to offer a bribe to the human Cerberus, which a footman overhearing, inſtantly advanced, and declared, 'if Mr. Jones would give him the ſum propoſed, he 'would conduct him to the lady.' Jones inſtantly agreed, and was forthwith conducted to the lodging of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, by the very fellow who had attended the ladies thither the day before.

Nothing more aggravates ill ſucceſs than the near approach to good. The gameſter, who loſes his party at piquet by a ſingle point, laments his bad luck ten times as much as he who never came within a proſpect of the game. So in a lottery, the proprietors of the next numbers to that which wins the great prize, are apt to account themſelves much more unfortunate than their fellow-ſufferers. In ſhort theſe kind of hair-breadth miſſings of happineſs look like the inſults of fortune, who may be conſidered as thus playing tricks with us, and wantonly diverting herſelf at our expence.

Jones, who more than once already had experienced this frolickſome diſpoſition of the heathen goddeſs, was now again doomed to be tantalized in the like manner: for he arrived at the door of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, about ten minutes after the departure of Sophia. He now addreſſed himſelf to the waiting-woman belonging to Mrs. Fitzpatrick, who told him the diſagreeable news that the lady was gone, but could not tell him whither; and the ſame anſwer he afterwards received from Mrs. Fitzpatrick herſelf. For as that lady made no doubt but that Mr. Jones was a perſon detached from her uncle Weſtern, in purſuit of his daughter, ſo ſhe was too generous to betray her.

Though Jones had never ſeen Mrs. Fitzpatrick, yet he had heard that a couſin of Sophia was married to a gentleman of that name. This, however, in the preſent tumult of his mind, never once recurred to his memory: but when the footman, who had conducted him from his lordſhip's, acquainted him with

the great intimacy between the ladies, and with their calling each other couſin. he then recollected the ſtory of the marriage which he had formerly heard; and, as he was preſently convinced that this was the ſame woman, he became more ſurpriſed at the anſwer which he had received, and very earneſtly deſired leave to wait on the lady herſelf; but ſhe as poſitively refuſed him that honour.

Jones, who, though he had never ſeen a court, was better bred than moſt who frequent it, was incapable of any rude or abrupt behaviour to a lady. When he had received, therefore, a peremptory denial, he retired for the preſent, ſaying to the waiting-woman, 'That, if this was an improper hour to wait on her 'lady, he would return in the afternoon: and that 'he then hoped to have the honour of ſeeing her.' The civility with which he uttered this, added to the great comelineſs of his perſon, made an impreſſion on the waiting woman, and ſhe could not help anſwering, 'Perhaps, Sir, you may' and, indeed, ſhe afterwards ſaid every thing to her miſtreſs, which ſhe thought moſt likely to prevail on her to admit a viſit from the handſome young gentleman; for ſo ſhe called him.

Jones very ſhrewdly ſuſpected, that Sophia herſelf was now with her couſin, and was denied to him; which he imputed to her reſentment of what had happened at Upton. Having, therefore, diſpatched Partridge to procure him lodgings, he remained all day in the ſtreet, watching the door where he thought his angel lay concealed; but no perſon did he ſee iſſue forth, except a ſervant of the houſe; and in the evening he returned to pay his viſit to Mrs. Fitzpatrick, which that good lady at laſt condeſcended to admit.

There is a certain air of natural gentility, which it is neither in the power of dreſs to give, nor to conceal. Mr. Jones, as hath been before hinted, was poſſeſſed of this in a very eminent degree. He met, therefore, with a reception from the lady, ſomewhat different from what his apparel ſeemed to demand; and, after he had paid her his proper reſpects, was deſired to ſit down.

The reader will not, I believe be deſirous of knowing all the particulars of this converſation, which ended very little to the ſatisfaction of poor Jones: for though Mrs. Fitzpatrick ſoon diſcovered the lover, (as all women have the eyes of hawks in thoſe matters), yet ſhe ſtill thought it was ſuch a lover, as a generous friend of the lady ſhould not betray her to. In ſhort, ſhe ſuſpected this was the very Mr. Blifil, from whom Sophia had flown; and all the anſwers, which ſhe artfully drew from Jones concerning Mr. Allworthy's family, confirmed her in this opinion. She therefore ſtrictly denied any knowledge concerning the place whither Sophia was gone; nor could Jones obtain more than a permiſſion to wait on her again the next evening.

When Jones was departed, Mrs. Fitzpatrick communicated her ſuſpicion concerning Mr. Blifil to her maid, who anſwered, 'Sure, Madam, he is too pretty 'a man, in my opinion, for any woman in the world 'to run away from. I had rather fancy it is Mr. Jones.' —'Mr. Jones,' ſaid the lady; 'what Jones?' For Sophia had not given the leaſt hint of any ſuch perſon in all their converſation: but Mrs. Honour had been much more communicative, and had acquainted her ſiſter Abigail with the whole hiſtory of Jones, which this now again related to her miſtreſs.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick no ſooner received this information, than ſhe immediately agreed with the opinion of her maid; and, what is very unaccountable, ſaw charms in the gallant happy lover, which ſhe had overlooked in the ſlighted ſquire. 'Betty,' ſays ſhe, 'you are certainly in the right: he is a very pretty 'fellow, and I don't wonder that my couſin's maid 'ſhould tell you ſo many women are fond of him. I 'am ſorry now I did not inform him where my couſin 'was; and yet, if he be ſo terrible a rake as you tell 'me, it is a pity ſhe ſhould ever ſee him any more; 'for what but her ruin can happen from marrying a 'rake and a beggar againſt her father's conſent. I pro-'teſt, if he be ſuch a man as the wench deſcribed him 'to you, it is but an office of charity to keep her from 'him; and, I am ſure, it would be unpardonable in

'me

'me to do otherwiſe, who have taſted ſo bitterly of 'the misfortunes attending ſuch marriages.'

Here ſhe was interrupted by the arrival of a viſitor, which was no other than his lordſhip; and as nothing paſſed at this viſit either new or extraordinary, or any ways material to this hiſtory, we ſhall here put an end to this chapter.

CHAP. III.

A project of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, and her viſit to lady Bellaſton.

WHEN Mrs. Fitzpatrick retired to reſt, her thoughts were entirely taken up by her couſin Sophia and Mr. Jones. She was indeed a little offended with the former for the diſingenuity, which ſhe now diſcovered. In which meditation ſhe had not long exerciſed her imagination, before the following conceit ſuggeſted itſelf; that, could ſhe poſſibly become the means of preſerving Sophia from this man, and of reſtoring her to her father, ſhe ſhould, in all human probability, by ſo great a ſervice to the family, reconcile to herſelf both her uncle and her aunt Weſtern.

As this was one of her moſt favourite wiſhes, ſo the hope of ſucceſs ſeemed ſo reaſonable, that nothing remained but to conſider of proper methods to accompliſh her ſcheme. To attempt to reaſon the caſe with Sophia, did not appear to her one of thoſe methods; for as Betty had reported from Mrs. Honour, that Sophia had a violent inclination to Jones, ſhe conceived, that to diſſuade her from the match was an endeavour of the ſame kind, as it would be very heartily and earneſtly to entreat a moth not to fly into a candle.

If the reader will pleaſe to remember, that the acquaintance which Sophia had with lady Bellaſton, was contracted at the houſe of Mrs. Weſtern, and muſt have grown at the very time when Mrs. Fitzpatrick lived with this latter lady, he will want no information, that Mrs. Fitzpatrick muſt have been acquainted with her likewiſe. They were, beſides, both equally her diſtant relations.

After much conſideration, therefore, ſhe reſolved to go early in the morning to that lady, and endeavour to ſee her unknown to Sophia, and to acquaint her with the whole affair: for ſhe did not in the leaſt doubt but that the prudent lady, who had often ridiculed romantic love and indifereet marriages in her converſation, would very readily concur in her ſentiments concerning this match, and would lend her utmoſt aſſiſtance to prevent it.

This reſolution ſhe accordingly executed, and the next morning, before the ſun, ſhe huddled on her cloaths, and, at a very unfaſhionable, unſeaſonable, unviſitable hour, went to lady Bellaſton, to whom ſhe got acceſs, without the leaſt knowledge or ſuſpicion of Sophia, who, though not aſleep, lay at that time awake in her bed, with Honour ſnoring by her ſide.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick made many apologies for an early abrupt viſit at an hour when, ſhe ſaid, 'ſhe ſhould 'not have thought of diſturbing her ladyſhip, but up-'on buſineſs of the utmoſt conſequence.' She then opened the whole affair, told all ſhe had heard from Betty, and did not forget the viſit which Jones had paid to herſelf the preceding evening.

Lady Bellaſton anſwered with a ſmile, 'Then you 'have ſeen this terrible man, Madam: pray is he ſo 'very fine a figure as he is repreſented? for Etoff en-'tertained me laſt night almoſt two hours with him. 'The wench I believe is in love with him by reputa-'tion.' Here the reader will be apt to wonder; but the truth is that Mrs. Etoff, who had the honour to pin and unpin the lady Bellaſton, had received compleat information concerning the ſaid Mr. Jones, and had faithfully conveyed the ſame to her lady laſt night, (or rather that morning), while ſhe was undreſſing; on which accounts ſhe had been detained in her office above the ſpace of an hour and an half.

The lady indeed, though generally well enough pleaſed with the narratives of Mrs. Etoff at thoſe ſeaſons, gave an extraordinary attention to her account of Jones; for Honour had deſcribed him as a very handſome fellow, and Mrs. Etoff in her hurry added ſo much to the beauty of his perſon to her report, that lady

lady Bellaſton began to conceive him to be a kind of miracle in nature.

The curioſity, which her woman had inſpired, was now greatly increaſed by Mrs. Fitzpatrick, who ſpoke as much in favour of the perſon of Jones, as ſhe had before ſpoken in diſpraiſe of his birth, character, and fortune.

When lady Bellaſton had heard the whole, ſhe anſwered gravely, 'Indeed, Madam, this is a matter of 'great conſequence. Nothing can certainly be more 'commendable than the part you act; and I ſhall be 'very glad to have my ſhare in the preſervation of a 'young lady of ſo much merit, and for whom I have 'ſo much eſteem.'

'Doth not your ladyſhip think,' ſays Mrs. Fitzpatrick eagerly, 'that it would be the beſt way to write 'immediately to my uncle, and acquaint him where 'my couſin is?'

The lady pondered a little upon this, and thus anſwered:—'Why, no, Madam, I think not. Di 'Weſtern hath deſcribed her brother to me to be ſuch 'a brute, that I cannot conſent to put any woman 'under his power who hath eſcaped from it. I have 'heard he behaved like a monſter to his own wife; 'for he is one of thoſe wretches who think they have 'a right to tyrannize over us, and from ſuch I ſhall 'ever eſteem it the cauſe of my ſex to reſcue any wo-'man who is ſo unfortunate to be under their power. '———The buſineſs, dear couſin, will be only to 'keep Miſs Weſtern from ſeeing this young fellow, 'till the good company, which ſhe will have an op-'portunity of meeting here, give her a properer 'turn.'

'If he ſhould find her out, Madam,' anſwered the other, 'your ladyſhip may be aſſured he will leave 'nothing unattempted to come at her.'

'But Madam,' replied the lady, 'it is impoſſible 'he ſhould come here—though indeed it is poſſible 'he may get ſome intelligence where ſhe is, and then 'may lurk about the houſe—I wiſh therefore I knew 'his perſon.

'Is there no way, Madam, by which I could have 'a ſight of him? for otherwiſe you know, couſin, 'ſhe may contrive to ſee him here without my know-'ledge.' Mrs. Fitzpatrick anſwered, 'That he had 'threatened her with another viſit that afternoon, 'and that, if her ladyſhip pleaſed to do her the honour 'of calling upon her then, ſhe would hardly fail of 'ſeeing him between ſix and ſeven; and, if he came 'earlier, ſhe would, by ſome means or other, detain 'him till her ladyſhip's arrival.'——Lady Bellaſton replied, 'ſhe would come the moment ſhe could get 'from dinner, which ſhe ſuppoſed would be by ſeven 'at fartheſt; for that it was abſolutely neceſſary ſhe 'ſhould be acquainted with his perſon. Upon my 'word, Madam,' ſays ſhe, 'it was very good to take 'this care of Miſs Weſtern; but common humanity, 'as well as regard to our family, requires it of us 'both; for it would be a dreadful match indeed.'

Mrs. Fitzpatrick failed not to make a proper return to the compliment which lady Bellaſton had beſtowed on her couſin, and, after ſome little immaterial converſation, withdrew; and getting as faſt as ſhe could it to her chair, unſeen by Sophia or Honour, returned home.

CHAP. IV.

Which conſiſts of viſiting.

MR Jones had walked within ſight of a certain door during the whole day, which, though one of the ſhorteſt, appeared to him to be one of the longeſt in the whole year. At length, the clock having ſtruck five, he returned to Mrs. Fitzpatrick, who, though it was a full hour earlier than the decent time of viſiting, received him very civilly, but ſtill perſiſted in her ignorance concerning Sophia.

Jones, in aſking for his angel, had dropped the word couſin; upon which Mrs. Fitzpatrick ſaid, 'Then, Sir, you know we are related; and, as we 'are you will permit me the right of enquiring into 'the particulars of your buſineſs with my couſin.'

Here

Here Jones hesitated a good while, and at last answered He had a considerable sum of money of hers in his hands, which he desired to deliver to her. He then produced the pocket-book, and acquainted Mrs. Fitzpatrick with the contents, and with the method in which they came into his hands He had scarce finished his story, when a most violent noise shook the whole house. To attempt to describe this noise to those who have heard it, would be in vain; and to aim at giving any idea of it to those who have never heard the like, would be still more vain: for it may be truly said,

——— ——— —— *Non acuta*
Sic geminant Corybantes Æra.

The priests of Cybele do not so rattle their sounding brass.

In short, a footman knocked, or rather thundered at the door. Jones was a little surprized at the sound, having never heard it before; but Mrs. Fitzpatrick very calmly said, that as some company were coming, she could not make him any answer now; but if he pleased to stay till they were gone, she intimated she had something to say to him.

The door of the room now flew open, and, after pushing in her hoop sideways before her, entered lady Bellaston, who having first made a very low curtsey to Mrs. Fitzpatrick, and as low a one to Mr. Jones, was ushered to the upper end of the room.

We mention these minute matters for the sake of some country ladies of our acquaintance, who think it contrary to the rules of modesty to bend their knees to a man.

The company were hardly well settled, before the arrival of the peer lately mentioned, caused a fresh disturbance, and a repetition of ceremonials.

These being over, the conversation began to be (as the phrase is) extremely brilliant However, as nothing past in it which can be thought material to this history, or, indeed, very material in itself, I shall omit the relation; the rather as I have known some very fine polite conversation grow extremely dull, when

when tranſcribed into books, or repeated on the ſtage. Indeed this mental repaſt is a dainty, of which thoſe who are excluded from polite aſſemblies, muſt be contented to remain as ignorant as they muſt of the ſeveral dainties of French cookery, which are ſerved only at the tables of the great. To ſay the truth, as neither of theſe are adapted to every taſte, they might both be often thrown away on the vulgar.

Poor Jones was rather a ſpectator of this elegant ſcene than an actor in it; for though in the ſhort interval before the peer's arrival, lady Bellaſton firſt, and afterwards Mrs Fitzpatrick, had addreſſed ſome of their diſcourſe to him; yet no ſooner was the noble lord entered, than he engroſſed the whole attention of the two ladies to himſelf: and as he took no more notice of Jones than if no ſuch perſon had been preſent, unleſs by now and then ſtaring at him, the ladies followed his example.

The company had now ſtaid ſo long, that Mrs. Fitzpatrick plainly perceived they all deſigned to ſtay out each other. She therefore reſolved to rid herſelf of Jones, he being the viſitant to whom ſhe thought the leaſt ceremony was due. Taking therefore an opportunity of a ceſſation of chat, ſhe addreſſed herſelf gravely to him, and ſaid, 'Sir, I ſhall not poſſibly 'be able to give you an anſwer to-night, as to that 'buſineſs; but if you pleaſe to leave word where I 'may ſend to you to-morrow.'——

Jones had natural, but not artificial good-breeding. Inſtead therefore of communicating the ſecret of his lodgings to a ſervant, he acquainted the lady herſelf with it particularly, and ſoon after very ceremoniouſly withdrew.

He was no ſooner gone, than the great perſonages, who had taken no notice of him preſent, began to take much notice of him in his abſence; but if the reader hath already excuſed us from relating the more brilliant part of this converſation, he will ſurely be very ready to excuſe the repetition of what may be called vulgar abuſe: though, perhaps, it may be material to our hiſtory to mention an obſervation of lady Bellaſton, who took her leave in a few minutes after him,

him, and then ſaid to Mrs. Fitzpatrick, at her departure, 'I am ſatisfied on the account of my couſin; 'ſhe can be in no danger from this fellow.'

Our hiſtory ſhall follow the example of lady Bellaſton, and take leave of the preſent company, which was now reduced to two perſons; between whom as nothing paſſed, which in the leaſt concerns us or our reader, we ſhall not ſuffer ourſelves to be diverted by it from matters which muſt ſeem of more conſequence to all thoſe who are at all intereſted in the affairs of our hero.

CHAP. V.

An adventure which happened to Mr. Jones at his lodgings, with ſome account of a young gentleman who lodged there, and of the miſtreſs of the houſe, and her two daughters.

THE next morning, as early as it was decent, Jones attended at Mrs. Fitzpatrick's door, where he was anſwered that the lady was not at home; an anſwer which ſurprized him the more, as he had walked backwards and forwards in the ſtreet from break of day; and if ſhe had gone out, he muſt have ſeen her. This anſwer, however, he was obliged to receive, and not only now, but to five ſeveral viſits which he made her that day.

To be plain with the reader, the noble peer had, from ſome reaſon or other, perhaps from a regard for the lady's honour, inſiſted that ſhe ſhould not ſee Mr. Jones, whom he looked on as a ſcrub, any more; and the lady had complied in making that promiſe, to which we now ſee her ſo ſtrictly adhere.

But as our gentle reader may poſſibly have a better opinion of the young gentleman than her ladyſhip, and may even have ſome concern, ſhould it be apprehended, that during this unhappy ſeparation from Sophia, he took up his reſidence either at an inn, or in the ſtreet; we ſhall now give an account of his lodging, which was indeed in a very reputable houſe, and in a very good part of the town.

Mr.

Mr. Jones then had often heard Mr. Allworthy mention the gentlewoman at whoſe houſe he uſed to lodge when he was in town. This perſon, who, as Jones likewiſe knew, lived in Bond-ſtreet, was the widow of a clergyman, and was left by him at his deceaſe, in poſſeſſion of two daughters, and of a compleat ſet of manuſcript ſermons.

Of theſe two daughters, Nancy, the elder, was now arrived at the age of ſeventeen, and Betty, the younger, at that of ten.

Hither Jones had diſpatched Partridge, and in this houſe he was provided with a room for himſelf in the ſecond floor, and with one for Partridge in the fourth.

The firſt floor was inhabited by one of thoſe young gentlemen, who, in the laſt age, were called men of wit and pleaſure about town, and properly enough: for as men are uſually denominated from their buſineſs or profeſſion, ſo pleaſure may be ſaid to have been the only buſineſs or profeſſion of thoſe gentlemen to whom fortune had made all uſeful occupations unneceſſary. Play houſes, coffee-houſes, and taverns were the ſcenes of their rendezvous. Wit and humour were the entertainments of their looſer hours, and love was the buſineſs of their more ſerious moments Wine and the muſes conſpired to kindle the brighteſt flames in their breaſts; nor did they only admire, but ſome were able to celebrate the beauty they admired, and all to judge of the merit of ſuch compoſitions.

Such therefore were properly called the men of wit and pleaſure; but I queſtion whether the ſame appellation may, with the ſame propriety, be given to thoſe young gentlemen of our times, who have the ſame ambition to be diſtinguiſhed for parts Wit certainly they have nothing to do with. To give them their due, they ſoar a ſtep higher than their predeceſſors, and may be called men of wiſdom and vertù (take heed you do not read virtue). Thus at an age when the gentlemen above-mentioned employed their time in toaſting the charms of a woman, or in making ſonnets in her praiſe; in giving their opinion of a play at the theatre, or of a poem at Will's or

But-

Button's; theſe gentlemen are conſidering of methods to bribe a corporation, or meditating ſpeeches for the houſe of commons, or rather for the magazines; but the ſcience of gaming is that which above all others employs their thoughts. Theſe are the ſtudies of their graver hours, while for their amuſements they have the vaſt circle of connoiſſeurſhip, painting, muſic, ſtatuary, and natural philoſophy, or rather *unnatural*, which deals in the wonderful, and knows nothing of nature, except her monſters and imperfections.

When Jones had ſpent the whole day in vain enquiries after Mrs. Fitzpatrick, he returned at laſt diſconſolate to his apartment. Here, while he was venting his grief in private, he heard a violent uproar below ſtairs, and ſoon after a female voice begged him for Heaven's ſake to come and prevent murder. Jones, who was never backward on any occaſion to help the diſtreſſed, immediately ran down ſtairs; when ſtepping into the dining room, whence all the noiſe iſſued, he beheld the young gentleman of wiſdom and vertù, juſt before mentioned, pinned cloſe to the wall by his footman, and a young woman ſtanding by, wringing her hands, and crying out, 'He will be murdered, he will be murdered;' and indeed the poor gentleman ſeemed in ſome danger of being choaked, when Jones flew haſtily to his aſſiſtance, and reſcued him juſt as he was breathing his laſt, from the unmerciful clutches of the enemy.

Though the fellow had received ſeveral kicks and cuffs from the little gentleman, who had more ſpirit than ſtrength, he had made it a kind of ſcruple of conſcience to ſtrike his maſter, and would have contented himſelf with only choaking him; but towards Jones he bore no ſuch reſpect: he no ſooner therefore found himſelf a little roughly handled by his new antagoniſt, than he gave him one of thoſe punches in the guts, which, though the ſpectators at Broughton's amphitheatre have ſuch exquiſite delight in ſeeing them, convey but very little pleaſure in the feeling.

The

The luſty youth had no ſooner received this blow, than he meditated a moſt grateful return; and now enſued a combat between Jones and the footman, which was very fierce, but ſhort; for this fellow was no more able to contend with Jones, than his maſter had before been to contend with him.

And now fortune, according to her uſual cuſtom, reverſed the face of affairs. The former victor lay breathleſs on the ground, and the vanquiſhed gentleman had recovered breath enough to thank Mr Jones for his ſeaſonable aſſiſtance: he received likewiſe the hearty thanks of the young woman preſent, who was indeed no other than Miſs Nancy, the eldeſt daughter of the houſe.

The footman, having now recovered his legs, ſhook his head at Jones, and with a ſagacious look cry'd, —'O d—n me, I'll have nothing more to do with 'you; you have been upon the ſtage, or I am d—na-'bly miſtaken:' And indeed we may forgive this his ſuſpicion; for ſuch was the agility and ſtrength of our hero, that he was perhaps a match for one of the firſt-rate boxers, and could, with great eaſe, have beaten all the muffled * graduates of Mr. Broughton's ſchool.

The maſter, foaming with wrath, ordered his man immediately to ſtrip, to which the latter very readily agreed, on condition of receiving his wages. This condition was preſently complied with, and the fellow was diſcharged.

* Leſt poſterity ſhould be puzzled by this epithet, I think proper to explain it by an advertiſement which was publiſhed Feb. 1. 1747.

N. B. Mr. Broughton propoſes, with proper aſſiſtance, to open an academy at his houſe in the Hay-market, for the inſtruction of thoſe who are willing to be initiated in the myſtery of boxing; where the whole theory and practice of that truly Britiſh art, with all the various ſtops, blows, croſs-buttocks, &c. incident to combatants, will be fully taught and explained; and, that perſons of quality and diſtinction may not be deterred from entering into *A courſe of thoſe lectures*, they will be given with the utmoſt tenderneſs and regard to the delicacy of the frame and conſtitution of the pupil, for which reaſon muffles are provided, that will effectually ſecure them from the inconvenience of black eyes, broken jaws, and bloody noſes.

And now the young gentleman, whoſe name was Nightingale, very ſtrenuouſly inſiſted, that his deliverer ſhould take part of a bottle of wine with him; to which Jones, after much entreaty, conſented; though more out of complaiſance than inclination; for the uneaſineſs of his mind fitted him very little for converſation at this time. Miſs Nancy likewiſe, who was the only female then in the houſe, her mamma and ſiſter being both gone to the play, condeſcended to favour them with her company.

When the bottle and glaſſes were on the table, the gentleman began to relate the occaſion of the preceding diſturbance.

'I hope, Sir,' ſaid he to Jones, 'you will not 'from this accident conclude, that I make a cuſtom 'of ſtriking my ſervants; for I aſſure you this is the 'firſt time I have been guilty of it in my remem-'brance. and I have paſſed by many provoking faults 'in this very fellow, before he could provoke me 'to it; but when you hear what hath happened this 'evening, you will, I believe, think me excuſable. 'I happened to come home ſeveral hours before my 'uſual time, when I found four gentlemen of the 'cloth at whiſt by my fire;—and my Hoyle, Sir,— 'my beſt Hoyle, which coſt me a guinea, lying open 'on the table, with a quantity of porter ſpilt on one 'of the moſt material leaves of the whole book. This, 'you will allow, was provoking; but I ſaid nothing 'till the reſt of the honeſt company were gone, and 'then gave the fellow a gentle rebuke, who, inſtead 'of expreſſing any concern, made me a pert anſwer; "That ſervants muſt have their diverſions as well "as other people; that he was ſorry for the accident "which had happened to the book, but that ſeveral "of his acquaintance had bought the ſame for a "ſhilling; and that I might ſtop as much in his "wages, if I pleaſed:' I now gave him a ſeverer "reprimand than before, when the raſcal had the 'inſolence to—— In ſhort, he imputed my early 'coming home to —— In ſhort, he caſt a reflection— 'He mentione dthe name of a young lady in a man-

'ner—in ſuch a manner that incenſed me beyond all 'patience; and, in my paſſion, I ſtruck him.'

Jones anſwered, 'That he believed no perſon liv-'ing would blame him: for my part,' ſaid he, 'I 'confeſs I ſhould, on the laſt-mentioned provocation, 'have done the ſame thing.'

Our company had not ſat long before they were joined by the mother and daughter, at their return from the play. And now they all ſpent a very chearful evening together; for all but Jones were heartily merry, and even he put on as much conſtrained mirth as poſſible. Indeed half his natural flow of animal ſpirits, joined to the ſweetneſs of his temper, was ſufficient to make a moſt amiable companion; and, notwithſtanding the heavineſs of his heart, ſo agreeable did he make himſelf on the preſent occaſion, that, at their breaking up, the young gentleman earneſtly deſired his further acquaintance. Miſs Nancy was well pleaſed with him; and the widow, quite charmed with her new lodger, invited him with the other next morning to breakfaſt.

Jones on his part was no leſs ſatisfied. As for Miſs Nancy, though a very little creature, ſhe was extremely pretty, and the widow had all the charms which can adorn a woman near fifty. As ſhe was one of the moſt innocent creatures in the world, ſo ſhe was one of the moſt chearful. She never thought, nor ſpoke, nor wiſhed any ill, and had conſtantly that deſire of pleaſing, which may be called the happieſt of all deſires in this, that it ſcarce ever fails of attaining its ends, when not diſgraced by affectation. In ſhort, though her power was very ſmall, ſhe was in her heart one of the warmeſt friends. She had been a moſt affectionate wife, and was a moſt fond and tender mother.

As our hiſtory doth not, like a news-paper, give great characters to people who never were heard of before, nor will ever be heard of again, the reader may hence conclude, that this excellent woman will hereafter appear to be of ſome importance in our hiſtory.

Nor

Nor was Jones a little pleaſed with the young gentleman himſelf, whoſe wine he had been drinking. He thought he diſcerned in him much good ſenſe, tho' a little too much tainted with town-foppery; but what recommended him moſt to Jones were ſome ſentiments of great generoſity and humanity, which occaſionally dropt from him, and particularly many expreſſions of the higheſt diſintereſtedneſs in the affair of love: On which ſubject the young gentleman delivered himſelf in a language, which might have very well become an Arcadian ſhepherd of old, and which appeared very extraordinary when proceeding from the lips of a modern fine gentleman; but he was only one by imitation, and meant by nature for a much better character.

CHAP. VI.

What arrived while the company were at breakfaſt, with ſome hints concerning the government of daughters.

OUR company brought together in the morning the ſame good inclinations towards each other, with which they had ſeparated the evening before; but poor Jones was extremely diſconſolate; for he had juſt received information from Partridge, that Mrs. Fitzpatrick had left her lodging, and that he could not learn whither ſhe was gone. This news highly afflicted him, and his countenance, as well as his behaviour, in defiance of all his endeavours to the contrary, betrayed manifeſt indications of a diſordered mind.

The diſcourſe turned at preſent, as before, on love; and Mr. Nightingale again expreſſed many of thoſe warm, generous, and diſintereſted ſentiments upon this ſubject, which wiſe and ſober men call romantic, but which wiſe and ſober women generally regard in a better light. Mrs. Miller (for ſo the miſtreſs of the houſe was called), greatly approved theſe ſentiments; but, when the young gentleman appealed to Miſs Nancy, ſhe anſwered only, 'That ſhe believed the 'gentleman, who had ſpoke the leaſt, was capable 'of feeling the moſt.'

This compliment was ſo apparently directed to Jones, that we ſhould have been ſorry had he paſſed it by unregarded. He made her indeed a very polite anſwer, and concluded with an oblique hint, that her own ſilence ſubjected her to a ſuſpicion of the ſame kind; for indeed ſhe had ſcarce opened her lips either now, or the laſt evening.

'I am glad, Nanny,' ſays Mrs. Miller, 'the gentleman hath made the obſervation; I proteſt, I am almoſt of his opinion. What can be the matter with you, child? I never ſaw ſuch an alteration. What is become of all your gaiety? Would you think, Sir, I uſed to call her my little prattler. She hath not ſpoke twenty words this week.'

Here their converſation was interrupted by the entrance of a maid-ſervant, who brought a bundle in her hands, which, ſhe ſaid, 'was delivered by a porter for Mr. Jones.' She added, 'that the man immediately went away, ſaying it required no anſwer.'

Jones expreſſed ſome ſurprize on this occaſion, and declared it muſt be ſome miſtake; but, the maid perſiſting that ſhe was certain of the name, all the women were deſirous of having the bundle immediately opened; which operation was at length performed by little Betſey, with the conſent of Mr. Jones; and the contents were found to be a domino, a maſk, and a maſquerade-ticket.

Jones was now more poſitive than ever, in aſſerting, that theſe things muſt have been delivered by miſtake; and Mrs. Miller herſelf expreſſed ſome doubt, and ſaid, 'ſhe knew not what to think.' But, when Mr. Nightingale was aſked, he delivered a very different opinion. 'All I can conclude from it, Sir,' ſaid he, 'is, that you are a very happy man; for I make no doubt, but theſe were ſent you by ſome lady whom you will have the happineſs of meeting at the maſquerade.'

Jones had not a ſufficient degree of vanity to entertain any ſuch flattering imagination; nor did Mrs. Miller herſelf give much aſſent to what Mr Nightingale had ſaid, till Miſs Nancy, having lifted up the domino,

domino, a card dropped from the ſleeve, in which was written as follows:

To Mr. Jones.

'The queen of the fairies ſends you this;
'Uſe her favours not amiſs.'

Mrs. Miller and Miſs Nancy now both agreed with Mr. Nightingale; nay, Jones himſelf was almoſt perſuaded to be of the ſame opinion; and, as no other lady but Mrs. Fitzpatrick, he thought, knew his lodging, he began to flatter himſelf with ſome hopes, that it came from her; and that he might poſſibly ſee his Sophia. Theſe hopes had ſurely very little foundation; but as the conduct of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, in not ſeeing him according to her promiſe, and in quitting her lodgings, had been very odd and unaccountable, he conceived ſome faint hopes, that ſhe (of whom he had formerly heard a very whimſical character), might poſſibly intend to do him that ſervice in a ſtrange manner, which ſhe declined doing by more ordinary methods. To ſay the truth, as nothing certain could be concluded from ſo odd and uncommon an incident, he had the greater latitude to draw what imaginary concluſions from it he pleaſed. As his temper, therefore, was naturally ſanguine, he indulged it on this occaſion, and his imagination worked up a thouſand conceits, to favour and ſupport his expectations of meeting his dear Sophia in the evening.

Reader, if thou haſt any good wiſhes towards me, I will fully repay them, by wiſhing thee to be poſſeſſed of this ſanguine diſpoſition of mind; ſince, after having read much, and conſidered long on that ſubject of happineſs, which hath employed ſo many great pens, I am almoſt inclined to fix it in the poſſeſſion of this temper, which puts us in a manner out of the reach of fortune, and makes us happy without her aſſiſtance. Indeed, the ſenſations of pleaſure it gives are much more conſtant, as well as much keener than thoſe which that blind lady beſtows; nature having wiſely contrived, that ſome ſatiety and languor ſhould

be annexed to all our real enjoyments, leſt we ſhould be ſo taken up by them, as to be ſtopped from further purſuits. I make no manner of doubt but that, in this light, we may ſee the imaginary future chancellor juſt called to the bar, the archbiſhop in crape, and the prime miniſter at the tail of an oppoſition, more truly happy than thoſe who are inveſted with all the power and profit of theſe reſpective offices.

Mr. Jones having now determined to go to the maſquerade that evening, Mr. Nightingale offered to conduct him thither. The young gentleman, at the ſame time, offered tickets to Miſs Nancy and her mother; but the good woman would not accept them. She ſaid, 'ſhe did not conceive the harm which ſome 'people imagined in a maſquerade; but that ſuch ex-'travagant diverſions were proper only for perſons 'of quality and fortune, and not for young women 'who were to get their living, and could at beſt hope 'to be married to a good tradeſman'——'A tradeſ-'man!' cries Nightingale, 'you ſhan't undervalue 'my Nancy. There is not a nobleman upon earth 'above her merit.' 'O fie, Mr. Nightingale,' anſwered Mrs Miller, 'you muſt not fill the girl's head 'with ſuch fancies; but, if it was her good luck, ſays her mother with a ſimper, 'to find a gentleman 'of your generous way of thinking, I hope ſhe would 'make a better return to his generoſity, than to give 'her mind up to extravagant pleaſures. Indeed, 'where young ladies bring great fortunes themſelves, 'they have ſome right to inſiſt on ſpending what is 'their own; and, on that account, I have heard the 'gentlemen ſay, a man has ſometimes a better bar-'gain with a poor wife, than with a rich one.—But 'let my daughters marry whom they will, I ſhall en-'deavour to make them bleſſings to their huſbands: I 'beg, therefore, I may hear of no more maſquerades. 'Nancy is, I am certain, too good a girl to deſire to 'go; for ſhe muſt remember, when you carried her 'thither laſt year, it almoſt turned her head; and 'ſhe did not return to herſelf, or to her needle, in a 'month afterwards.'

Though

Though a gentle ſigh which ſtole from the boſom of Nancy, ſeemed to argue ſome ſecret diſapprobation of theſe ſentiments, ſhe did not dare openly to oppoſe them. For as this good woman had all the tenderneſs, ſo ſhe had preſerved all the authority of a parent; and as her indulgence to the deſires of her children was reſtrained only by her fears for their ſafety and future welfare, ſo ſhe never ſuffered thoſe commands, which proceeded from ſuch fears, to be either diſobeyed or diſputed. And this the young gentleman who had lodged two years in the houſe, knew ſo well, that he preſently acquieſced in the refuſal.

Mr. Nightingals who grew every minute fonder of Jones, was very deſirous of his company that day to dinner at the tavern, where he offered to introduce him to ſome of his acquaintance; but Jones begged to be excuſed, 'as his clothes,' he ſaid, 'were not yet come 'to town.'

To confeſs the truth, Mr. Jones was now in a ſituation, which ſometimes happens to be the caſe of young gentlemen of much better figure than himſelf. In ſhort, he had not one penny in his pocket: a ſituation in much greater credit among the ancient philoſophers, than among the modern wiſe men who live in Lombard ſtreet, or thoſe who frequent White's chocolate-houſe. And, perhaps, the great honours which thoſe philoſophers have aſcribed to an empty pocket, may be one of the reaſons of that high contempt in which they are held in the aforeſaid ſtreet and chocolate-houſe.

Now, if the ancient opinion, that men might live very comfortably on virtue only, be as the modern wiſe men juſt above mentioned, pretend to have diſcovered, a notorious error; no leſs falſe is, I apprehend, that poſition of ſome writers of romance, that a man can live altogether on love: for however delicious repaſts this may afford to ſome of our ſenſes or appetites, it is moſt certain it can afford none to others. Thoſe, therefore, who have placed too great a confidence in ſuch writers, have experienced their error when it was too late: and have found that love was no more capable of allaying hunger, than a roſe is capable

pable of delighting the ear, or a violin of gratifying the ſmell.

Notwithſtanding, therefore, all the delicacies which love had ſet before him, namely, the hopes of ſeeing Sophia at the maſquerade; on which, however ill-founded his imagination might be, he had voluptuouſly feaſted during the whole day, the evening no ſooner came, than Mr. Jones began to languiſh for ſome food of a groſſer kind. Partridge diſcovered this by intuition, and took the occaſion to give ſome oblique hints concerning the bank-bill, and when theſe were rejected with diſdain, he collected courage enough once more to mention a return to Mr. Allworthy.

'Partridge,' cries Jones, 'you cannot ſee my fortune in a more deſperate light than I ſee it myſelf; 'and I begin heartily to repent, that I ſuffered you to 'leave a place, where you was ſettled, and to follow 'me. However, I inſiſt now on your returning home; 'and for the expence and trouble which you have ſo 'kindly put yourſelf to on my account, all the clothes 'I left behind in your care, I deſire you would take 'as your own. I am ſorry I can make you no other 'acknowledgment.

He ſpoke theſe words with ſo pathetic an accent, that Partridge, among whoſe vices ill nature or hardneſs of heart were not numbered, burſt into tears; and after ſwearing he would not quit him in his diſtreſs, he began with the moſt earneſt intreaties to urge his return home. 'For heaven's ſake, Sir,' ſays he, 'do but conſider: what can your honour do? How 'is it poſſible you can live in this town without money? Do what you will, Sir, or go wherever you 'pleaſe, I am reſolved not to deſert you —But pray, 'Sir, conſider,—do pray, Sir, for your own ſake, 'take it into your conſideration; and I'm ſure,' ſays he, 'that your own good ſenſe will bid you return 'home.'

'How often ſhall I tell thee,' anſwered Jones, 'that I have no home to return to? Had I any hopes 'that Mr. Allworthy's doors would be open to receive 'me, I want no diſtreſs to urge me:—nay, there is 'no other cauſe upon earth, which could detain me 'a moment

'a moment from flying to his preſence; but, alas! 'that I am for ever baniſhed from. His laſt words 'were,—O Partridge, they ſtill ring in my ears.—— 'His laſt words were, when he gave me a ſum of 'money; what it was I know not, but conſiderable 'I'm ſure it was.——His laſt words were—'I am "reſolved from this day forward, on no account, to "converſe with you any more."

Here paſſion ſtopt the mouth of Jones, as ſurprize, for a moment, did that of Partridge: but he ſoon recovered the uſe of ſpeech, and after a ſhort preface, in which he declared he had no inquiſitiveneſs in his temper, enquired, what Jones meant by a conſiderable ſum; he knew not how much; and what was become of the money.

In both theſe points he now received full ſatisfaction; on which he was proceeding to comment, when he was interrupted by a meſſage from Mr. Nightingale, who deſired his maſter's company in his apartment.

When the two gentlemen were both attired for the maſquerade, and Mr. Nightingale had given orders for chairs to be ſent for, a circumſtance of diſtreſs occurred to Jones, which will appear very ridiculous to many of my readers. This was how to procure a ſhilling; but, if ſuch readers will reflect a little on what they have themſelves felt from the want of a thouſand pound, or perhaps of ten or twenty to execute a favourite ſcheme, they will have a perfect idea of what Mr. Jones felt on this occaſion For this ſum, therefore, he applied to Partridge, which was the firſt he had permitted him to advance, and was the laſt he intended that poor fellow ſhould advance in his ſervice. To ſay the truth, Partridge had lately made no offer of this kind; whether it was that he deſired to ſee the bank-bill broke in upon, or that diſtreſs ſhould prevail on Jones to return home, or from what other motive it proceeded, I will not determine.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

Containing the whole humours of a maſquerade.

OUR cavaliers now arrived at that temple, where Heydegger, the great *arbiter deliciarum*, the great high-prieſt of pleaſure preſides; and, like other heathen prieſts, impoſes on his votaries by the pretended preſence of the deity, when in reality no ſuch deity is there.

Mr. Nightingale, having taken a turn or two with his companion, ſoon left him, and walked off with a female, ſaying, 'Now you are here, Sir, you muſt 'beat about for your own game.'

Jones began to entertain ſtrong hopes that his Sophia was preſent; and theſe hopes gave him more ſpirits than the lights, the muſic, and the company; though theſe are pretty ſtrong antidotes againſt the ſpleen. He now accoſted every woman he ſaw, whoſe ſtature, ſhape, or air, bore any reſemblance to his angel: To all of whom he endeavoured to ſay ſomething ſmart, in order to engage an anſwer, by which he might diſcover that voice which he thought it impoſſible he ſhould miſtake. Some of theſe anſwered, by a queſtion, in a ſqueaking voice, Do you know me? Much the greater numbers ſaid, I don't know you, Sir; and nothing more. Some called him an impertinent fellow; ſome made him no anſwer at all; ſome ſaid, Indeed I don't know your voice, and I ſhall have nothing to ſay to you; and many gave him as kind anſwers as he could wiſh, but not in the voice he deſired to hear.

Whilſt he was talking with one of theſe laſt, (who was in the habit of a ſhepherdeſs), a lady in a domino came up to him, and, ſlapping him on the ſhoulder, whiſpered him at the ſame time in the ear, 'If 'you talk any longer with that trollop, I will ac-'quaint Miſs Weſtern.'

Jones no ſooner heard that name, than, immediately quitting his former companion, he applied to the domino, begging and entreating her to ſhew him the

the lady ſhe had mentioned, if ſhe was then in the room.

The maſk walked haſtily to the upper end of the innermoſt apartment before ſhe ſpoke; and then, inſtead of anſwering him, ſat down, and declared ſhe was tired. Jones ſat down by her, and ſtill perſiſted in his entreaties; at laſt the lady coldly anſwered, 'I 'imagined Mr. Jones had been a more diſcerning 'lover, than to ſuffer any diſguiſe to conceal his miſ-'treſs from him.' 'Is ſhe here then, Madam?' replied Jones, with ſome vehemence: Upon which the lady cried,—'Huſh, Sir, you will be obſerved.—I 'promiſe you upon my honour, Miſs Weſtern is not 'here.'

Jones, now taking the maſk by the hand, fell to entreating her, in the moſt earneſt manner, to acquaint him where he might find Sophia; and, when he could obtain no direct anſwer, he began to upbraid her gently for having diſappointed him the day before; and concluded, ſaying, 'Indeed, my good fairy 'queen, I know your Majeſty very well, notwith-'ſtanding the affected diſguiſe of your voice. In-'deed, Mrs Fitzpatrick, it is a little cruel to divert 'yourſelf at the expence of my torments.'

The maſk anſwered, 'Though you have ſo ingeni-'ouſly diſcovered me, I muſt ſtill ſpeak in the ſame 'voice, leſt I ſhould be known by others. And do 'you think, good Sir, that I have no greater regard 'for my couſin, than to aſſiſt in carrying on an affair 'between you two, which muſt end in her ruin, as 'well as your own? Beſides, I promiſe you, my cou-'ſin is not mad enough to conſent to her own de-'ſtruction, if you are ſo much her enemy as to tempt 'her to it.

'Alas, Madam,' ſaid Jones, 'you little know my 'heart, when you call me an enemy of Sophia.'

'And yet to ruin any one,' cries the other, 'you 'will allow, is the act of an enemy; and, when by 'the ſame act you muſt knowingly and certainly bring 'ruin on yourſelf, is it not folly or madneſs, as well 'as guilt? Now, Sir, my couſin hath very little more 'than her father will pleaſe to give her; very little for

'one

'one of her faſhion;—you know him, and you know 'your own ſituation.'

Jones vowed he had no ſuch deſign on Sophia; 'That he would rather ſuffer the moſt violent of 'deaths, than ſacrifice her intereſt to his deſires. He 'ſaid, he knew how unworthy he was of her every 'way; that he had long ago reſolved to quit all ſuch 'aſpiring thoughts, but that ſome ſtrange accidents 'had made him deſirous to ſee her once more, when 'he promiſed he would take leave of her for ever. 'No, Madam,' concluded he, 'my love is not of 'that baſe kind, which ſeeks its own ſatisfaction, at 'the expence of what is moſt dear to its object. I 'would ſacrifice every thing to the poſſeſſion of my 'Sophia, but Sophia herſelf.'

Though the reader may have already conceived no very ſublime idea of the virtue of the lady in the maſk; and though poſſibly ſhe may hereafter appear not to deſerve one of the firſt characters of her ſex; yet, it is certain, theſe generous ſentiments made a ſtrong impreſſion upon her, and greatly added to the affection ſhe had before conceived for our young hero.

The lady now, after ſilence of a few moments, ſaid, 'She did not ſee his pretenſions to Sophia ſo 'much in the light of preſumption, as of imprudence. 'Young fellows,' ſays ſhe, 'can never have too aſpi- 'ring thoughts. I love ambition in a young man, 'and I would have you cultivate it as much as poſſi- 'ble. Perhaps you may ſucceed with thoſe who are 'infinitely ſuperior in fortune; nay, I am convinced 'there are women—But don't you think me a 'ſtrange creature, Mr. Jones, to be thus giving ad- 'vice to a man, with whom I am ſo little acquainted, 'and one with whoſe behaviour to me I have ſo little 'reaſon to be pleaſed?'

Here Jones began to apologize, and to hope he had not offended in any thing he had ſaid of her couſin.—To which the maſk anſwered, 'And are you ſo 'little verſed in the ſex, to imagine you can well af- 'front a lady more, than by entertaining her with 'your paſſion for another woman? If the fairy queen 'had conceived no better opinion of your gallantry,

'she would ſcarce have appointed you to meet her at 'a maſquerade.'

Jones had never leſs inclination to an amour than at preſent; but gallantry to the ladies was among his principles of honour; and he held it as much incumbent on him to accept a challenge to love, as if it had been a challenge to fight. Nay, his very love to Sophia made it neceſſary for him to keep well with the lady, as he made no doubt but ſhe was capable of bringing him into the preſence of the other.

He began therefore to make a very warm anſwer to her laſt ſpeech, when a maſk, in the character of an old woman, joined them. This maſk was one of thoſe ladies who go to a maſquerade only to vent ill-nature, by telling people rude truths, and by endeavouring, as the phraſe is, to ſpoil as much ſport as they are able. This good lady, therefore, having obſerved Jones, and his friend, whom ſhe well knew, in cloſe conſultation together in a corner of the room, concluded ſhe could no where ſatisfy her ſpleen better than by interrupting them. She attacked them therefore, and ſoon drove them from their retirement; nor was ſhe contented with this, but purſued them to every place which they ſhifted to avoid her; till Mr. Nightingale ſeeing the diſtreſs of his friend, at laſt relieved him, and engaged the old woman in another purſuit.

While Jones and his maſk were walking together about the room, to rid themſelves of the teaſer, he obſerved his lady ſpeak to ſeveral maſks, with the ſame freedom of acquaintance, as if they had been barefaced. He could not help expreſſing his ſurprize at this, ſaying, 'Sure, Madam, you muſt have infi-'nite diſcernment to know people in all diſguiſes.' To which the lady anſwered, 'You cannot conceive 'any thing more inſipid and childiſh than a maſque-'rade to the people of faſhion, who in general know 'one another as well here, as when they meet in an 'aſſembly or a drawing-room; nor will any woman 'of condition converſe with a perſon with whom ſhe 'is not acquainted. In ſhort, the generality of per-'ſons whom you ſee here, may more properly be ſaid

'to kill time in this place than in any other; and 'generally retire from hence more tired than from 'the longeſt ſermon. To ſay the truth, I begin to 'be in that ſituation myſelf; and if I have any fa-'culty at gueſſing, you are not much better pleaſed. 'I proteſt it would be almoſt charity in me to go 'home for your ſake.' 'I know but one charity 'equal to it, cries Jones, 'and that is to ſuffer me 'to wait on you home.' 'Sure,' anſwered the lady, 'you have a ſtrange opinion of me, to imagine, that 'upon ſuch an acquaintance, I would let you into 'my doors at this time o'night. I fancy you impute 'the friendſhip I have ſhewn my couſin, to ſome 'other motive. Confeſs honeſtly; don't you conſider 'this contrived interview as little better than a down-'right aſſignation? Are you uſed, Mr. Jones, to 'make theſe ſudden conqueſts?' 'I am not uſed, Ma-'dam,' ſaid Jones, 'to ſubmit to ſuch ſudden con-'queſts; but as you have taken my heart by ſurprize, 'the reſt of my body hath a right to follow; ſo you 'muſt pardon me if I reſolve to attend you wherever 'you go.' He accompanied theſe words with ſome proper actions; upon which the lady, after a gentle rebuke, and ſaying their familiarity would be obſerv-ed, told him, 'She was going to ſup with an ac-'quaintance, whither ſhe hoped he would not follow 'her; for if you ſhould,' ſaid ſhe, 'I ſhall be 'thought an unaccountable creature, though my 'friend indeed is not cenſorious, yet I hope you won't 'follow me: I proteſt I ſhall not know what to ſay, 'if you do.'

The lady preſently after quitted the maſquerade, and Jones, notwithſtanding the ſevere prohibition he had received, preſumed to attend her. He was now reduced to the ſame dilemma we have mentioned be-fore, namely, the want of a ſhilling, and could not relieve it by borrowing as before. He therefore walked boldly on after the chair in which his lady rode, purſued by a grand huzza, from all the chair-men preſent, who wiſely take the beſt care they can to diſcountenance all walking a-foot by their betters. Luckily, however, the gentry who at end at the opera-houſe,

houſe, were too buſy to quit their ſtations, and as the lateneſs of the hour prevented him from meeting many of their brethren in the ſtreet, he proceeded without moleſtation, in a dreſs, which, at another ſeaſon, would have certainly raiſed a mob at his heels.

The lady was ſet down in a ſtreet, not far from Hanover-ſquare, where the door being preſently opened, ſhe was carried in; and the gentleman, without any ceremony, walked in after her.

Jones and his companion were now together in a very well furniſhed and well-warm'd room, when the female ſtill ſpeaking in her maſquerade voice, ſaid, ſhe was ſurprized at her friend, who muſt abſolutely have forgot her appointment; at which, after venting much reſentment, ſhe ſuddenly expreſt ſome apprehenſion from Jones, and aſked him what the world would think of their having been alone together in a houſe at that time of night? But inſtead of a direct anſwer to ſo important a queſtion, Jones began to be very importunate with the lady to unmaſk; and at length having prevailed, there appeared not Mrs. Fitzpatrick, but the lady Bellaſton herſelf.

It would be tedious to give the particular converſation, which conſiſted of very common and ordinary occurrences, and which laſted from two till ſix o'clock in the morning. It is ſufficient to mention all of it that is any wiſe material to this hiſtory. And this was a promiſe that the lady would endeavour to find out Sophia, and in a few days bring him to an interview with her, on condition that he would then take his leave of her. When this was thoroughly ſettled, and a ſecond meeting in the evening appointed at the ſame place, they ſeparated; the lady returned to her houſe, and Jones to his lodgings.

CHAP. VIII.

Containing a ſcene of diſtreſs, which will appear very extraordinary to moſt of our readers.

JONES having refreſhed himſelf with a few hours ſleep, ſummoned Partridge to his preſence; and delivering him a bank-note of fifty pounds, ordered him to go and change it. Partridge received this with ſparkling eyes, though when he came to reflect farther, it raiſed in him ſome ſuſpicions not very advantageous to the honour of his maſter; to theſe the dreadful idea he had of the maſquerade, the diſguiſe in which his maſter had gone out and returned, and his having been abroad all night, contributed. In plain language, the only way he could poſſibly find to account for the poſſeſſion of this note was by robbery: and, to confeſs the truth, the reader, unleſs he ſhould ſuſpect it was owing to the generoſity of lady Bellaſton, can hardly imagine any other.

To clear therefore the honour of Mr. Jones, and to do juſtice to the liberality of the lady, he had really received this preſent from her, who, though ſhe did not give much into the hackney charities of the age, ſuch as building hoſpitals, &c. was not, however, entirely void of that chriſtian virtue, and conceived, (very rightly I think), that a young fellow of merit, without a ſhilling in the world, was no improper object of this virtue.

Mr. Jones and Mr. Nightingale had been invited to dine this day with Mrs. Miller. At the appointed hour therefore the two young gentlemen, with the two girls, attended in the parlour, where they waited from three till almoſt five before the good woman appeared. She had been out of town to viſit a relation, of whom, at her return, ſhe gave the following account.

'I hope, gentlemen, you will pardon my making 'you wait; I am ſure if you knew the occaſion. I 'have been to ſee a couſin of mine, about ſix miles 'off, who now lies in.—It ſhould be a warning to 'all perſons (ſays ſhe, looking at her daughters), how they

'they marry indiſcreetly. There is no happineſs in 'this world without a competency. O Nancy! how 'ſhall I deſcribe the wretched condition in which I 'found your poor couſin; ſhe hath ſcarce lain in a 'week, and there was ſhe, this dreadful weather, in 'a cold room, without any curtains to her bed, and 'not a buſhel of coals in her houſe to ſupply her with 'fire: her ſecond ſon, that ſweet little fellow, lies ill 'of a quinzy in the ſame bed with his mother; for 'there is no other bed in the houſe. Poor little 'Tomy! I believe, Nancy, you will never ſee your 'favourite any more; for he is really very ill. The 'reſt of the children are in pretty good health; but 'Molly, I am afraid, will do herſelf an injury: ſhe 'is but thirteen years old, Mr. Nightingale, and yet 'in my life, I never ſaw a better nurſe: ſhe tends 'both her mother and her brother; and, what is won-'derful in a creature ſo young, ſhe ſhews all the chear-'fulneſs in the world to her mother; and yet I ſaw 'her—I ſaw the poor child, Mr. Nightingale, turn 'about, and privately wipe the tears from her eyes.' Here Mrs. Miller was prevented, by her own tears, from going on, and there was not, I believe, a perſon preſent, who did not accompany in them; at length ſhe a little recovered herſelf, and proceeded thus? 'In all this diſtreſs the mother ſupports her ſpi-'rits in a ſurpriſing manner. The danger of her ſon 'ſits heavieſt upon her, and yet ſhe endeavours as 'much as poſſible to conceal even this concern, on 'her huſband's account. Her grief, however, ſome-'times gets the better of all her endeavours; for ſhe 'was always extravagantly fond of this boy, and a moſt 'ſenſible, ſweet-tempered creature it is. I proteſt I 'was never more affected in my life than when I 'heard the little wretch, who is hardly yet ſeven 'years old, while his mother was wetting him with 'her tears, beg her to be comforted.——Indeed, 'mamma,' cried the child, 'I ſhan't die; God Al-'mighty, I'm ſure, won't take Tommy away; let 'heaven be ever ſo fine a place, I had rather ſtay here 'and ſtarve with you and my papa, than go to it.—'Pardon me, gentlemen, I can't help it,' (ſays ſhe,

wiping her eyes, 'ſuch ſenſibility and affection in a 'child—— And yet, perhaps, he is leaſt the object 'of pity; for a day or two will, perhaps, place him 'beyond the reach of all human evils. The father 'is indeed moſt worthy of compaſſion. Poor man! 'his countenance is the very picture of horror, and he 'looks rather like one dead than alive. Oh heavens! 'what a ſcene did I behold at my firſt coming into the 'room! The good creature was lying behind the bol-'ſter, ſupporting at once both his child and his wife. 'He had nothing on but a thin waiſtcoat; for his coat 'was ſpread over the bed to ſupply the want of blan-'kets.——When he roſe up at my entrance, I ſcarce 'knew him. As comely a man, Mr. Jones, within 'this fortnight, as you ever beheld; Mr. Nightin-'gale hath ſeen him. His eyes ſunk, his face pale, 'with a long beard; his body ſhivering with cold, 'and worn with hunger too; for my couſin ſays, ſhe 'can hardly prevail upon him to eat.—He told me 'himſelf in a whiſper; he told me—I can't repeat 'it—— he ſaid, he could not bear to eat the bread 'his children wanted. And yet, (can you believe 'it, gentlemen?) in all this miſery, his wife has as 'good caudle, as if ſhe lay in in the midſt of the 'greateſt affluence; I taſted it, and I ſcarce ever taſted 'better.—The means of procuring her this, he ſaid, 'he believed was ſent him by an angel from heaven. 'I know not what he meant; for I had not ſpirits 'enough to aſk a ſingle queſtion.'

'This was a love match, as they call it, on both 'ſides; that is, a match between two beggars. I muſt 'indeed ſay I never ſaw a fonder couple; but what is 'their fondneſs good for, but to torment each other?' 'Indeed, mamma,' cries Nancy, 'I have always 'looked on my couſin Anderſon (for that was her 'name), as one of the happieſt of women.' 'I am 'ſure, ſays Mrs. Miller, 'the caſe at preſent is much 'otherwiſe; for any one might have diſcerned, that 'the tender conſideration of each other's ſufferings 'makes the moſt intolerable part of their calamity, 'both to the huſband and the wife Compared to 'which, hunger and cold, as they affect their own

'perſons

'perſons only, are ſcarce evils. Nay, the very chil-
'dren, the youngeſt, which is not two years old, ex-
'cepted, feel in the ſame manner; for they are a moſt
'loving family, and, if they had but a bare compe-
'tency, would be the happieſt people in the world. I
'never ſaw the leaſt ſign of miſery at her houſe,' re-
plied Nancy; 'I am ſure my heart bleeds for what
'you now tell me.—'O child,' anſwered the mo-
ther, 'ſhe hath always endeavoured to make the beſt
'of every thing They have always been in great diſ-
'treſs; but indeed this abſolute ruin hath been
'brought upon them by others. The poor man was
'bail for the villain his brother; and about a week
'ago, the very day before her lying-in, their goods
'were all carried away, and ſold by an execution.
'He ſent a letter to me of it by one of the bailiffs,
'which the villain never delivered—What muſt he think
'of my ſuffering a week to paſs before he heard of me?'

It was not with dry eyes that Jones heard this narrative; when it was ended, he took Mrs. Miller a part with him into another room, and, delivering her his purſe, in which was the ſum of 50 l. deſired her to ſend as much of it as ſhe thought proper to theſe poor people. The look which Mrs. Miller gave Jones, on this occaſion, is not eaſy to be deſcribed. She burſt into a kind of agony of tranſport, and cried out,—— 'Good heavens! is there ſuch a man in the world?' —— But, recollecting herſelf, ſhe ſaid, 'Indeed I 'know one ſuch; but can there be another?' 'I hope, 'Madam,' cries Jones, 'there are many who have 'common humanity; for to relieve ſuch diſtreſſes in 'our fellow-creatures, can hardly be called more.' Mrs. Miller then took ten guineas, which were the utmoſt he could prevail with her to accept, and ſaid, 'She would find ſome means of conveying them ear-'ly the next morning;' adding, that ſhe had herſelf 'done ſome little matter for the poor people, and had 'not left them in quite ſo much miſery as ſhe found 'them.'

They then returned to the parlour, where Nightingale expreſſed much concern at the dreadful ſituation of theſe wretches, whom indeed he knew; for he had

ſeen

ſeen them more than once at Mrs. Miller's. He inveighed againſt the folly of making one's ſelf liable for the debts of others, vented many bitter execrations againſt the brother, and concluded with wiſhing ſomething could be done for the unfortunate family. 'Suppoſe, Madam,' ſaid he, 'you ſhould recommend them to Mr. Allworthy? Or what think you 'of a collection? I will give them a guinea with all 'my heart.'

Mrs. Miller made no anſwer; and Nancy, to whom her mother had whiſpered the generoſity of Jones, turned pale upon the occaſion; though, if either of them was angry with Nightingale, it was ſurely without reaſon; for the liberality of Jones, if he had known it, was not an example which he had any obligation to follow; and there are thouſands who would not have contributed a ſingle halfpenny, as indeed he did not in effect, for he made no tender of any thing; and therefore, as the others thought proper to make no demand, he kept his money in his pocket.

I have in truth obſerved, and ſhall never have a better opportunity than at preſent to communicate my obſervation, that the world are in general divided into two opinions concerning charity, which are the very reverſe of each other. One party ſeems to hold, that all acts of this kind are to be eſteemed as voluntary gifts, and however little you give, (if indeed no more than your good wiſhes), you acquire a great degree of merit in ſo doing.—Others, on the contrary, appear to be as firmly perſuaded, that beneficence is a poſitive duty, and that, whenever the rich fall greatly ſhort of their ability in relieving the diſtreſſes of the poor, their pitiful largeſſes are ſo far from being meritorious, that they have only performed their duty by halves, and are in ſome ſenſe more contemptible than thoſe who have entirely neglected it.

To reconcile theſe different opinions is not in my power. I ſhall only add, that the givers are generally of the former ſentiment, and the receivers are almoſt univerſally inclined to the latter.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

Which treats of matters of a very different kind from thoſe in the preceding chapter.

IN the evening Jones met his lady again, and a long converſation again enſued between them; but, as it conſiſted only of the ſame ordinary occurrences as before, we ſhall avoid mentioning particulars, which we deſpair of rendering agreeable to the reader, unleſs he is one whoſe devotion to the fair ſex, like that of the papiſts to their ſaints, wants to be raiſed by the help of pictures. But I am ſo far from deſiring to exhibit ſuch pictures to the public, that I would wiſh to draw a curtain over thoſe that have been lately ſet forth in certain French novels; very bungling copies of which have been preſented us here, under the name of tranſlations.

Jones grew ſtill more and more impatient to ſee Sophia; and, finding after repeated interviews with lady Bellaſton, no likelihood of obtaining this by her means, (for on the contrary, the lady began to treat even the mention of the name of Sophia with reſentment), he reſolved to try ſome other method. He made no doubt but that lady Bellaſton knew where his angel was, ſo he thought it moſt likely, that ſome of her ſervants ſhould be acquainted with the ſame ſecret. Partridge therefore was employed to get acquainted with thoſe ſervants, in order to fiſh this ſecret out of them.

Few ſituations can be imagined more uneaſy, than that to which his poor maſter was at preſent reduced; for, beſides the difficulties he met with in diſcovering Sophia, beſides the fears he had of having diſobliged her, and the aſſurances he had received from lady Bellaſton of the reſolution which Sophia had taken againſt him, and of her having purpoſely concealed herſelf from him, which he had ſufficient reaſon to believe might be true, he had ſtill a difficulty to combat, which it was not in the power of his miſtreſs to remove, however kind her inclination might have been.

been. This was the expoſing of her to be diſinherited of all her father's eſtate, the almoſt inevitable conſequence of their coming together without a conſent, which he had no hopes of ever obtaining.

Add to all theſe the many obligations which lady Bellaſton, whoſe violent fondneſs we can no longer conceal, had heaped upon him; ſo that by her means he was now become one of the beſt dreſs'd men about town, and was not only relieved from thoſe ridiculous diſtreſſes we have before mentioned, but was actually raiſed to a ſtate of affluence, beyond what he had ever known.

Now though there are many gentlemen, who very well reconcile it to their conſciences to poſſeſs themſelves of the whole fortune of a woman, without making her any kind of return, yet, to a mind the proprietor of which doth not deſerve to be hang'd, nothing is I believe more irkſome, than to ſupport love with gratitude only, eſpecially where inclination pulls the heart a contrary way. Such was the unhappy caſe of Jones; for, though the virtuous love he bore to Sophia, and which left very little affection for any other woman, had been entirely out of the queſtion, he could never have been able to have made an adequate return to the generous paſſion of this lady, who had indeed been once an object of deſire, but was now entered at leaſt into the autumn of life, though ſhe wore all the gaiety of youth both in her dreſs and manner; nay, ſhe contrived ſtill to maintain the roſes in her cheeks; but theſe, like flowers forced out of ſeaſon by art, had none of that lively blooming freſhneſs with which nature, at the proper time, bedecks her own productions. She had beſides a certain imperfection, which renders ſome flowers, though very beautiful to the eye, very improper to be placed in a wilderneſs of ſweets, and what above all others is moſt diſagreeable to the breath of love.

Though Jones ſaw all theſe diſcouragements on the one ſide, he felt his obligations full as ſtrongly on the other; nor did he leſs plainly diſcern the ardent paſſion whence thoſe obligations proceeded, the extreme

treme violence of which, if he had failed to equal, he well knew the lady would think him ungrateful; and, what is worſe, he would have thought himſelf ſo. He knew the tacit conſideration upon which all her favours were conferred, and, as his neceſſity obliged him to accept them, ſo his honour he concluded forced him to pay the price. This therefore he reſolved to do, whatever miſery it coſt him, and to devote himſelf to her, from that great principle of juſtice, by which the laws of ſome countries oblige a debtor, who is no otherwiſe capable of diſcharging his debt, to become the ſlave of his creditor.

While he was meditating on theſe matters, he received the following note from the lady.

'A very fooliſh, but a very perverſe accident, hath happened ſince our laſt meeting, which makes it improper I ſhould ſee you any more at the uſual place. I will, if poſſible, contrive ſome other place by to-morrow. In the mean time, adieu.'

This diſappointment perhaps the reader may conclude was not very great; but, if it was, he was quickly relieved; for, in leſs than an hour afterwards, another note was brought him from the ſame hand, which contained as follows.

'I have altered my mind ſince I wrote, a change which, if you are no ſtranger to the tendereſt of all paſſions, you will not wonder at. I am now reſolved to ſee you this evening at my own houſe, whatever may be the conſequence. Come to me exactly at ſeven; I dine abroad, but will be at home by that time. A day I find, to thoſe that ſincerely love, ſeems longer than I imagined.

'If you ſhould accidentally be a few moments before me, bid them ſhew you into the drawing-room.'

To confeſs the truth, Jones was leſs pleaſed with this laſt epiſtle, than he had been with the former, as

as he was prevented by it from complying with the earneſt entreaties of Mr. Nightingale, with whom he had now contracted much intimacy and friendſhip. Theſe entreaties were to go with that young gentleman and his company to a new play, which was to be acted that evening, and which a very large party had agreed to damn, from ſome diſlike they had taken to the author, who was a friend to one of Mr. Nightingale's acquaintance. And this ſort of fun our hero, we are aſhamed to confeſs, would willingly have preferred to the above kind appointment; but his honour got the better of his inclination.

Before we attend him to this intended interview with the lady, we think proper to account for both the preceding notes, as the reader may poſſibly be not a little ſurpriſed at the imprudence of lady Bellaſton in bringing her lover to the very houſe where her rival was lodged.

Firſt then, the miſtreſs of the houſe where theſe lovers had hitherto met, and who had been for ſome years a penſioner to that lady, was now become a methodiſt, and had that very morning waited upon her ladyſhip, and, after rebuking her very ſeverely for her paſt life, had poſitively declared, that ſhe would, on no account, be inſtrumental in carrying on any of her affairs for the future.

The hurry of ſpirits, into which this accident threw the lady, made her deſpair of poſſibly finding any other convenience to meet Jones that evening; but, as ſhe began a little to recover from her uneaſineſs at the diſappointment, ſhe ſet her thoughts to work, when luckily it came into her head to propoſe to Sophia to go to the play, which was immediately conſented to, and a proper lady provided for her companion. Mrs. Honour was likewiſe diſpatched with Mrs. Etoff on the ſame errand of pleaſure; and thus her own houſe was left free for the ſafe reception of Mr. Jones, with whom ſhe promiſed herſelf two or three hours of uninterrupted converſation, after her return from the place where ſhe dined, which was at a friend's houſe in a pretty diſtant part of the town, near her old

place of aſſignation, where ſhe had engaged herſelf before ſhe was well apprized of the revolution, that had happened in the mind and morals of her late confidante.

CHAP. X.

A chapter, which though ſhort may draw tears from ſome eyes.

MR. Jones was juſt dreſſed to wait on lady Bellaſton, when Mrs. Miller rapped at his door; and, being admitted, very earneſtly deſired his company below ſtairs to drink tea in the parlour.

Upon his entrance into the room, ſhe preſently introduced a perſon to him, ſaying, 'This, Sir, is my 'couſin, who hath been ſo greatly beholden to your 'goodneſs, for which he begs to return you his ſin'cereſt thanks.'

The man had ſcarce entered upon that ſpeech, which Mrs. Miller had ſo kindly prefaced, when both Jones and he, looking ſtedfaſtly at each other, ſhewed at once the utmoſt tokens of ſurprize. The voice of the latter began inſtantly to faulter; and, inſtead of finiſhing his ſpeech, he ſunk down into a chair, crying, 'It is ſo; I am convinced it is ſo!'

'Bleſs me, what's the meaning of this,' cries Mrs. Miller; 'you are not ill, I hope, couſin? Some water; 'a dram this inſtant.'

'Be not frighted, Madam,' cries Jones; 'I have 'almoſt as much need of a dram as your couſin. We 'are equally ſurpriſed at this unexpected meeting. 'Your couſin is an acquaintance of mine, Mrs. Mil'ler.'

'An acquaintance!' cries the man.——'Oh Hea'ven!

'Ay, an acquaintance,' repeated Jones, 'and an 'honoured acquaintance too. When I do not love and 'honour the man who dares venture every thing to 'preſerve his wife and children from inſtant deſtruc'tion, may I have a friend capable of drowning me 'in adverſity.'

'O you are an excellent young man,' cries Mrs. Miller;—'yes, indeed, poor creature! he hath ventured every thing; if he had not had one of the best of constitutions, it must have killed him.'

'Cousin,' cries the man, 'who had now pretty well recovered himself; this is the angel from heaven whom I meant. This is he to whom, before I saw you, I owed the preservation of my Peggy. He it was to whose generosity every comfort, every support, which I have procured for her, was owing. He is indeed the worthiest, bravest, noblest of all human beings. O cousin, I have obligations to this gentleman of such a nature!'

'Mention nothing of obligations,' cries Jones eagerly; 'not a word: I insist upon it, not a word;' (meaning, I suppose, that he would not have him betray the affair of the robbery to any person)—'If, by the trifle you have received from me, I have preserved a whole family, sure pleasure was never bought so cheap.'

'O, Sir,' cries the man, 'I wish you could this instant see my house. If any person had ever a right to the pleasure you mention, I am convinced it is yourself. My cousin tells me, she acquainted you with the distress in which she found us. That, Sir, is all greatly removed, and chiefly by your goodness.——My children have now a bed to lie on,———and they have———they have———eternal blessings reward you for it———they have bread to eat. My little boy is recovered; my wife is out of danger, and I am happy. All, all owing to you, Sir, and to my cousin here, one of the best of women. Indeed, Sir, I must see you at my house.—Indeed my wife must see you, and thank you.—My children too must express their gratitude. ——Indeed, Sir, they are not without a sense of their obligation; but what is my feeling when I reflect to whom I owe, that they are now capable of expressing their gratitude.———O, Sir! the little hearts which you have warmed had now been cold as ice without your assistance.'——

Here

Here Jones attempted to prevent the poor man from proceeding; but indeed the overflowing of his own heart would of itſelf have ſtopped his words. And now Mrs. Miller likewiſe began to pour forth thankſgivings, as well in her own name as in that of her couſin, and concluded with ſaying, 'ſhe doubted not but ſuch goodneſs would meet a glorious reward.'

Jones anſwered, 'He had been ſufficiently rewarded already. Your couſin's account, Madam,' ſaid he, 'hath given me a ſenſation more pleaſing than I have ever known. He muſt be a wretch who is unmoved at hearing ſuch a ſtory; how tranſporting then muſt be the thought of having happily acted a part in this ſcene! If there are men who cannot feel the delight of giving happineſs to others, I ſincerely pity them, as they are incapable of taſting what is, in my opinion, a greater honour, a higher intereſt, and a ſweeter pleaſure than the ambitious, the avaritious, or the voluptuous man can ever obtain.'

The hour of appointment being now come, Jones was forced to take a haſty leave, but not before he had heartily ſhaken his friend by the hand, and deſired to ſee him again as ſoon as poſſible, promiſing, that he would himſelf take the firſt opportunity of viſiting him at his own houſe. He then ſtept into his chair, and proceeded to lady Bellaſton's, greatly exulting in the happineſs which he had procured to this poor family; nor could he forbear reflecting without horror on the dreadful conſequences, which muſt have attended them, had he liſtened rather to the voice of ſtrict juſtice than to that of mercy, when he was attacked on the high road.

Mrs. Miller ſung forth the praiſes of Jones during the whole evening, in which Mr. Anderſon, while he ſtayed, ſo paſſionately accompanied her, that he was often on the very point of mentioning the circumſtances of the robbery. However, he luckily recollected himſelf, and avoided an indiſcretion, which would have been ſo much the greater, as he knew Mrs. Miller to be extremely ſtrict and nice in her principles. He was likewiſe well apprized of the loquacity of this lady;

and yet ſuch was his gratitude, that it had almoſt got the better both of diſcretion and ſhame, and made him publiſh that which would have defamed his own character, rather than omit any circumſtances which might do the fulleſt honour to his benefactor.

CHAP. XI.

In which the reader will be ſurpriſed.

MR. Jones was rather earlier than the time appointed, and earlier than the lady, whoſe arrival was hindered not only by the diſtance of the place where ſhe dined, but by ſome other croſs accidents, very vexatious to one in her ſituation of mind. He was accordingly ſhewn into the drawing-room, where he had not been many minutes before the door opened, and in came —— no other than Sophia herſelf, who had left the play before the end of the firſt act; for this, as we have already ſaid, being a new play, at which two large parties met, the one to damn, and the other to applaud, a violent uproar, and an engagement between the two parties, had ſo terrified our heroine, that ſhe was glad to put herſelf under the protection of a young gentleman, who ſafely conveyed her to her chair.

As lady Bellaſton had acquainted her that ſhe ſhould not be at home till late, Sophia, expecting to find no one in the room, came haſtily in, and went directly to a glaſs which almoſt fronted her, without once looking towards the upper end of the room, where the ſtatue of Jones now ſtood motionleſs.——In this glaſs it was, after contemplating her own lovely face, that ſhe firſt diſcovered the ſaid ſtatue; when, inſtantly turning about, ſhe perceived the reality of the viſion; upon which ſhe gave a violent ſcream, and ſcarce preſerved herſelf from fainting, till Jones was able to move to her and ſupport her in his arms.

To paint the looks or thoughts of either of theſe lovers is beyond my power. As their ſenſations, from their mutual ſilence, may be judged to have been too big for their own utterance, it cannot be ſuppoſed, that

that I ſhould be able to expreſs them: and the misfortune is, that few of my readers have been enough in love, to feel by their own hearts what paſt at this time in theirs.

After a ſhort pauſe, Jones with faultering accents ſaid, —'I ſee, Madam, you are ſurpriſed'—— 'Surpriſed!' anſwered ſhe; Oh heavens! Indeed, I 'am ſurpriſed I almoſt doubt whether you are the 'perſon you ſeem.' 'Indeed,' cries he, 'my Sophia, '(pardon me, Madam, for this once calling you ſo), 'I am that very wretched Jones, whom fortune, af'ter ſo many diſappointments, hath at laſt kindly 'conducted to you. Oh! my Sophia, did you know 'the thouſand torments I have ſuffered in this long 'fruitleſs purſuit.—'Purſuit of whom,' ſaid Sophia, a little recollecting herſelf, and aſſuming a reſerved air.——'Can you be ſo cruel to aſk that queſtion?' cries Jones: 'Need I ſay of you?' 'Of me!' anſwered Sophia: 'Hath Mr. Jones then any ſuch im'portant buſineſs with me?' 'To ſome Madam,' cries Jones, 'this might ſeem an important buſineſs,' (giving her the pocket-book). 'I hope, Madam, you 'will find it of the ſame value, as when it was loſt.' Sophia took the pocket-book, and was going to ſpeak, when he interrupted her thus;——'Let us not, I be'ſeech you, loſe one of theſe precious moments 'which fortune hath ſo kindly ſent us. — O my So'phia, I have buſineſs of a much ſuperior kind.—— 'Thus, on my knees, let me aſk your pardon.'—— 'My pardon, cries ſhe:——Sure, Sir, after what is 'paſt, you cannot expect after what I have heard—' 'I ſcarce know what I ſay,' anſwered Jones. 'By 'heavens! I ſcarce wiſh you ſhould pardon me. O 'my Sophia, henceforth never caſt away a thought 'on ſuch a wretch as I am. If any remembrance of 'me ſhould ever intrude to give a moment's uneaſi'neſs to that tender boſom, think of my unworthi'neſs; and let the remembrance of what paſt at Up'ton blot me for ever from your mind.'——

Sophia ſtood trembling all this while. Her face was whiter than ſnow, and her heart was throbbing through her ſtays. But, at the mention of Upton, a

bluſh aroſe in her cheeks, and her eyes, which before ſhe had ſcarce lifted up, were turned upon Jones with a glance of diſdain. He underſtood this ſilent reproach, and replied to it thus: 'O my Sophia, my only love, 'you cannot hate or deſpiſe me more for what hap-'pened there, than I do myſelf: but yet do me the 'juſtice to think, that my heart was never unfaithful 'to you. That had no ſhare in the folly I was guilty 'of: it was even then unalterably yours. Though I 'deſpaired of poſſeſſing you, nay, almoſt of ever ſee-'ing you more, I doated ſtill on your charming idea, 'and could ſeriouſly love no other woman. But, if 'my heart had not been engaged, ſhe, into whoſe 'company I accidentally fell at that curſed place, was 'not an object of ſerious love. Believe me, my angel, 'I never have ſeen her from that day to this, and ne-'ver intend, or deſire, to ſee her again.' Sophia in her heart was very glad to hear this; but forcing into her face an air of more coldneſs than ſhe had yet aſſumed: 'Why,' ſaid ſhe, 'Mr. Jones, do you take 'the trouble to make a defence, where you are not ac-'cuſed? If I thought it worth while to accuſe you, I 'have a charge of an unpardonable nature indeed.' 'What is it, for Heaven's ſake?' anſwered Jones, trembling and pale, expecting to hear of his amour with lady Bellaſton. 'Oh,' ſaid ſhe, 'how is it poſ-'ſible! can every thing noble, and every thing baſe, 'be lodged together in the ſame boſom?' Lady Bel-laſton, and the ignominious circumſtance of having been kept, roſe again in his mind, and ſtopt his mouth from any reply. 'Could I have expected,' proceeded Sophia, 'ſuch treatment from you; nay from any 'gentleman, from any man of honour? To have my 'name traduced in public; in inns, among the mean-'eſt vulgar! to have any little favours, that my un-'guarded heart may have too lightly betrayed me to 'grant, boaſted of there! nay even to hear, that you 'had been forced to fly from my love!'

Nothing could equal Jones's ſurpriſe at theſe words of Sophia; but yet, not being guilty, he was much leſs embarraſſed how to defend himſelf, than if ſhe had touched that tender ſtring, at which his conſcience had

had been alarmed. By ſome examination he preſently found, that her ſuppoſing him guilty of ſo ſhocking an outrage againſt his love, and her reputation, was entirely owing to Partridge's talk at the inns, before landlords and ſervants; for Sophia confeſſed to him, it was from them that ſhe received her intelligence. He had no very great difficulty to make her believe, that he was entirely innocent of an offence ſo foreign to his character; but ſhe had a great deal to hinder him from going inſtantly home, and putting Partridge to death, which he more than once ſwore he would do. This point being cleared up, they ſoon found themſelves ſo well pleaſed with each other, that Jones quite forgot he had begun the converſation with conjuring her to give up all thoughts of him; and ſhe was in a temper to have given ear to a petition of a very different nature; for, before they were aware, they had both gone ſo far, that he let fall ſome words 'that ſounded like a propoſal of marriage: To which ſhe replied, 'That, did not her duty to her father 'forbid her to follow her own inclination, ruin with 'him would be more welcome to her, than the moſt 'affluent fortune with another man.' At the mention of the word ruin he ſtarted, let drop her hand, which he held for ſome time, and, ſtriking his breaſt with his own, cried out, 'Oh, Sophia, can I then ruin 'thee? No; by heavens, no! I never will act ſo baſe 'a part. Deareſt Sophia, whatever it coſts me, I will 'renounce you; I will give you up; I will tear all 'ſuch hopes from my heart, as are inconſiſtent with 'your real good. My love I will ever retain, but it 'ſhall be in ſilence; it ſhall be at a diſtance from 'you; it ſhall be in ſome foreign land, from whence 'no voice, no ſigh of my deſpair, ſhall ever reach 'and diſturb your ears. And when I am dead'——He would have gone on, but was ſtopt by a flood of tears, which Sophia let fall in his boſom, upon which ſhe leaned, without being able to ſpeak one word. He kiſſed them off, which, for ſome moments, ſhe allowed him to do without any reſiſtance; but then, recollecting herſelf, gently withdrew out of his arms, and, to turn the diſcourſe from a ſubject too tender,

and

and which ſhe found ſhe could not ſupport, bethought herſelf to aſk him a queſtion ſhe never had time to put to him before, 'How he came into that room?' He begun to ſtammer, and would, in all probability, have raiſed her ſuſpicions by the anſwer he was going to give, when at once the door opened, and in came lady Bellaſton.

Having advanced a few ſteps, and ſeeing Jones and Sophia together, ſhe ſuddenly ſtopt; when after a pauſe of a few moments, recollecting herſelf with admirable preſence of mind, ſhe ſaid,—though with ſufficient indications of ſurpriſe both in voice and countenance—'I thought, Miſs Weſtern, you had been at the play?'

Though Sophia had no opportunity of learning of Jones by what means he had diſcovered her, yet as ſhe had not the leaſt ſuſpicion of the real truth, or that Jones and lady Bellaſton were acquainted, ſo ſhe was very little confounded, and the leſs, as the lady had, in all their converſation on the ſubject, entirely taken her ſide againſt her father. With very little heſitation, therefore, ſhe went through the whole ſtory of what had happened at the playhouſe, and the cauſe of her haſty return.

The length of this narrative gave lady Bellaſton an opportunity of rallying her ſpirits, and of conſidering in what manner to act; and, as the behaviour of Sophi gave her hopes that Jones had not betrayed her, ſhe put on an air of good humour, and ſaid, 'I 'ſhould not have broke in ſo abruptly upon you, 'Miſs Weſtern, if I had known you had company.'

Lady Bellaſton fixed her eyes on Sophia whilſt ſhe ſpoke theſe words. To which that poor young lady, having her face overſpread with bluſhes and confuſion, anſwered in a ſtammering voice, 'I am ſure, Madam, 'I ſhall always think the honour of your ladyſhip's 'company——' 'I hope at leaſt,' cries lady Bellaſton 'I interrupt no buſineſs.'—'No, Madam,' anſwered Sophia, 'our buſineſs was at an end. Your 'ladyſhip may be pleaſed to remember, I have often 'mentioned the loſs of my pocket-book, which this 'gentleman, having very luckily found, was ſo kind 'to return it to me with the bill in it.'

Jones

Jones, ever ſince the arrival of lady Bellaſton, had been ready to ſink with fear. He ſat kicking his heels, playing with his fingers, and looking more like a fool, if it be poſſible, than a young booby 'ſquire, when he is firſt introduced into a polite aſſembly. He began, however, now to recover himſelf; and taking a hint from the behaviour of Lady Bellaſton, who, he ſaw, did not intend to claim any acquaintance with him, he reſolved as entirely to affect the ſtranger on his part. He ſaid, 'Ever ſince he had the pocket-book in his poſſeſſion, he had uſed great diligence in enquiring out the lady whoſe name was writ in it; but never till that day could be ſo fortunate to diſcover her.'

Sophia had, indeed, mentioned the loſs of her pocket-book to lady Bellaſton; but as Jones, for ſome reaſon or other, had never once hinted to her that it was in his poſſeſſion, ſhe believed not one ſyllable of what Sophia now ſaid, and wonderfully admired the extreme quickneſs of the young lady, in inventing ſuch an excuſe. The reaſon of Sophia's leaving the play-houſe met with no better credit; and though ſhe could not account for the meeting between theſe two lovers, ſhe was firmly perſuaded it was not accidental.

With an affected ſmile, therefore ſhe ſaid—'Indeed, Miſs Weſtern, you have had very good luck in recovering your money. Not only as it fell into the hands of a gentleman of honour, but as he happened to diſcover to whom it belonged. I think you would not conſent to have it advertiſed.—It was great good fortune, Sir, that you found out to whom the note belonged.'

'O Madam,' cries Jones, 'it was incloſed in a pocket book, in which the young lady's name was written.'

'That was very fortunate indeed,' cries the lady; '—And it was no leſs ſo, that you heard Miſs Weſtern was at my houſe; for ſhe is very little known.'

Jones had at length perfectly recovered his ſpirits; and as he had conceived he had now an opportunity of ſatisfying Sophia, as to the queſtion ſhe had aſked him juſt before lady Bellaſton came in, he proceeded thus: 'Why, Madam,' anſwered he, 'it was by the luckieſt

'chance

'chance imaginable I made this discovery. I was mentioning what I had found, and the name of the owner, the other night to a lady at the masquerade, who told me, she believed she knew where I might see Miss Western; and if I would come to her house the next morning she would inform me. I went according to her appointment, but she was not at home; nor could I ever meet with her till this morning, when she directed me to your ladyship's house. I came accordingly, and did myself the honour to ask for your ladyship; and upon my saying that I had very particular business, a servant shewed me into this room; where I had not been long before the young lady returned from the play.'

Upon his mentioning the masquerade, he looked very slily at lady Bellaston, without any fear of being remarked by Sophia: for she was visibly too much confounded to make any observations. This hint a little alarmed the lady, and she was silent; when Jones, who saw the agitations of Sophia's mind, resolved to take the only method of relieving her, which was by retiring: but before he did this, he said, 'I believe, Madam, 'it is customary to give some reward on these occasions; '—I must insist on a very high one for my honesty; '—It is, Madam, no less than the honour of being 'permitted to pay another visit here.'

'Sir,' replied the lady, 'I make no doubt that you 'are a gentleman, and my doors are never shut to 'people of fashion.'

Jones then, after proper ceremonials, departed, highly to his own satisfaction, and no less to that of Sophia; who was terribly alarmed lest lady Bellaston should discover what she knew already but too well.

Upon the stairs Jones met his old acquaintance Mrs Honour, who, notwithstanding all she had said against him, was now so well bred to behave with great civility. This meeting indeed proved a lucky circumstance, as he communicated to her the house where he lodged, with which Sophia was acquainted.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

In which the thirteenth book is concluded.

THE elegant lord Shaftſbury ſomewhere objects to telling too much truth: by which it may be fairly inferred, that, in ſome caſes, to lie, is not only excuſable but commendable.

And ſurely there are no perſons who may ſo properly challenge a right to this commendable deviation from truth, as young women in the affair of love; for which they may plead precept, education, and above all, the ſanction, nay, I may ſay, the neceſſity of cuſtom, by which they are reſtrained, not from ſubmitting to the honeſt impulſes of nature (for that would be a fooliſh prohibition,) but from owning them.

We are not, therefore, aſhamed to ſay, that our heroine now purſued the dictates of the abovementioned right honourable philoſopher. As ſhe was perfectly ſatisfied then, that lady Bellaſton was ignorant of the perſon of Jones, ſo ſhe determined to keep her in that ignorance, though at the expence of a little fibbing.

Jones had not been long gone, before lady Bellaſton cry'd, 'Upon my word, a good pretty young fellow; 'I wonder who he is; for I don't remember ever to 'have ſeen his face before.'

'Nor I neither, Madam,' cries Sophia, 'I muſt 'ſay he behaved very handſomely in relation to my 'note.'

'Yes; and he is a very handſome fellow,' ſaid the lady: 'don't you think ſo.'

'I did not take much notice of him,' anſwered Sophia, 'but I thought he ſeemed rather aukward and 'ungenteel than otherwiſe.'

'You are extremely right,' cries lady Bellaſton: 'you may ſee, by his manner, that he hath not kept 'good company. Nay, notwithſtanding his return-'ing your note, and refuſing the reward, I almoſt 'queſtion whether he is a gentleman.——I have al-'ways obſerved there is a ſomething in perſons well-

'born,

'born, which others can never acquire.——I think 'I will give orders not to be at home to him.'

'Nay ſure, Madam,' anſwered Sophia, 'one can't 'ſuſpect after what he hath done;——beſides, if your 'ladyſhip obſerved him, there was an elegance in 'his diſcourſe, a delicacy, a prettineſs of expreſſion, 'that, that—— '

'I confeſs,' ſaid lady Bellaſton, 'the fellow hath 'words—— And indeed, Sophia, you muſt forgive 'me; indeed you muſt.'

'I forgive your ladyſhip!' ſaid Sophia.

'Yes indeed you muſt,' anſwered ſhe laughing; 'for I had a horrible ſuſpicion when I firſt came into 'the room——I vow you muſt forgive it; but I ſuſ-'pected it was Mr. Jones himſelf.'

'Did your ladyſhip indeed?' cries Sophia, bluſhing, and affecting a laugh.

'Yes, I vow I did,' anſwered ſhe; 'I can't ima-'gine what put it into my head; for, give the fel-'low his due, he was genteelly dreſt, which I think, 'dear Sophy, is not commonly the caſe with your 'friend.'

'This raillery,' cries Sophia, 'is a little cruel, 'lady Bellaſton, after my promiſe to your ladyſhip.'

'Not at all, child!' ſaid the lady.—'It would 'have been cruel before; but, after you promiſed 'me never to marry without your father's conſent, 'in which you know is implied your giving up Jones, 'ſure you can bear a little raillery on a paſſion, which 'was pardonable enough in a young girl in the coun-'try, and of which you tell me you have ſo entirely 'got the better. What muſt I think, my dear So-'phy, if you cannot bear a little ridicule even on his 'dreſs? I ſhall begin to fear you are very far gone 'indeed; and almoſt queſtion whether you have 'dealt ingenuouſly with me.'

'Indeed Madam,' cries Sophia, 'your ladyſhip 'miſtakes me, if you imagine I had any concern on 'his account.'

'On his account?' anſwered the lady: 'You muſt 'have miſtaken me; I went no farther than his 'dreſs;——for I would not injure your taſte by any

'other compariſon——I don't imagine, my dear 'Sophy, if your Mr. Jones had been ſuch a fellow 'as this—'

'I thought,' ſays Sophia, 'your ladyſhip had al-'lowed him to be handſome.'——

'Whom, pray? cried the lady, haſtily.

'Mr. Jones,' anſwered Sophia;—and immediately recollecting herſelf, 'Mr. Jones!—no, no; I aſk 'your pardon;—I mean the gentleman who was juſt 'now here.'

'O Sophy! Sophy!' cries the lady; 'this Mr. 'Jones, I am afraid, ſtill runs in your head.'

'Then upon my honour, Madam,' ſaid Sophia, 'Mr. Jones is as entirely indifferent to me, as the 'gentleman who juſt now left us.'

'Upon my honour,' ſaid lady Bellaſton, 'I believe 'it. Forgive me, therefore, a little innocent rail-'lery; but I promiſe you I will never mention his 'name any more.'

And now the two ladies ſeparated, infinitely more to the delight of Sophia than of lady Bellaſton, who would willingly have tormented her rival a little longer, had not buſineſs of more importance called her away. As for Sophia, her mind was not perfectly eaſy under this firſt practice of deceit: upon which, when ſhe retired to her chamber, ſhe reflected with the higheſt uneaſineſs and conſcious ſhame. Nor could the peculiar hardſhip of her ſituation, and the neceſſity of the caſe, at all reconcile her mind to her conduct; for the frame of her mind was too delicate to bear the thought of having been guilty of a falſehood, however qualified by circumſtances. Nor did this thought once ſuffer her to cloſe her eyes during the whole ſucceeding night.

THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

BOOK XIV.

Containing two days.

CHAP. I.

An Eſſay to prove that an Author will write the better, for having ſome knowledge of the ſubject on which he writes.

AS ſeveral gentlemen in theſe times, by the wonderful force of genius only, without the leaſt aſſiſtance of learning, perhaps without being well able to read, have made a conſiderable figure in the republic of letters; the modern critics, I am told, have lately begun to aſſert, that all kind of learning is intirely uſeleſs to a writer; and, indeed, no other than a kind of fetters on the natural ſprightlineſs and activity of the imagination, which is thus weighed down, and prevented from ſoaring to thoſe high flights which otherwiſe it would be able to reach.

This doctrine, I am afraid, is, at preſent, carried much too far: for why ſhould writing differ ſo much from all other arts? The nimbleneſs of a dancing-maſter is not at all prejudiced by being taught to move; nor doth any mechanic, I believe, exerciſe his

his tools the worſe by having learnt to uſe them. For my own part, I cannot conceive that Homer or Virgil would have writ with more fire, if, inſtead of being maſters of all the learning of their times, they had been as ignorant as moſt of the Authors of the preſent age. Nor do I believe that all the imagination, fire, and judgment of Pitt, could have produced thoſe orations that have made the ſenate of England in theſe our times a rival in eloquence of Greece and Rome, if he had not been ſo well read in the writings of Demoſthenes and Cicero, as to have tranſferred their whole ſpirit into his ſpeeches, and with their ſpirit, their knowledge too.

I would not here be underſtood to inſiſt on the ſame fund of learning in any of my brethren, as Cicero perſuades us is neceſſary to the compoſition of an orator. On the contrary, very little reading is, I conceive, neceſſary to the poet, leſs to the critic, and the leaſt of all to the politician. For the firſt, perhaps, Byſhe's Art of Poetry, and a few of our modern poets, may ſuffice; for the ſecond, a moderate heap of plays; and for the laſt, an indifferent collection of political journals.

To ſay the truth, I require no more than that a man ſhould have ſome little knowledge of the ſubject on which he treats, according to the old maxim of law, *Quam quiſque norit artem in eâ ſe exerceat.* With this alone a writer may ſometimes do tolerably well; and indeed without this, all the other learning in the world will ſtand him in little ſtead.

For inſtance, let us ſuppoſe that Homer and Virgil, Ariſtotle and Cicero, Thucydides and Livy, could have met all together, and have clubbed their ſeveral talents to have compoſed a treatiſe on the art of dancing; I believe it will be readily agreed they could not have equalled the excellent treatiſe which Mr. Eſſex hath given us on that ſubject, entitled, The Rudiments of genteel Education. And, indeed, ſhould the excellent Mr. Broughton be prevailed on to ſet fiſt to paper, and to compleat the aboveſaid rudiments, by delivering down the true principles of Athletics, I queſtion whether the world will have any

ceaſe to lament, that none of the great writers, either ancient or modern, have ever treated about that noble and uſeful art.

To avoid a multiplicity of examples in ſo plain a caſe, and to come at once to my point, I am apt to conceive, that one reaſon why many Engliſh writers have totally failed in deſcribing the manners of upper life, may poſſibly be, that in reality they know nothing of it.

This is a knowledge unhappily not in the power of many Authors to arrive at. Books will give us a very imperfect idea of it; nor will the ſtage a much better: the fine gentleman formed upon reading the former, will almoſt always turn out a pedant, and he who forms himſelf upon the latter, a coxcomb.

Nor are the characters drawn from theſe models better ſupported. Vanbrugh and Congreve copied nature; but they who copy them draw as unlike the preſent age, as Hogarth would do if he was to paint a rout or a drum in the dreſſes of Titian and of Vandyke. In ſhort, imitation here will not do the buſineſs. The picture muſt be after nature herſelf. A true knowledge of the world is gained only by converſation, and the manners of every rank muſt be ſeen in order to be known.

Now it happens that this higher order of mortals is not to be ſeen, like all the reſt of the human ſpecies, for nothing, in the ſtreets, ſhops, and coffee-houſes: nor are they ſhewn like the upper rank of animals, for ſo much a-piece. In ſhort, this is a ſight to which no perſons are admitted, without one or other of theſe qualifications, viz. either birth or fortune; or what is equivalent to both, the honourable profeſſion of a gameſter. And, very unluckily for the world, perſons ſo qualified very ſeldom care to take upon themſelves the bad trade of writing; which is generally entered upon by the lower and poorer ſort, as it is a trade which many think requires no kind of ſtock to ſet up with.

Hence thoſe ſtrange monſters in lace and embroidery, in ſilks and brocades, with vaſt wigs and hoops; which, under the name of lords and ladies, ſtrut the

ſtage,

ſtage, to the great delight of attorneys and their clerks in the pit, and of the citizens and their apprentices in the galleries; and which are no more to be found in real life, than the centaur, the chimera, or any other creature of mere fiction. But, to let my reader into a ſecret, this knowledge of upper life, though very neceſſary for preventing miſtakes, is no very great reſource to a writer, whoſe province is comedy, or that kind of novels, which, like this I am writing, is of the comic claſs.

What Mr. Pope ſays of women is very applicable to moſt in this ſtation, who are indeed ſo entirely made up of form and affectation, that they have no character at all, at leaſt none which appears. I will venture to ſay, the higheſt life is much the dulleſt, and affords very little humour or entertainment. The various callings in lower ſpheres produce the great variety of humourous characters; whereas here, except among the few who are engaged in the purſuit of ambition, and the fewer ſtill who have a reliſh for pleaſure, all is vanity and ſervile imitation. Dreſſing and cards, eating and drinking, bowing and curtſying, make up the buſineſs of their lives.

Some there are, however, of this rank, upon whom paſſion exerciſes its tyranny, and hurries them far beyond the bounds which decorum preſcribes; of theſe, the ladies are as much diſtinguiſhed by their noble intrepidity, and a certain ſuperior contempt of reputation, from the frail ones of meaner degree, as a virtuous woman of quality is, by the elegance and delicacy of her ſentiments from the honeſt wife of a yeoman or ſhopkeeper. Lady Bellaſton was of this intrepid character; but let not my country readers conclude from her, that this is the general conduct of women of faſhion, or that we mean to repreſent them as ſuch. They might as well ſuppoſe, that every clergyman was repreſented by Thwackum, or every ſoldier by enſign Northerton.

There is not indeed a greater error than that which univerſally prevails among the vulgar, who, borrowing their opinion from ſome ignorant ſatyriſts, have affixed the character of lewdneſs to theſe times. On the

contrary, I am convinced, there never was leſs of love intrigue carried on among perſons of condition, than now. Our preſent women have been taught by their mothers to fix their thoughts only on ambition and vanity, and to deſpiſe the pleaſures of love as unworthy their regard; and, being afterwards by the care of ſuch mothers married without having huſbands, they ſeem pretty well confirmed in the juſtneſs of thoſe ſentiments; whence they content themſelves, for the dull remainder of life, with the purſuit of more innocent, but, I am afraid, more childiſh amuſements, the bare mention of which would ill ſuit with the dignity of this hiſtory. In my humble opinion, the true characteriſtic of the preſent beau monde is rather folly than vice, and the only epithet which it deſerves is that of frivolous.

CHAP. II.

Containing letters and other matters which attend amours.

JONES had not long been at home before he received the following letter.

'I was never more ſurpriſed than when I found you 'was gone When you left the room, I little imagin-'ed you intended to have left the houſe without ſeeing 'me again. Your behaviour is all of a piece, and 'convinces me how much I ought to deſpiſe a heart 'which can doat upon an idiot; though I know not 'whether I ſhould not admire her cunning more than 'her ſimplicity: wonderful both! for though ſhe un-'derſtood not a word of what paſſed between us, ſhe 'yet had the ſkill, the aſſurance, the — what ſhall I 'call it? to deny to my face, that ſhe knows you, or 'ever ſaw you before — Was this a ſcheme laid be-'tween you, and have you been baſe enough to betray 'me? O how I deſpiſe her you, and all the world, 'but chiefly myſelf! for — I dare not write what I 'ſhould afterwards run mad to read: but remember, 'I can deteſt as violently as I have loved.

Jones

Jones had but little time given him to reflect on this letter, before a second was brought him from the same hand; and this likewise we shall set down in the precise words.

'When you consider the hurry of spirits in which 'I must have writ, you cannot be surprised at any 'expressions in my former note.——Yet, perhaps, on 'reflection, they were rather too warm. At least I 'would, if possible, think all owing to the odious play-'house, and to the impertinence of a fool, which de-'tained me beyond my appointment. How easy is it 'to think well of those we love? — Perhaps you de-'sire I should think so. I have resolved to see you 'to night; so come to me immediately.

'*P. S.* I have ordered to be at home to none but 'yourself.

'*P. S.* Mr. Jones will imagine I shall assist him 'in his defence; for I believe, he cannot de-'sire to impose on me more than I desire to im-'pose on myself.

'*P. S.* Come immediately.'

To the men of intrigue I refer the determination, whether the angry or the tender letter gave the greatest uneasiness to Jones. Certain it is, he had no violent inclination to pay any more visits that evening, unless to one single person However, he thought his honour engaged, and, had not this been motive sufficient, he would not have ventured to blow the temper of lady Bellaston into that flame of which he had reason to think it susceptible, and of which he feared the consequence might be a discovery to Sophia, which he dreaded. After some discontented walks, therefore, about the room, he was preparing to depart, when the lady kindly prevented him, not by another letter, but by her own presence. She entered the room very disordered in her dress, and very discomposed in her looks, and threw herself into a chair, where having recovered

recovered her breath, ſhe ſaid ——'You ſee, Sir, 'when women have gone one length too far, they 'will ſtop at none. If any perſon would have ſworn 'this to me a week ago, I would not have believed 'it of myſelf.' 'I hope, Madam,' ſaid Jones, 'my 'charming lady Bellaſton will be as difficult to believe 'any thing againſt one who is ſo ſenſible of the many 'obligations ſhe hath conferred upon him' 'Indeed!' ſays ſhe, 'ſenſible of obligations! Did I expect to hear 'ſuch cold language from Mr. Jones?' 'Pardon me, 'my dear angel,' ſaid he, 'if, after the letters I have 'received, the terrors of your anger, though I know 'not how I have deſerved it'——'And have I then, ſays ſhe with a ſmile, 'ſo angry a countenance?—— 'Have I really brought a chiding face with me?— 'If there be honour in man,' ſaid he, 'I have done 'nothing to merit your anger.——You remember 'the appointment you ſent me:——I went in purſu- 'ance.'——'I beſeech you,' cried ſhe, 'do not run 'through the odious recital.——Anſwer me but one 'queſtion, and I ſhall be eaſy.——Have you not be- 'trayed my honour to her?'——Jones fell upon his knees, and began to utter the moſt violent proteſta- tion, when Partridge came dancing and capering into the room, like one drunk with joy, crying out, 'She's 'found, ſhe's found!——Here, Sir, here, ſhe's here. '——Mrs. Honour is upon the ſtairs.' 'Stop her a 'moment,' cries Jones——'Here, Madam, ſtep be- 'hind the bed: I have no other room nor cloſet, nor 'place on earth to hide you in; ſure never was ſo 'damn'd an accident.'——'D—nd indeed!' ſaid the lady, as ſhe went to her place of concealment; and preſently afterwards in came Mrs. Honour. 'Hey- 'day!' ſays ſhe, 'Mr. Jones, what's the matter?—— 'That impudent raſcal, your ſervant, would ſcarce let 'me come up ſtairs. I hope he hath not the ſame rea- 'ſon to keep me from you as he had at Upton.——I 'ſuppoſe you hardly expected to ſee me; but you 'have certainly bewitched my lady. Poor dear young 'lady! To be ſure, I loves her as tenderly as if ſhe 'was my own ſiſter. Lord have mercy upon you, if you 'don't make her a good huſband; and to be ſure, if

'you

'you do not, nothing can be bad enough for you.' Jones begged her only to whiſper, 'for that there 'was a lady dying in the next room' 'A lady!' cries ſhe; 'ay, I ſuppoſe one of your ladies ——O, 'Mr. Jones, there are too many of them in the 'world? I believe we are got into the houſe of one; 'for my lady Bellaſton, I darſt to ſay, is no better 'than ſhe ſhould be'——'Huſh, huſh,' cries Jones, 'every word is overheard in the next room.' 'I don't 'care a farthing,' cries Honour, 'I ſpeaks no ſcan-'dal of any one; but to be ſure, the ſervants make 'no ſcruple of ſaying as how her ladyſhip meets men 'at another place——where the houſe goes under 'the name of a poor gentlewoman; but her ladyſhip 'pays the rent, and many's the good thing beſides, 'they ſay, ſhe hath of her.'——Here Jones, after expreſſing the utmoſt uneaſineſs, offered to ſtop her mouth.——'Hey-day! why ſure Mr. Jones you will 'let me ſpeak; I ſpeaks no ſcandal, for I only ſays 'what I heard from others;——and thinks I to my-'ſelf, much good may it do the gentlewoman with 'her riches, if ſhe comes by it in ſuch a wicked man-'ner. To be ſure it is better to be poor and honeſt. 'The ſervants are villains,' cries Jones, 'and abuſe 'their lady unjuſtly.'——'Ay, to be ſure, ſervants 'are always villains; and ſo my lady ſays, and won't 'hear a word of it'——'No, I am convinced,' ſays Jones, 'my Sophia is above liſtening to ſuch baſe 'ſcandal.' 'Nay, I believe, it is no ſcandal neither,' cries Honour; 'for why ſhould ſhe meet men at an-'other houſe?——It can never be for any good; 'for, if ſhe had a lawful deſign of being courted, as 'to be ſure any lady may lawfully give her compa-'ny to men upon that account, why where can be 'the ſenſe.'—'I proteſt,' cries Jones, 'I can't hear 'all this of a lady of ſuch honour, and a relation of 'Sophia; beſides, you will diſtract the poor lady in 'the next room.——Let me entreat you to walk with 'me down ſtairs.'——'Nay, Sir, if you won't let 'me ſpeak, I have done.——Here, Sir, is a letter 'from my young lady:——What would ſome men 'give to have this? But, Mr. Jones, I think, you

'are

'are not over and above generous, and yet I have 'heard ſome ſervants ſay —— But I am ſure, you will 'do me the juſtice to own I never ſaw the colour of 'your money.' Here Jones haſtily took the letter, and preſently after ſlipped five pieces into her hand. He then returned a thouſand thanks to his dear Sophia in a whiſper, and begged her to leave him to read her letter: She preſently departed, not without expreſſing much grateful ſenſe of his generoſity.

Lady Bellaſton now came from behind the curtain. How ſhall I deſcribe her rage? Her tongue was at firſt incapable of utterance; but ſtreams of fire darted from her eyes; and well indeed they might, for her heart was all in a flame. And now, as ſoon as her voice found way, inſtead of expreſſing any indignation againſt Honour or her own ſervants, ſhe began to attack poor Jones. 'You ſee,' ſaid ſhe, 'what I have ſacrificed to 'you: my reputation, my honour,—— gone for ever! 'And what return have I found? Neglected, ſlighted 'for a country girl, for an idiot.' 'What neglect, Ma'dam, or what ſlight,' cries Jones, 'have I been guil'ty of?——' Mr. Jones,' ſaid ſhe, 'it is in vain to 'diſſemble; if you will make me eaſy, you muſt en'tirely give her up; and, as a proof of your inten'tion, ſhew me the letter.'—'What letter, Madam?' ſaid Jones. 'Nay, ſurely,' ſaid ſhe, 'you cannot have 'the confidence to deny your having received a letter 'by the hands of that trollop.' 'And can your la'dyſhip,' cries he, 'aſk of me what I muſt part with 'my honour before I grant? Have I acted in ſuch a 'manner by your ladyſhip? Could I be guilty of be'traying this poor innocent girl to you, what ſecurity 'could you have, that I ſhould not act the ſame part 'by yourſelf? A moment's reflection will, I am ſure, 'convince you, that a man, with whom the ſecrets 'of a lady are not ſafe, muſt be the moſt contempti'ble of wretches.' 'Very well,' ſaid ſhe,——'I 'need not inſiſt on your becoming this contemptible 'wretch in your own opinion; for the inſide of the 'letter could inform me of nothing more than I know 'already. I ſee the footing you are upon.'—— Here enſued a long converſation, which the reader, who is

not

not too curious, will thank me for not inſerting at length. It ſhall ſuffice therefore to inform him, that lady Bellaſton grew more and more pacified, and at length believed, or affected to believe, his proteſtations, that his meeting with Sophia that evening was merely accidental, and every other matter which the reader already knows, and which, as Jones ſet before her in the ſtrongeſt light, it is plain that ſhe had in reality no reaſon to be angry with him.

She was not however, in her heart, perfectly ſatisfied with his refuſal to ſhew her the letter; ſo deaf are we to the cleareſt reaſon, when it argues againſt our prevailing paſſions. She was indeed well convinced, that Sophia poſſeſſed the firſt place in Jones's affections; and yet, haughty and amorous as this lady was, ſhe ſubmitted at laſt to bear the ſecond place, or, to expreſs it more properly in a legal phraſe, was contented with the poſſeſſion of that of which another woman had the reverſion.

It was at length agreed, that Jones ſhould for the future viſit at the houſe; for that Sophia, her maid, and all the ſervants, would place theſe viſits to the account of Sophia, and that ſhe herſelf would be conſidered as the perſon impoſed upon.

This ſcheme was contrived by the lady, and highly reliſhed by Jones, who was indeed glad to have a proſpect of ſeeing his Sophia at any rate, and the lady herſelf was not a little pleaſed with the impoſition on Sophia, which Jones, ſhe thought, could not poſſibly diſcover to her for his own ſake.

The next day was appointed for the firſt viſit, and then, after proper ceremonials, the lady Bellaſton returned home.

CHAP. III.

Containing various matters.

JONES was no ſooner alone, than he eagerly broke open his letter, and read as follows:

'Sir, it is impoſſible to expreſs what I have ſuffer-
'ed ſince you left this houſe; and, as I have reaſon
'to

'to think you intend coming here again, I have ſent 'Honour, though ſo late at night, as ſhe tells me ſhe 'knows your lodgings, to prevent you. I charge 'you, by all the regard you have for me, not to think 'of viſiting here; for it will certainly be diſcovered; 'nay, I almoſt doubt, from ſome things which have 'dropt from her ladyſhip, that ſhe is not already with-'out ſome ſuſpicion. Something favourable, perhaps, 'may happen: we muſt wait with patience; but I 'once more entreat you, if you have any concern for 'my eaſe, do not think of returning hither.'

This letter adminiſtered the ſame kind of conſolation to poor Jones, which Job formerly received from his friends. Beſides diſappointing all the hopes which he promiſed to himſelf from ſeeing Sophia, he was reduced to an unhappy dilemma. with regard to lady Bellaſton; for there are ſome certain engagements, which, as he well knew, do very difficultly admit of any excuſe for the failure; and to go, after the ſtrict prohibition from Sophia, he was not to be forced by any human power. At length after much deliberation, which during that night ſupplied the place of ſleep, he determined to feign himſelf ſick; for this ſuggeſted itſelf as the only means of failing the appointed viſit, without incenſing lady Bellaſton, which he had more than one reaſon of deſiring to avoid.

The firſt thing however, which he did in the morning, was to write an anſwer to Sophia, which he incloſed in one to Honour. He then diſpatched another to lady Bellaſton, containing the above-mentioned excuſe; and to this he ſoon received the following anſwer.

'I am vexed that I cannot ſee you here this after-'noon, but more concerned for the occaſion; take 'great care of yourſelf, and have the beſt advice, 'and I hope there will be no danger.—I am ſo tor-'mented all this morning with fools, that I have 'ſcarce a moment's time to write to you. Adieu.

'*P. S.* I will endeavour to call on you this even-'ing at nine.—Be ſure to be alone.'

Mr. Jones now received a viſit from Mrs. Miller, who, after ſome formal introduction, began the following ſpeech: 'I am very ſorry, Sir, to wait upon 'you on ſuch an occaſion; but I hope you will con'ſider the ill conſequence which it muſt be to the re'putation of my poor girls, if my houſe ſhould once 'be talked of as a houſe of ill fame. I hope you 'won't think me therefore guilty of impertinence, if 'I beg you not to bring any more ladies in at that 'time of night. The clock had ſtruck two before 'one of them went away.' 'I do aſſure you, Ma'dam,' ſaid Jones, 'the lady who was here laſt night, 'and who ſtaid the lateſt, (for the other only brought 'me a letter), is a woman of very great faſhion, and 'my near relation.' 'I don't know what faſhion ſhe 'is of,' anſwered Mrs. Miller, 'but I am ſure no 'woman of virtue, unleſs a very near relation indeed, 'would viſit a young gentleman at ten at night, and 'ſtay four hours in his room with him alone; beſides, 'Sir, the behaviour of her chairmen ſhews what ſhe 'was; for they did nothing but make jeſts all the 'evening in the entry, and aſked Mr. Partridge, in 'the hearing of my own maid, if Madam intended 'to ſtay with his maſter all night; with a great deal 'of ſtuff not proper to be repeated. I have really a 'great reſpect for you, Mr. Jones, upon your own 'account; nay, I have a very high obligation to you 'for your generoſity to my couſin. Indeed I did not 'know how very good you had been till lately. Little 'did I imagine to what dreadful courſes the poor 'man's diſtreſs had driven him. Little did I think, 'when you gave me the ten guineas, that you had 'given them to a highwayman! O heavens! What 'goodneſs have you ſhewn? How you have preſerved 'this family.——The character which Mr Allworthy 'hath formerly given me of you was, I find, ſtrictly 'true.—And indeed, if I had no obligation to you, 'my obligations to him are ſuch, that on his account 'I ſhould ſhew you the utmoſt reſpect in my power. '—Nay, believe me, dear Mr. Jones, if my daugh'ters and my own reputation were out of the caſe, I 'ſhould for your own ſake be ſorry, that ſo pretty a

'young gentleman ſhould converſe with theſe women; 'but, if you are reſolved to do it, I muſt beg you to 'take another lodging; for I do not myſelf like to 'have ſuch things carried on under my roof, but 'more eſpecially upon the account of my girls, who 'have little, Heaven knows, beſides their characters, 'to recommend them.' Jones ſtarted, and changed colour at the name of Allworthy. 'Indeed, Mrs. 'Miller,' anſwered he a little warmly, 'I do not 'take this at all kind. I will never bring any ſlander 'on your houſe; but I muſt inſiſt on ſeeing what 'company I pleaſe in my own room; and, if that 'gives you any offence, I ſhall, as ſoon as I am able, 'look for another lodging.' 'I am ſorry we muſt 'part then, Sir,' ſaid ſhe; 'but I am convinced Mr. 'Allworthy himſelf would never come within my 'doors, if he had the leaſt ſuſpicion of my keeping 'an ill houſe'——'Very well, Madam,' ſaid Jones. ——'I hope, Sir,' ſaid ſhe, 'you are not angry; 'for I would not for the world offend any of Mr. 'Allworthy's family. I have not ſlept a wink all 'night about this matter.'——'I am ſorry I have 'diſturbed your reſt, Madam,' ſaid Jones; 'but I beg 'you will ſend Partridge up to me immediately;' which ſhe promiſed to do, and then with a very low courtſy retired.

As ſoon as Partridge arrived, Jones fell upon him in the moſt outrageous manner.——'How often,' ſaid he, 'am I to ſuffer for your folly, or rather for 'my own in keeping you? Is that tongue of yours 'reſolved upon my deſtruction?'——'What have I 'done, Sir?' anſwered affrighted Partridge. 'Who 'was it gave you authority to mention the ſtory of 'the robbery, or that the man you ſaw here was the 'perſon?'——'I Sir!' cries Partridge. 'Now don't 'be guilty of a falſhood in denying it,' ſaid Jones. ——'If I did mention ſuch a matter,' anſwers Partridge, 'I am ſure I thought no harm; for I ſhould 'not have opened my lips, if it had not been to his 'own friends and relations, who, I imagined, would 'have let it go no farther.' 'But I have a much 'heavier charge againſt you,' cries Jones, 'than this.

'How

'How durſt you, after all the precautions I gave you, 'mention the name of Mr. Allworthy in this houſe?' Partridge denied that he ever had with many oaths. 'How elſe,' ſaid Jones, 'ſhould Mrs. Miller be ac- 'quainted that there was any connection between him 'and me? And it is but this moment ſhe told me, 'ſhe reſpected me on his account.'——'O Lord, 'Sir,' ſaid Partridge, 'I deſire only to be heard out; 'and to be ſure, never was any thing ſo unfortunate; 'hear me but out, and you will own how wrongfully 'you have accuſed me. When Mrs. Honour came 'down ſtairs laſt night, ſhe met me in the entry, and 'aſked me when my maſter had heard from Mr. All- 'worthy; and to be ſure Mrs. Miller heard the very 'words; and, the moment madam Honour was gone, 'ſhe called me into the parlour to her.' 'Mr. Par- 'tridge,' ſays ſhe, 'what Mr. Allworthy is that the 'gentlewoman mentioned? Is it the great Mr. All- 'worthy of Somerſetſhire?' 'Upon my word, Ma- 'dam, ſays I, 'I know nothing of the matter.'— 'Sure,' ſays ſhe, 'your maſter is not the Mr. Jones I 'have heard Mr. Allworthy talk of?' 'Upon my word, 'Madam,' ſays I, 'I know nothing of the matter.'— 'Then,' ſays ſhe, turning to her daughter Nancy, 'ſays ſhe, 'as ſure as tenpence this is the very young 'gentleman, and he agrees exactly with the ſquire's 'deſcription.' 'The Lord above knows who it was 'told her; for I am the arranteſt villain that ever 'walked upon two legs, if ever it came out of my 'mouth.——I promiſe you, Sir, I can keep a ſecret 'when I am deſired.—Nay, Sir, ſo far was I from 'telling her any thing about Mr. Allworthy, that I 'told her the very direct contrary; for though I did 'not contradict it at that moment, yet, as ſecond 'thoughts they ſay are beſt, ſo, when I came to con- 'ſider that ſome body muſt have informed her, thinks 'I to myſelf, I will put an end to the ſtory; and ſo 'I went back again into the parlour ſome time af- 'terwards, and, ſays I, upon my word, ſays I, who- 'ever, ſays I, told you that this gentleman was Mr. 'Jones; that is, ſays I, that this Mr. Jones was that 'Mr. Jones, told you a confounded lie: and I beg

'ſays I, you will never mention any ſuch matter, 'ſays I; for my maſter, ſays I, will think I muſt 'have told you ſo; and I defy any body in the houſe 'ever to ſay, I mentioned any ſuch word. To be cer-'tain, Sir, it is a wonderful thing, and I have been 'thinking with myſelf ever ſince, how it was ſhe 'came to know it; not but I ſaw an old woman here 't'other day a-begging at the door, who looked as 'like her we ſaw in Warwickſhire, that cauſed all 'that miſchief to us. To be ſure it is never good to 'paſs by an old woman without giving her ſomething, 'eſpecially if ſhe looks at you; for all the world 'ſhall never perſuade me but that they have a great 'power to do miſchief, and to be ſure I ſhall never 'ſee an old woman again, but I ſhall think to my-'ſelf, *Infandum, Regina, jubes renovare dolorem.*'

The ſimplicity of Partridge ſet Jones a laughing, and put a final end to his anger, which had indeed ſeldom any long duration in his mind; and, inſtead of commenting on his defence, he told him, he intended preſently to leave thoſe lodgings, and ordered him to go and endeavour to get him others.

CHAP. IV.

Which we hope will be very attentively peruſed by young people of both ſexes.

PARTRIDGE had no ſooner left Mr. Jones, than Mr. Nightingale, with whom he had now contracted a great intimacy, came to him, and after a ſhort ſalutation ſaid, 'So, Tom, I hear you had 'company very late laſt night. Upon my ſoul, you 'are a happy fellow, who have not been in town 'above a fortnight, and can keep chairs waiting at 'your door till two in the morning.' He then ran on with much common place raillery of the ſame kind, till Jones at laſt interrupted him, ſaying, 'I ſuppoſe 'you have received all this information from Mrs. 'Miller, who hath been up here a little while ago to 'give me warning. The good woman is afraid, it 'ſeems, of the reputation of her daughters.' 'O 'ſhe is wonderfully nice,' ſays Nightingale, 'upon 'that

'that account; if you remember, ſhe would not let 'Nancy go with us to the maſquerade.' 'Nay, up- 'on my honour, I think ſhe's in the right of it,' ſays Jones; 'however, I have taken her at her word, 'and have ſent Partridge to look for another lodging.' 'If you will,' ſays Nightingale, 'we may, I believe 'be again together; for, to tell you a ſecret which I 'deſire you won't mention in the family, I intend to 'quit the houſe to-day'——'What, hath Mrs. 'Miller given you warning too, my friend?' cries Jones. 'No,' anſwered the other; 'but the rooms 'are not convenient enough. ——Beſides, I am 'grown weary of this part of the town. I want to 'be nearer the places of diverſion; ſo I am going to 'Pall-mall.'—'And do you intend to make a ſecret 'of your going away?' ſaid Jones. 'I promiſe you,' anſwered Nightingale, 'I don't intend to bilk my 'lodgings; but I have a private reaſon for not taking 'a formal leave.' 'Not ſo private,' anſwered Jones; 'I promiſe you, I have ſeen it ever ſince the ſecond 'day of my coming to the houſe.——Here will be 'ſome wet eyes on your departure.—Poor Nancy; I 'pity her, faith!—Indeed, Jack, you have played 'the fool with that girl.—You have given her a 'longing, which I am afraid nothing will ever cure 'her of'—Nightingale anſwered, 'What the devil 'would you have me do? Would you have me marry 'her to cure her?'—'No,' anſwered Jones, 'I would 'not have had you make love to her, as you have often 'done in my preſence. I have been aſtoniſhed at the 'blindneſs of her mother in never ſeeing it' 'Pugh, 'ſee it' cries Nightingale: 'What the devil ſhould 'ſhe ſee?' 'Why ſee,' ſaid Jones, 'that you have 'made her daughter diſtractedly in love with you. 'The poor girl cannot conceal it a moment; her eyes 'are never off from you, and ſhe always colours eve- 'ry time you come into the room. Indeed, I pity 'her heartily; for ſhe ſeems to be one of the beſt-na- 'tured and honeſteſt of human creatures.' 'And ſo,' anſwered Nightingale, 'according to your doctrine, 'one muſt not amuſe one's ſelf by any common gal- 'lantries with women, for fear they ſhould fall in

'love with us.' 'Indeed, Jack,' ſaid Jones, 'you 'wilfully miſunderſtand me; I do not fancy women 'are ſo apt to fall in love; but you have gone far 'beyond common gallantries.'—'What, do you ſup-'poſe,' ſays Nightingale, 'that we have been a-bed 'together?' 'No, upon my honour,' anſwered Jones very ſeriouſly, 'I do not ſuppoſe ſo ill of you; nay, 'I will go farther, I do not imagine you have laid 'a regular premeditated ſcheme for the deſtruction 'of the quiet of a poor little creature, or have even 'foreſeen the conſequence; for I am ſure thou art a 'very good natured fellow; and ſuch a one can ne-'ver be guilty of a cruelty of that kind; but at the 'ſame time you have pleaſed your own vanity, with-'out conſidering that this poor girl was made a ſa-'crifice to it; and, while you have had no deſign 'but of amuſing an idle hour, you have actually 'given her reaſon to flatter herſelf, that you had the 'moſt ſerious deſigns in her favour. Prithee Jack, 'anſwer me honeſtly: to what have tended all thoſe 'elegant and luſcious deſcriptions of happineſs ari-'ſing from violent and mutual fondneſs; all thoſe 'warm profeſſions of tenderneſs, and generous diſin-'tereſted love? Did you imagine ſhe would not apply 'them? Or, ſpeak ingenuouſly, did not you intend 'ſhe ſhould?' 'Upon my ſoul, Tom,' cries Nightin-gale, 'I did not think this was in thee. Thou wilt 'make an admirable parſon.—So, I ſuppoſe, you 'would not go to bed to Nancy now, if ſhe would 'let you?'—'No,' cries Jones, 'may I be d—nd if 'I would.' 'Tom, Tom,' anſwered Nightingale, 'laſt night; remember laſt night,

'—When ev'ry eye was cloſ'd, and the pale moon,
'And ſilent ſtars ſhone conſcious of the theft.'

'Lookee, Mr. Nightingale,' ſaid Jones, 'I am 'no canting hypocrite, nor do I pretend to the gift 'of chaſtity, more than my neighbours. I have been 'guilty with women, I own it; but am not conſcious 'that I have ever injured any.—Nor would I, to pro-'cure pleaſure to myſelf, be knowingly the cauſe of 'miſery to any human being.'

'Well,

'Well, well,' ſaid Nightingale, 'I believe you, 'and I am convinced you acquit me of any ſuch 'thing.'

'I do, from my heart,' anſwered Jones, 'of hav-'ing debauched the girl, but not from having gained 'her affections.'

'If I have,' ſaid Nightingale, 'I am ſorry for it; 'but time and abſence will ſoon wear off ſuch im-'preſſions. It is a receipt I muſt take myſelf; for, 'to confeſs the truth to you, I never liked any girl 'half ſo much in my whole life; but I muſt let you 'into the whole ſecret, Tom. My father hath pro-'vided a match for me with a woman I never ſaw; 'and ſhe is now coming to town, in order for me to 'make my addreſſes to her.'

At theſe words Jones burſt into a loud fit of laugh-ter; when Nightingale cried,—'Nay, prithee don't 'turn me into ridicule. The devil take me if I am 'not half-mad about this matter! my poor Nancy! 'Oh Jones, Jones, I wiſh I had a fortune in my own 'poſſeſſion.'

'I heartily wiſh you had,' cries Jones; 'for, if this 'be the caſe, I ſincerely pity you both, but ſurely 'you don't intend to go away without taking your 'leave of her?'

'I would not,' anſwered Nightingale, 'undergo the 'pain of taking leave for ten thouſand pound: be-'ſides I am convinced, inſtead of anſwering any good 'purpoſe, it would only ſerve to inflame my poor 'Nancy the more. I beg therefore you would not 'mention a word of it to-day, and in the evening, 'or to-morrow morning, I intend to depart.'

Jones promiſed he would not, and ſaid, upon re-flection he thought as he had determined and was obliged to leave her, he took the moſt prudent me-thod. He then told Nightingale, he ſhould be very glad to lodge in the ſame houſe with him; and it was accordingly agreed between them, that Nightingale ſhould procure him either the ground floor, or the two pair of ſtairs; for the young gentleman himſelf was to occupy that which was between them.

This

This Nightingale, of whom we ſhall be preſently obliged to ſay a little more, was in the ordinary tranſactions of life a man of ſtrict honour, and, what is more rare among young gentlemen of the town, one of ſtrict honeſty too; yet in affairs of love he was ſomewhat looſe in his morals; not that he was even here as void of principle as gentlemen ſometimes are, and oftener affect to be; but it is certain he had been guilty of ſome indefenſible treachery to women, and had in a certain myſtery, called Making love, practiſed many deceits, which if he had uſed in trade, he would have been counted the greateſt villain upon earth

But as the world, I know not well for what reaſon, agree to ſee this treachery in a better light, he was ſo far from being aſhamed of his iniquities of this kind, that he gloried in them, and would often boaſt of his ſkill in gaining of women, and his triumphs over their hearts, for which he had before this time received ſome rebukes from Jones, who always expreſt great bitterneſs againſt any miſbehaviour to the fair part of the ſpecies, who, if conſidered, he ſaid, as they ought to be, in the light of the deareſt friends, were to be cultivated, honoured, and careſſed with the utmoſt love and tenderneſs; but, if regarded as enemies, were a conqueſt of which a man ought rather to be aſhamed than to value himſelf upon it.

CHAP. V.

A ſhort account of the hiſtory of Mrs. Miller.

JONES this day eat a pretty good dinner for a ſick man, that is to ſay, the larger half of a ſhoulder of mutton. In the afternoon he received an invitation from Mrs. Miller to drink tea; for that good woman having learnt, either by means of Partridge, or by ſome other means natural or ſupernatural, that he had a connection with Mr. Allworthy, could not endure the thoughts of parting with him in an angry manner.

Jones accepted the invitation; and no ſooner was the tea-kettle removed, and the girls ſent out of the room,

room, than the widow without much preface, began as follows: 'Well, there are very ſurprizing things 'happen in this world; but certainly it is a wonderful 'buſineſs, that I ſhould have a relation of Mr All-'worthy in my houſe, and never know any thing of 'the matter. Alas! Sir, you little imagine what a 'friend that beſt of gentlemen hath been to me and 'mine. Yes, Sir, I am not aſhamed to own it; it is 'owing to his goodneſs, that I did not long ſince periſh 'for want, and leave my poor little wretches, two deſ-'titute, helpleſs, friendleſs orphans, to the care or 'rather to the cruelty of the world.

'You muſt know, Sir, though I am now reduced 'to get my living by letting lodgings, I was born 'and bred a gentlewoman. My father was an officer 'of the army, and died in a conſiderable rank: but 'he lived up to his pay; and as that expired with 'him, his family, at his death, became beggars. We 'were three ſiſters. One of us had the good luck to 'die ſoon after of the ſmall-pox: a lady was ſo kind 'as to take the ſecond out of charity, as ſhe ſaid, to 'wait upon her. The mother of this lady had been 'a ſervant to my grandmother; and having inherited 'a vaſt fortune from her father, which he had got 'by pawnbroking, was married to a gentleman of 'great eſtate and faſhion. She uſed my ſiſter ſo bar-'barouſly, often upbraing her with her birth and po-'verty, calling her in deriſion a gentlewoman, that I 'believe ſhe at length broke the heart of the poor girl. 'In ſhort ſhe likewiſe died within a twelvemonth after 'my father. Fortune thought proper to provide better 'for me, and within a month from his deceaſe I was 'married to a clergyman, who had been my lover 'a long time before, and who had been very ill-uſed 'by my father on that account: for though my poor 'father could not give any of us a ſhilling, yet he bred 'us up as delicately, conſidered us, and would have 'us conſider ourſelves, as highly as if we had been 'the richeſt heireſſes. But my dear huſband forgot all 'this uſage, and the moment we were become father-'leſs, he immediately renewed his addreſſes to me ſo 'warmly, that I, who always liked, and now more

'than

'than ever eſteemed him, ſoon complied. Five years 'did I live in a ſtate of perfect happineſs with that beſt 'of men, 'till at laſt—Oh! cruel, cruel fortune, that 'ever ſeparated us, that deprived me of the kindeſt 'of huſbands, and my poor girls of the tendereſt 'parent.—O my poor girls! you never knew the 'bleſſing which ye loſt.—I am aſhamed, Mr. Jones 'of this womaniſh weakneſs; but I ſhall never men-'tion him without tears.'—'I ought rather, Ma-'dam,' ſaid Jones, 'to be aſhamed that I do not ac-'company you.'—'Well, Sir,' continued ſhe, 'I was 'now left a ſecond time in a much worſe condition 'than before; beſides the terrible affliction I was to en-'counter, I had now two children to provide for; 'and was, if poſſible, more pennyleſs than ever, 'when that great, that good, that glorious man, Mr. 'Allworthy, who had ſome little acquaintance with 'my huſband, accidentally heard of my diſtreſs and 'immediately writ this letter to me. Here, Sir,—'here it is; I put it into my pocket to ſhew it you. 'This is the letter, Sir; I muſt and will read it to 'you.

"MADAM,

"I Heartily condole with you on your late grievous "loſs, which your own good ſenſe, and the ex-"cellent leſſons you muſt have learnt from the wor-"thieſt of men, will better enable you to bear, than "any advice which I am capable of giving. Nor "have I any doubt that you, whom I have heard to be "the tendereſt of mothers will ſuffer any immoderate "indulgence of grief to prevent you from diſcharging "your duty to thoſe poor infants, who now alone "ſtand in need of your tenderneſs

"However, as you muſt be ſuppoſed at preſent "to be incapable of much worldly conſideration, "you will pardon my having ordered a perſon to "wait on you, and to pay you twenty guineas, "which I beg you will accept 'till I have the plea-"ſure of ſeeing you, and believe me to be Ma-"dam, &c."

'This,

'This letter, Sir, I received within a fortnight after 'the irreparable loſs I have mentioned, and within a 'fortnight afterwards, Mr. Allworthy,—the bleſſed 'Mr. Allworthy, came to pay me a viſit, when he 'placed me in the houſe where you now ſee me, gave 'me a large ſum of money to furniſh it, and ſettled 'an annuity of 50 l. a year upon me, which I have 'conſtantly received ever ſince. Judge then, Mr. 'Jones, in what regard I muſt hold a benefactor, to 'whom I owe the preſervation of my life, and of 'thoſe dear children, for whoſe ſake alone my life is 'valuable.——Do not, therefore, think me impertinent, Mr. Jones, (ſince I muſt eſteem one for whom 'I know Mr. Allworthy hath ſo much value) if I 'beg you not to converſe with theſe wicked women. 'You are a young gentleman, and do not know half 'their artful wiles. Do not be angry with me, Sir, 'for what I ſaid upon account of my houſe; you 'muſt be ſenſible it would be the ruin of my poor 'dear girls. Beſides, Sir, you cannot but be acquainted, that Mr. Allworthy himſelf would never 'forgive my conniving at ſuch matters, and particularly with you.'

'Upon my word, Madam,' ſaid Jones, 'you need 'make no farther apology; nor do I in the leaſt take 'any thing ill you have ſaid: but give me leave, as 'no one can have more value than myſelf for Mr. 'Allworthy, to deliver you from one miſtake, which 'perhaps, would not be altogether for his honour: I 'do aſſure you, I am no relation of his.'

'Alas! Sir,' anſwered ſhe, 'I know you are not. 'I know very well who you are; for Mr Allworthy 'hath told me all: but I do aſſure you, had you been 'twenty times his ſon, he could not have expreſſed 'more regard for you, than he hath often expreſſed in 'my preſence. You need not be aſhamed, Sir, of what 'you are; I promiſe you no good perſon will eſteem 'you the leſs on that account. No, Mr Jones; the 'words, "diſhonourable birth," are nonſenſe, as my 'dear, dear huſband uſed to ſay, unleſs the word, "diſhonourable" be applied to the parents; for the chil-

'children can derive no real diſhonour from an act 'of which they are entirely innocent.'

Here Jones heaved a deep ſigh, and then ſaid, 'Since I perceive, Madam, you really do know me, 'and Mr. Allworthy hath thought proper to menti-'on my name to you; and ſince you have been ſo ex-'plicit with me as to your own affairs, I will ac-'quaint you with ſome more circumſtances concern 'ing myſelf.' And theſe Mrs. Miller having expreſ-'ſed great deſire and curioſity to hear, he began and 'related to her his whole hiſtory, without once men-tioning the name of Sophia.

There is a kind of ſympathy in honeſt minds, by means of which they give an eaſy credit to each other. Mrs. Miller believed all which Jones told her to be true, and expreſt much pity and concern for him. She was beginning to comment on the ſtory, but Jones interrupted her; for as the hour of aſſignation now drew nigh, he began to ſtipulate for a ſecond interview with the lady that evening, which he promiſed ſhould be the laſt at her houſe; ſwearing, at the ſame time, that ſhe was one of great diſtinction, and that nothing but what was entirely innocent was to paſs between them; and I do firmly believe he intended to keep his word.

Mrs. Miller was at length prevailed on, and Jones departed to his chamber, where he ſat alone till twelve o'clock, but no lady Bellaſton appeared.

As we have ſaid that this lady had a great affection for Jones, and as it muſt have appeared that ſhe really had ſo, the reader may perhaps wonder at the firſt failure of her appointment as ſhe apprehended him to be confined by ſickneſs, a ſeaſon when friendſhip ſeems moſt to require ſuch viſits. This behaviour therefore, in the lady, may, by ſome, be condemned as unnatural; but that is not our fault; for our buſineſs is only to record truth.

CHAP. VI.

Containing a ſcene which we doubt not will affect all our readers.

MR. Jones cloſed not his eyes during all the former part of the night; not owing it to any uneaſineſs which he conceived at being diſappointed by Lady Bellaſton; nor was Sophia herſelf, though moſt of his waking hours were juſtly to be charged to her account, the preſent cauſe of diſpelling his ſlumbers. In fact, poor Jones was one of the beſt-natured fellows alive, and had all that weakneſs which is called compaſſion, and which diſtinguiſhes this imperfect character from that noble firmneſs of mind, which rolls a man, as it were, within himſelf and, like a poliſhed bowl, enables him to run through the world, without being once ſtopped by the calamities which happen to others. He could not help, therefore, compaſſionating the ſituation of poor Nancy, whoſe love for Mr. Nigtingale ſeemed to him ſo apparent that he was aſtoniſhed at the blindneſs of her mother, who had more than once the preceding evening, remarked to him the great change in the temper of her daughter, 'who from being,' ſhe ſaid, 'one 'of the livelieſt, merrieſt girls in the world, was, on 'a ſudden, become all gloom and melancholy.'

Sleep, however, at length got the better of all reſiſtance; and now as if he had already been a deity, as the antients imagined, and an offended one too, he ſeemed to enjoy his dear-bought conqueſt.—To ſpeak ſimply, and without any methaphor, Mr. Jones ſlept till eleven the next morning, and would perhaps, have continued in the ſame quiet ſituation much longer, had not a violent uproar awakened him.

Partridge was now ſummoned, who, being aſked what was the matter, anſwered, 'that there was a 'dreadful hurricane below ſtairs: that Miſs Nancy 'was in fits; and that the other ſiſter, and the mo-'ther, were both crying and lamenting over her.' Jones expreſſed much concern at this news, which

Partridge endeavoured to relieve, by ſaying with a ſmile, 'he fancied the young lady was in no danger 'of death; for that Suſan (which was the name of 'the maid) had given him to underſtand, it was 'nothing more than a common affair. In ſhort,' ſaid he, 'Miſs Nancy hath had a mind to be as wiſe 'as her mother; that's all. She was a little hungry, 'it ſeems, and ſo ſat down to dinner before grace 'was ſaid; and ſo there is a child coming for the 'foundling-hoſpital.'——'Prithee leave thy ſtupid 'jeſting,' cries Jones, 'Is the miſery of theſe poor 'wretches a ſubject of mirth! Go immediately to 'Mrs. Miller, and tell her, I beg leave—Stay, you 'will make ſome blunder; I will go myſelf; for ſhe 'deſired me to breakfaſt with her.' He then roſe, and dreſſed himſelf as faſt as he could: and while he was dreſſing, Partridge, notwithſtanding many ſevere rebukes, could not avoid throwing forth certain pieces of brutality, commonly called jeſts, on this occaſion. Jones was no ſooner dreſſed, than he walked down ſtairs, and knocking at the door, was preſently admitted, by the maid, into the outward parlour, which was as empty of company as it was of any apparatus for eating. Mrs. Miller was in the inner room with her daughter, whence the maid preſently brought a meſſage to Mr. Jones, 'that her miſtreſs hoped he 'would excuſe the diſappointment, but an accident 'had happened, which made it impoſſible for her to 'have the pleaſure of his company at breakfaſt that 'day; and begged his pardon for not ſending him 'up notice ſooner.' 'Jones deſired ſhe would give 'herſelf no trouble about any thing ſo trifling as his 'diſappointment; that he was heartily ſorry for the 'occaſion; and that if he could be of any ſervice to 'her, ſhe might command him.'

He had ſcarce ſpoke theſe words, when Mrs. Miller, who heard them all, ſuddenly threw open the door, and coming out to him, in a flood of tears, ſaid, 'O Mr. Jones, you are certainly one of the beſt 'young men alive. I give you a thouſand thanks 'for your kind offer of your ſervice; but, alas! Sir, 'it is out of your power to preſerve my poor girl.—

'O

'O my child, my child! she is undone, she is ruined 'for ever!' 'I hope, Madam,' said Jones, 'no vil- 'lain,'—'O Mr. Jones,' said she, 'that villain who 'yesterday left my lodgings, hath betrayed my poor 'girl; hath destroyed her,—I know you are a man 'of honour. You have a good—a noble heart, Mr. 'Jones. The actions to which I have been myself a 'witness, could proceed from no other. I will tell 'you all; nay, indeed, it is impossible, after what 'hath happened, to keep it a secret. That Nightingale, 'that barbarous villain hath undone my daughter. 'She is—she is—oh! Mr. Jones, my girl is with 'child by him; and in that condition he hath de- 'serted her. Here! here, Sir, is his cruel letter: 'read it Mr. Jones, and tell me if such another 'monster lives.'

The letter was as follows,

'Dear Nancy,

'AS I found it impossible to mention to you 'what, I am afraid, will be no less shocking 'to you, than it is to me, I have taken this method 'to inform you, that my father insists upon my im- 'mediately paying my addresses to a young lady of 'fortune, whom he hath provided for my—I need 'not write the detested word. Your own good under- 'standing will make you sensible, how entirely I am 'obliged to an obedience, by which I shall be for ever 'excluded from your dear arms. The fondness of 'your mother may encourage you to trust her with 'the unhappy consequence of our love, which may 'be easily kept a secret from the world, and for which 'I will take care to provide, as I will for you. I wish 'you may feel less on this account than I have suf- 'fered: but summon all your fortitude to your 'assistance, and forgive and forget the man, whom 'nothing but the prospect of certain ruin could have 'forced to write this letter. I bid you forget me, I 'mean only as a lover; but the best of friends you 'shall ever find in

'Your faithful, though unhappy,

'J. N.'

When Jones had read this letter, they both ſtood ſilent during a minute looking at each other; at laſt he began thus: 'I cannot expreſs, Madam, how 'much I am ſhocked at what I have read; yet let me 'beg you, in one particular, to take the writer's ad-'vice. Conſider the reputation of your daughter.' ——'It is gone, it is loſt, Mr. Jones,' cry'd ſhe, 'as well as her innocence. She received the letter 'in a room full of company, and immediately ſwoon-'ing away upon opening it, the contents were known 'to every one preſent. But the loſs of her repu-'tation, bad as it is, is not the worſt; I ſhall loſe 'my child; ſhe hath attempted twice to deſtroy her-'ſelf already: and though ſhe hath been hitherto pre-'vented, vows ſhe will not out-live it; nor could I 'myſelf out-live any accident of that nature.—What 'then will become of my little Betſey, a helpleſs in-'fant orphan? And the poor little wretch will, I be-'lieve, break her heart at the miſeries with which 'ſhe ſees her ſiſter and myſelf diſtracted, while ſhe 'is ignorant of the cauſe.—O 'tis the moſt ſenſible, 'and beſt-natured little thing. The barbarous cruel '—— hath deſtroyed us all. O my poor children! 'Is this the reward of all my cares? Is this the fruit 'of all my proſpects? Have I ſo chearfully under-'gone all the labours and duties of a mother? Have 'I been ſo tender of their infancy, ſo careful of their 'education? Have I been toiling ſo many years, 'denying myſelf even the conveniencies of life, to 'provide ſome little ſuſtenance for them, to loſe one 'or both in ſuch a manner?' 'Indeed, Madam,' ſaid Jones, with tears in his eyes, 'I pity you from 'my ſoul.'——'O Mr. Jones.' anſwered ſhe, 'even 'you, though I know the goodneſs of your heart, 'can have no idea of what I feel The beſt, the 'kindeſt, and moſt dutiful of children! O my poor 'Nancy, the darling of my ſoul! the delight of my 'eyes; the pride of my heart: too much, indeed, 'my pride; for to thoſe fooliſh, ambitious hopes, 'ariſing from her beauty, I owe her ruin. Alas! I 'ſaw with pleaſure the liking which this young man 'had for her. I thought it an honourable affection; 'and

'and flattered my fooliſh vanity with the thoughts of 'ſeeing her married to one ſo much her ſuperior. 'And a thouſand times in my preſence, nay, often 'in yours, he hath endeavoured to ſooth and encou-'rage theſe hopes by the moſt generous expreſſions 'of diſintereſted love, which he hath always directed 'to my poor girl, and which I, as well as ſhe, be-'lieved to be real. Could I have believed that theſe 'were only ſnares laid to betray the innocence of my 'child, and for the ruin of us all?'—At theſe words little Betſy came running into the room, crying, 'Dear Mamma, for heaven's ſake come to my ſiſter; 'for ſhe is in another fit, and my couſin can't hold 'her.' Mrs. Miller immediately obeyed the ſum-mons; but firſt ordered Betſey to ſtay with Mr. Jones, and begged him to entertain her a few minutes, ſaying, in the moſt pathetic voice, 'Good heaven! 'let me preſerve one of my children at leaſt.'

Jones, in compliance with this requeſt, did all he could to comfort the little girl, though he was, in reality, himſelf very highly affected with Mrs. Miller's ſtory. He told her, 'her ſiſter would be ſoon very 'well again; that by taking on in that manner, ſhe 'would not only make her ſiſter worſe, but make her 'mother ill too.' 'Indeed, Sir,' ſays ſhe, 'I would 'not do any thing to hurt them for the world. I 'would rather burſt my heart than they ſhould ſee me 'cry——But my poor ſiſter can't ſee me cry.——I 'am afraid ſhe will never be able to ſee me cry any 'more. Indeed, I can't part with her; indeed I 'can't.—And then poor Mamma too, what will be-'come of her?—She ſays ſhe will die too, and leave 'me: but I am reſolved I won't be left behind.' 'And are you not afraid to die, my little Betſy?' ſaid Jones 'Yes,' anſwered ſhe, 'I was always afraid to die; 'becauſe I muſt have left my Mamma, and my ſiſter; 'but I am not afraid to go any where with thoſe I love.'

Jones was ſo pleaſed with this anſwer, that he eagerly kiſſed the child; and ſoon after Mrs. Miller returned, ſaying, 'She thanked heaven, Nancy was 'now come to herſelf. And now, Betſy,' ſays ſhe, 'you may go in; for your ſiſter is better, and longs

'to see you.' She then turned to Jones, and began to renew her apologies for having disappointed him of his breakfast.

'I hope, Madam,' said Jones, 'I shall have a 'more exquisite repast than any you could have provided for me. This, I assure you, will be the case, 'if I can do any service to this little family of love. 'But whatever success may attend my endeavours, I 'am resolved to attempt it. I am very much deceived in Mr. Nightingale, if, notwithstanding 'what hath happened, he hath not much goodness 'of heart at the bottom, as well as a very violent affection for your daughter. If this be the case, I think 'the picture which I shall lay before him, will affect 'him. Endeavour, Madam, to comfort yourself, and 'Miss Nancy, as well as you can. I will go instantly in 'quest of Mr. Nightingale; and I hope to bring you 'good news.'

Mrs. Miller fell upon her knees, and invoked all the blessings of heaven upon Mr. Jones; to which she afterwards added the most passionate expressions of gratitude. He then departed to find Mr. Nightingale, and the good woman returned to comfort her daughter who was somewhat cheered at what her mother told her; and both joined in resounding the praises of Mr. Jones.

CHAP. VII.

The interview between Mr. Jones and Mr. Nightingale.

THE good or evil we confer on others, very often, I believe, recoils on ourselves. For as men of a benign disposition enjoy their own acts of beneficence, equally with those to whom they are done, so there are scarce any natures so entirely diabolical, as to be capable of doing injuries, without paying themselves some pangs for the ruin which they bring on their fellow-creatures.

Mr. Nightingale, at least, was not such a person. On the contrary, Jones found him in his new lodgings, sitting melancholy by the fire, and silently lamenting the unhappy situation in which he had placed poor Nancy.

Nancy. He no ſooner ſaw his friend appear, than he aroſe haſtily to meet him, and after much congratulation ſaid, 'Nothing could be more opportune than 'this kind viſit; for I was never more in the ſpleen 'in my life.'

'I am ſorry,' anſwered Jones, 'that I bring news 'very unlikely to relieve you; nay, what I am con-'vinced muſt, of all other, ſhock you the moſt. 'However, it is neceſſary you ſhould know it. With-'out further preface then. I come to you, Mr. Night-'ingale, from a worthy family, which you have in-'volved in miſery and ruin.' Mr. Nightingale changed colour at theſe words; but Jones, without regarding it, proceeded in the livelieſt manner to paint the tragical ſtory, with which the reader was acquainted in the laſt chapter.

Nightingale never once interrupted the narration, though he diſcovered violent emotions at many parts of it. But, when it was concluded, after fetching a deep ſigh, he ſaid, 'What you tell me, my friend, 'affects me in the tendereſt manner. Sure there never 'was ſo curſed an accident as the poor girl's betray-'ing my letter. Her reputation might otherwiſe have 'been ſafe, and the affair might have remained a 'profound ſecret; and then the girl might have gone 'off never the worſe; for many ſuch things happen 'in this town; and, if the huſband ſhould ſuſpect a 'little when it is too late, it will be his wiſer con-'duct to conceal his ſuſpicion both from his wife and 'the world.'

'Indeed, my friend,' anſwered Jones, 'this could 'not have been the caſe with your poor Nancy. You 'have ſo entirely gained her affection, that it is the 'loſs of you, and not of her reputation, which afflicts 'her, and will end in the deſtruction of her and her 'family.' 'Nay, for that matter, I promiſe you,' cries Nightingale, 'ſhe hath my affection ſo abſolutely, 'that my wife, whoever ſhe is to be, will have very 'little ſhare in them.' 'And is it poſſible then,' ſaid Jones, 'you can think of deſerting her?' 'Why, 'what can I do?' anſwered the other. 'Aſk Miſs 'Nancy,' replied Jones warmly. 'In the condition

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'to which you have reduced her, I ſincerely think 'ſhe ought to determine what reparation you ſhall 'make her. Her intereſt alone, and not your's, 'ought to be your ſole conſideration. But, if you aſk 'me what you ſhall do, what can you do leſs,' cries Jones, 'than fulfil the expectations of her family and 'her own. Nay, I ſincerely tell you, they were mine 'too, ever ſince I firſt ſaw you together. You will 'pardon me, if I preſume on the friendſhip you have 'favoured me with, moved as I am with compaſſion 'for thoſe poor creatures. But your own heart will 'beſt ſuggeſt to you, whether you have never in-'tended, by your conduct, to perſuade the mother, 'as well as the daughter, into an opinion, that you 'deſigned honourably; and if ſo, though there may 'have been no direct promiſe of marriage in the caſe, 'I will leave to your own good underſtanding, how 'far you are bound to proceed.'

'Nay, I muſt not only confeſs what you have 'hinted,' ſaid Nightingale; 'but I am afraid, even 'that very promiſe you mention I have given.' 'And 'can you, after owning that,' ſaid Jones, 'heſitate a 'moment?' Conſider, my friend,' anſwered the other; 'I know you are a man of honour, and would 'adviſe no one to act contrary to its rules; if there 'were no other objection, can I, after this publication 'of her diſgrace, think of ſuch an alliance with 'honour?' 'Undoubtedly,' replied Jones, 'and the 'very beſt and trueſt honour, which is goodneſs, re-'quires it of you. As you mention a ſcruple of this 'kind, you will give me leave to examine it. Can 'you with honour be guilty of having, under falſe 'pretences, deceived a young woman and her family, 'and of having, by theſe means, treacherouſly robbed 'her of her innocence? Can you with honour be 'the knowing, the wilful occaſion, nay, the artful 'contriver of the ruin of a human being? Can you 'with honour deſtroy the fame, the peace, nay pro-'bably both the life and ſoul too of this creature? 'Can honour bear the thought, that this creature is a 'tender, helpleſs, defenceleſs, young woman? a 'young woman who loves, who doats on you, who

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'dies for you; who hath placed the utmoſt confi-
'dence in your promiſes; and to that confidence
'hath ſacrificed every thing which is dear to her?
'Can honour ſupport ſuch contemplations as theſe a
'moment?'

'Common ſenſe, indeed,' ſaid Nightingale, 'war-
'rants all you ſay; but yet you well know the opi-
'nion of the world is ſo contrary to it, that, if I was
'to marry a whore, though my own, I ſhould be
'aſhamed of ever ſhewing my face again.'

'Fie upon it, Mr. Nightingale,' ſaid Jones, 'do
'not call her by ſo ungenerous a name: when you
'promiſed to marry her, ſhe became your wife; and
'ſhe hath ſinned more againſt prudence than virtue.
'And what is this world, which you would be aſhamed
'to face, but the vile, the fooliſh, and the profligate?
'Forgive me, if I ſay ſuch a ſhame muſt proceed from
'falſe modeſty, which always attends falſe honour
'as its ſhadow.—But I am well aſſured there is not a
'man of real ſenſe and goodneſs in the world, who
'would not honour and applaud the action. But,
'admit no other would, would not your own heart,
'my friend, applaud it? And do not the warm,
'rapturous ſenſations, which we feel from the con-
'ſciouſneſs of an honeſt, noble, generous, benevo-
'lent action, convey more delight to the mind, than
'the undeſerved praiſe of millions? Set the alterna-
'tive fairly before your eyes. On the one ſide, ſee
'this poor, unhappy, tender, believing girl, in the
'arms of her wretched mother, breathing her laſt.
'Hear her breaking her heart in agonies, ſighing out
'your name; and lamenting, rather than accuſing,
'the cruelty which weighs her down to deſtruction.
'Paint to your imagination the circumſtances of her
'fond, deſpairing parent, driven to madneſs, or per-
'haps to death, by the loſs of her lovely daughter.
'View the poor, helpleſs, orphan-infant; and, when
'your mind hath dwelt a moment only on ſuch ideas,
'conſider yourſelf as the cauſe of all the ruin of this
'poor, little, worthy, defenceleſs family. On the
'other ſide, conſider yourſelf as relieving them from
'their temporary ſufferings. Think with what joy,

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'with what tranſports, that lovely creature will fly to
'your arms. See her blood returning to her pale
'cheeks, her fire to her languid eyes, and raptures to
'her tortured breaſt. Conſider the exultations of her
'mother the happineſs of all. Think of this little
'family made, by one act of yours, completely happy.
'Think of this alternative, and ſure I am miſtaken
'in my friend, if it requires any long deliberation,
'whether he will ſink theſe wretches down for ever,
'or by one generous, noble reſolution, raiſe them
'all from the brink of miſery and deſpair to the higheſt
'pitch of human happineſs. Add to this but one con-
'ſideration more; the conſideration that it is your
'duty ſo to do -- That the miſery from which you will
'relieve theſe poor people, is the miſery which you
'yourſelf have wilfully brought upon them.'

'O my dear friend,' cries Nightingale, 'I wanted
'not your eloquence to rouſe me. I pity poor Nancy
'from my ſoul, and would willingly give any thing
'in my power, that no familiarities had ever paſſed
'between us. Nay, believe me, I had many ſtrug-
'gles with my paſſion, before I could prevail with
'myſelf to write that cruel letter, which hath cauſed
'all the miſery in that unhappy family. If I had no
'inclinations to conſult but my own, I would marry
'her to-morrow morning: I would by Heaven; but
'you will eaſily imagine how impoſſible it would be
'to prevail on my father to conſent to ſuch a match;
'beſides, he hath provided another for me; and to-
'morrow, by his expreſs command, I am to wait on
'the lady.'

'I have not the honour to know your father,' ſaid Jones; 'but ſuppoſe he could be perſuaded, would
'you yourſelf conſent to the only means of preſerving
'theſe poor people?' 'As eagerly as I would purſue
'my happineſs,' anſwered Nightingale; 'for I never
'ſhall find it in any other woman.-- O my dear friend,
'could you imagine what I have felt within theſe
'twelve hours for my poor girl, I am convinced ſhe
'would not engroſs all your pity. Paſſion leads me
'only to her; and, if I had any fooliſh ſcruples of ho-
'nour, you have fully ſatisfied them: Could my fa-

'ther

'ther be induced to comply with my deſires, nothing 'would be wanting to complete my own happineſs, 'or that of my Nancy.'

'Then I am reſolved to undertake it,' ſaid Jones. 'You muſt not be angry with me, in whatever light 'it may be neceſſary to ſet this affair, which, you 'may depend on it, could not otherwiſe be long hid 'from him; for things of this nature make a quick 'progreſs, when once they get abroad, as this unhappily hath already. Beſides, ſhould any fatal accident follow, as, upon my ſoul, I am afraid will, 'unleſs immediately prevented, the public would ring 'of your name in a manner, which, if your father 'hath common humanity, muſt offend him. If you 'will therefore tell me, where I may find the old gentleman, I will not loſe a moment in the buſineſs; 'which, while I purſue, you cannot do a more generous action than by paying a viſit to the poor girl. 'You will find I have not exaggerated in the account 'I have given of the wretchedneſs of the family.'

Nightingale immediately conſented to the propoſal; and now, having acquainted Jones with his father's lodging, and the coffee houſe where he would moſt probably find him, he heſitated a moment, and then ſaid, 'My dear Tom, you are going to undertake an impoſſibility. If you knew my father, you 'would never think of obtaining his conſent——Stay, 'there is one way——Suppoſe you told him I was 'already married, it might be eaſier to reconcile him 'to the fact after it was done; and, upon my honour, I am ſo affected with what you have ſaid, 'and I love my Nancy ſo paſſionately, I almoſt wiſh 'it was done, whatever might be the conſequence.'

Jones greatly approved the hint, and promiſed to purſue it. They then ſeparated, Nightingale to viſit his Nancy, and Jones in queſt of the old gentleman.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

What paſſed between Jones and old Mr. Nightingale; with the arrival of a perſon not yet mentioned in this hiſtory.

NOTWITHSTANDING the ſentiment of the Roman ſatiriſt, which denies the divinity of fortune, and the opinion of Seneca to the ſame purpoſe, Cicero, who was I believe a wiſer man than either of them, expreſsly holds the contrary; and certain it is, there are ſome incidents in life ſo very ſtrange and unaccountable, that it ſeems to require more than human ſkill and foreſight in producing them.

Of this kind was what now happened to Jones, who found Mr. Nightingale the elder in ſo critical a minute, that fortune, if ſhe was really worthy all the worſhip ſhe received at Rome, could not have contrived ſuch another. In ſhort, the old gentleman and the father of the young lady whom he intended for his ſon, had been hard at it for many hours; and the latter was juſt now gone, and had left the former delighted with the thoughts, that he had ſucceeded in a long contention which had been between the two fathers of the future bride and bridegroom; in which both endeavoured to over-reach the other, and, as it not rarely happens in ſuch caſes, both had retreated fully ſatisfied of having obtained the victory.

This gentleman whom Mr. Jones now viſited, was what they call a man of the world; that is to ſay, a man who directs his conduct in this world as one who, being fully perſuaded there is no other, is reſolved to make the moſt of this. In his early years he had been bred to trade; but, having acquired a very good fortune, he had lately declined his buſineſs, or, to ſpeak more properly, had changed it from dealing in goods to dealing only in money, of which he had always a plentiful fund at command, and of which he knew very well how to make a very plentiful advantage, ſometimes of the neceſſities of private men, and ſometimes of thoſe of the public. He had indeed converſed ſo

entirely with money, that it may be almoſt doubted, whether he imagined there was any other thing really exiſting in the world: this at leaſt may be certainly averred, that he firmly believed nothing elſe to have any real value.

The reader will, I fancy, allow, that fortune could not have culled out a more improper perſon for Mr. Jones to attack with any probability of ſucceſs; nor could the whimſical lady have directed this attack at a more unſeaſonable time.

As money then was always uppermoſt in this gentleman's thoughts, ſo, the moment he ſaw a ſtranger within his doors, it immediately occurred to his imagination, that ſuch ſtranger was either come to bring him money, or to fetch it from him. And, according as one or other of theſe thoughts prevailed, he conceived a favourable or unfavourable idea of the perſon who approached him.

Unluckily for Jones, the latter of theſe was the aſcendant at preſent; for, as a young gentleman had viſited him the day before with a bill from his ſon for a play-debt, he apprehended, at the firſt ſight of Jones, that he was come on ſuch another errand. Jones therefore had no ſooner told him, that he was come on his ſon's account, than the old gentleman, being confirmed in his ſuſpicion, burſt forth into an exclamation, 'that he would loſe his labour.' 'Is it then poſ-'ſible, Sir,' anſwered Jones, 'that you can gueſs my 'buſineſs?' 'If I do gueſs it,' replied the other, 'I repeat again to you, you will loſe your labour. 'What, I ſuppoſe, you are one of thoſe ſparks who 'lead my ſon into all thoſe ſcenes of riot and debauch-'ery, which will be his deſtruction; but I ſhall pay 'no more of his bills, I promiſe you. I expect he 'will quit all ſuch company for the future. If I had 'imagined otherwiſe, I ſhould not have provided a 'wife for him; for I would be inſtrumental in the 'ruin of nobody.' 'How, Sir,' ſaid Jones, 'and was 'this lady of your providing?' 'Pray, Sir,' anſwered the old gentleman, 'how comes it to be 'any concern of yours?'—'Nay, dear Sir' replied Jones, 'be not offended that I intereſt myſelf in what

'regards your ſon's happineſs, for whom I have ſo 'great an honour and value. It was upon that very 'account I came to wait upon you. I can't expreſs 'the ſatisfaction you have given me by what you 'ſay; for I do aſſure you, your ſon is a perſon for 'whom I have the higheſt honour.——Nay, Sir, it 'is not eaſy to expreſs the eſteem I have for you, who 'could be ſo generous, ſo good, ſo kind, ſo indul-'gent, to provide ſuch a match for your ſon; a wo-'man, who, I dare ſwear, will make him one of the 'happieſt men upon earth.'

There is ſcarce any thing which ſo happily intro-duces men to our good liking, as having conceived ſome alarm at their firſt appearance: when once thoſe apprehenſions begin to vaniſh, we ſoon forget the fears which they occaſioned, and look on ourſelves as indebted for our preſent eaſe, to thoſe very per-ſons who at firſt raiſed our fears.

Thus it happened to Nightingale, who no ſooner found that Jones had no demand on him, as he ſuſpect-ed, than he began to be pleaſed with his preſence. 'Pray, good Sir,' ſaid he, 'be pleaſed to ſit down. 'I do not remember to have ever had the pleaſure of 'ſeeing you before; but, if you are a friend of my 'ſon, and have any thing to ſay concerning this 'young lady, I ſhall be glad to hear you. As to her 'making him happy, it will be his own fault if ſhe 'doth not. I have diſcharged my duty, in taking 'care of the main article. She will bring him a for-'tune capable of making any reaſonable, prudent, 'ſober man, happy.' 'Undoubtedly,' cries Jones; 'for ſhe is in herſelf a fortune; ſo beautiful, ſo gen-'teel, ſo ſweet-tempered, and ſo well educated; ſhe 'is indeed a moſt accompliſhed young lady, ſings 'admirably well, and hath a moſt delicate hand at 'the harpſichord.' 'I did not know any of theſe 'matters,' anſwered the old gentleman, 'for I never 'ſaw the lady; but I do not like her the worſe for 'what you tell me; and I am the better pleaſed with 'her father for not laying any ſtreſs on theſe qualifi-'cations in our bargain. I ſhall always think it a 'proof of his underſtanding. A ſilly fellow would

'have

'have brought in theſe articles as an addition to her 'fortune; but, to give him his due, he never men- 'tioned any ſuch matter; though to be ſure they are 'no diſparagements to a woman.' 'I do aſſure you, 'Sir,' cries Jones, 'ſhe hath them all in the moſt 'eminent degree: for my part, I own I was afraid 'you might have been a little backward, a little leſs 'inclined to the match; for your ſon told me, you 'had never ſeen the lady; therefore I came Sir, in 'that caſe, to entreat you, to conjure you, as you 'value the happineſs of your ſon, not to be averſe to 'his match with a woman who hath not only all the 'good qualities I have mentioned, but many more.' ——'If that was your buſineſs, Sir,' ſaid the old gentleman, 'we are both obliged to you; and you 'may be perfectly eaſy; for I give you my word, I 'was very well ſatisfied with her fortune.' 'Sir,' anſwered Jones, 'I honour you every moment more 'and more. To be ſo eaſily ſatisfied, ſo very moder- 'ate on that account, is a proof of the ſoundneſs of 'your underſtanding, as well as the nobleneſs of your 'mind.' ——'Not ſo very moderate, young gen- 'tleman, not ſo very moderate,' anſwered the father. ——'Still more and more noble,' replied Jones, 'and give me leave to add, ſenſible: for ſure it is 'little leſs than madneſs to conſider money as the ſole 'foundation of happineſs. Such a woman as this 'with her little, her nothing of a fortune.'——'I 'find,' cries the old gentleman, 'you have a pretty 'juſt opinion of money, my friend, or elſe you are 'better acquainted with the perſon of the lady, than 'with her circumſtances. Why pray, what fortune 'do you imagine this lady to have?'——'What for- 'tune' cries Jones; 'why too contemptible a one 'to be named for your ſon.' 'Well, well, well,' ſaid the other, 'perhaps he might have done better.' —'That I deny,' ſaid Jones; 'for ſhe is one of the 'beſt of women' 'Ay, ay, but in point of fortune 'I mean,' anſwered the other. —'And yet, as to 'that now, how much do you imagine your friend 'is to have?'——'How much' cries Jones, 'how 'much!——Why, at the utmoſt, perhaps 20 l.'

'Do you mean to banter me, young gentleman?' ſaid the father, a little angry.——'No, upon my ſoul,' anſwered Jones, 'I am in earneſt; nay, I believe I 'have gone to the utmoſt farthing. If I do the lady 'an injury, I aſk her pardon' 'Indeed you do,' cries the father. 'I am certain ſhe hath fifty times 'that ſum, and ſhe ſhall produce fifty to that, before 'I conſent that ſhe ſhall marry my ſon' 'Nay,' ſaid Jones, 'it is too late to talk of conſent now.—— 'If ſhe had not fifty farthings, your ſon is married.' ——'My ſon married!' anſwered the old gentleman with ſurpriſe. 'Nay,' ſaid Jones, 'I thought 'you was unacquainted with it.'—'My ſon married 'to Miſs Harris!' anſwered he again.—'To Miſs 'Harris!' ſaid Jones; 'no, Sir, to Miſs Nancy 'Miller, the daughter of Mrs. Miller, at whoſe houſe 'he lodged; a young lady, who, though her mo-'ther is reduced to let lodgings——' 'Are you ban-'tering, or are you in earneſt?' cries the father with a moſt ſolemn voice. 'Indeed, Sir,' anſwered Jones, 'I ſcorn the character of a banterer. I came to you 'in moſt ſerious earneſt, imagining, as I find true, 'that your ſon had never dared acquaint you with a 'match ſo much inferior to him in point of fortune, 'though the reputation of the lady will ſuffer it no 'longer to remain a ſecret.'

While the father ſtood like one ſtruck ſuddenly dumb at this news, a gentleman came into the room, and ſaluted him by the name of brother.

But though theſe two were in conſanguinity ſo nearly related, they were in their diſpoſitions almoſt the oppoſites to each other. The brother, who now arrived, had likewiſe been bred to trade, in which he no ſooner ſaw himſelf worth 6000l than he purchaſed a ſmall eſtate with the greateſt part of it, and retired into the country, where he married the daughter of an unbeneficed clergyman, a young lady, who, tho' ſhe had neither beauty nor fortune, had recommended herſelf to his choice entirely by her good humour, of which ſhe poſſeſſed a very large ſhare.

With this woman he had, during twenty-five years, lived a life more reſembling the model which certain poets

poets aſcribe to the golden age, than any of thoſe patterns which are furniſhed by the preſent times. By her he had four children; but none of them arrived at maturity, except only one daughter, whom, in vulgar language, he and his wife had ſpoiled; that is, had educated with the utmoſt tenderneſs and fondneſs, which ſhe returned to ſuch a degree, that ſhe had actually refuſed a very extraordinary match with a gentleman a little turned of forty, becauſe ſhe could not bring herſelf to part with her parents.

The young lady, whom Mr. Nightingale had intended for his ſon, was a near neighbour of his brother, and an acquaintance of his niece; and in reality it was upon the account of his projected match, that he was now come to town; not indeed to forward, but to diſſuade his brother from a purpoſe which he conceived would inevitably ruin his nephew; for he foreſaw no other event from a union with Miſs Harris, notwithſtanding the largeneſs of her fortune, as neither her perſon nor mind ſeemed to him to promiſe any kind of matrimonial felicity; for ſhe was very tall, very thin, very ugly, very affected, very filly, and very ill natured.

His brother, therefore, no ſooner mentioned the marriage of his nephew with Miſs Miller, than he expreſt the utmoſt ſatisfaction; and, when the father had very bitterly reviled his ſon, and pronounced ſentence of beggary upon him, the uncle began in the following manner.

'If you was a little cooler, brother, I would ask 'you whether you love your ſon for his ſake, or for 'your own. You would anſwer, I ſuppoſe, and ſo I 'ſuppoſe you think, for his ſake; and doubtleſs it is 'his happineſs which you intended in the marriage 'you propoſed for him.

'Now, brother, to preſcribe rules of happineſs to 'others hath always appeared to me very abſurd, 'and to inſiſt on doing this, very tyrannical. It is a 'vulgar error I know; but it is nevertheleſs an error. 'And if this be abſurd in other things, it is moſtly 'ſo in the affair of marriage, the happineſs of which

'depends entirely on the affection which ſubſiſts be-
'tween the parties.

'I have therefore always thought it unreaſonable
'in parents to deſire to chuſe for their children on
'this occaſion, ſince to force affection is an impoſſible
'attempt; nay, ſo much doth love abhor force, that
'I know not whether through an unfortunate, but
'incurable perverſeneſs in our natures, it may not
'be even impatient of perſuaſion.

'It is however true, that, though a parent will
'not, I think, wiſely preſcribe, he ought to be con-
'ſulted on this occaſion, and in ſtrictneſs perhaps
'ſhould at leaſt have a negative voice. My nephew
'therefore, I own, in marrying without aſking your
'advice, hath been guilty of a fault. But honeſtly
'ſpeaking, brother, have you not a little promoted
'this fault? Have not your frequent declarations on
'this ſubject given him a moral certainty of your re-
'fuſal, where there was any deficiency in point of
'fortune? nay, doth not your preſent anger ariſe
'ſolely from that deficiency? And, if he hath failed
'in his duty here, did you not as much exceed that
'authority, when you abſolutely bargained with him
'for a woman without his knowledge, whom you
'yourſelf never ſaw, and whom, if you had ſeen and
'known as well as I, it muſt have been madneſs in
'you to have ever thought of bringing her into your
'family

'Still I own my nephew in a fault; but ſurely it is
'not an unpardonable fault. He hath acted indeed,
'without your conſent in a matter in which he ought
'to have aſked it; but it is in a matter in which his
'intereſt is principally concerned; you yourſelf muſt
'and will acknowledge, that you conſulted his in-
'tereſt only; and, if he unfortunately differed from
'you, and hath been miſtaken in his notion of hap-
'pineſs, will you, brother, if you love your ſon,
'carry him ſtill wider from the point? will you in-
'creaſe the ill conſequences of his ſimple choice?
'will you endeavour to make an event certain miſery
'to him, which may accidentally prove ſo? in a
'word, brother, becauſe he hath put it out of your
'power

'power to make his circumſtances as affluent as you 'would, will you diſtreſs them as much as you can?'

By the force of the true catholic faith, St. Antony won upon the fiſhes. Orpheus and Amphion went a little farther, and by the charms of muſic enchanted things merely inanimate. Wonderful both! but neither hiſtory nor fable have ever yet ventured to record an inſtance of any one, who by force of argument and reaſon hath triumphed over habitual avarice.

Mr. Nightingale, the father, inſtead of attempting to anſwer his brother, contented himſelf with only obſerving, that they had always differed in their ſentiments concerning the education of their children. 'I wiſh,' ſaid he, 'brother. 'you would have confined 'your care to your own daughter, and never have 'troubled yourſelf with my ſon, who hath, I believe, 'as little profited by your precepts, as by your exam-'ple:' For young Nightingale was his uncle's godſon, and had lived more with him than with his father: So that the uncle had often declared, he loved his nephew almoſt equally with his own child.

Jones fell into raptures with this good gentleman; and, when after much perſuaſion they found the father grew ſtill more and more irritated inſtead of appeaſed, Jones conducted the uncle to his nephew at the houſe of Mrs. Miller.

CHAP. IX.

Containing ſtrange matters.

AT his return to his lodgings, Jones found the ſituation of affairs greatly altered from what they had been in at his departure. The mother, the two daughters, and young Mr. Nightingale, were now ſat down to ſupper together, when the uncle was, at his own deſire, introduced without any ceremony into the company, to all of whom he was well known; for he had ſeveral times viſited his nephew at that houſe.

The old gentleman immediately walked up to his Nancy, ſaluted and wiſhed her joy, as he did afterwards the nephew and the other ſiſter; and laſtly, he paid the proper compliments to his nephew, with the ſame good humour and courteſy, as if his nephew had married

married his equal or ſuperior in fortune, with all the previous requiſites firſt performed.

Miſs Nancy and her ſuppoſed huſband both turned pale, and looked rather fooliſh than otherwiſe upon the occaſion: but Mrs. Miller took the firſt opportunity of withdrawing; and, having ſent for Jones into the dining room, ſhe threw herſelf at his feet, and in a moſt paſſionate flood of tears called him her good angel, the preſerver of her poor little family, with many other reſpectful and endearing appellations, and made him every acknowledgment which the higheſt benefit can extract from the moſt grateful heart.

After the firſt guſt of her paſſion was a little over, which ſhe declared, if ſhe had not vented, would have burſt her, ſhe proceeded to inform Mr. Jones, that all matters were ſettled between Mr. Nightingale and her daughter, and that they were to be married the next morning: at which Mr. Jones having expreſſed much pleaſure, the poor woman fell again into a fit of joy and thankſgiving, which he at length with difficulty ſilenced, and prevailed on her to return with him back to the company, whom they found in the ſame good humour in which they had left them.

This little ſociety now paſſed two or three very agreeable hours together, in which the uncle, who was a very great lover of his bottle, had ſo well plyed his nephew, that this latter, though not drunk, began to be ſomewhat fluſtered; and now Mr. Nightingale, taking the old gentleman with him up ſtairs into the apartment he had lately occupied, unboſomed himſelf as follows:

'As you have been always the beſt and kindeſt of 'uncles to me, and as you have ſhewn ſuch unparal-'lelled goodneſs in forgiving this match, which to 'be ſure may be thought a little improvident; I 'ſhould never forgive myſelf if I attempted to de-'ceive you in any thing.' He then confeſſed the truth, and opened the whole affair.

'How, Jack!' ſaid the old gentleman, 'and are 'you really then not married to this young woman?' 'No, upon my honour,' anſwered Nightingale, 'I 'have told you the ſimple truth.' 'My dear boy,' cries the uncle, kiſſing him, 'I am heartily glad to

'hear

'hear it. I never was better pleaſed in my life. If 'you had been married, I ſhould have aſſiſted you, 'as much as was in my power, to have made the 'beſt of a bad matter; but there is a great difference 'between conſidering a thing which is already done 'and irrecoverable, and that which is yet to do. 'Let your reaſon have fair play, Jack, and you will 'ſee this match in ſo fooliſh and prepoſterous a light, 'that there will be no need of any diſſuaſive argu-'ments.' 'How, Sir!' replies young Nightingale, 'is there this difference between having already done 'an act, and being in honour engaged to do it?' 'Pugh,' ſaid the uncle, 'honour is a creature of the 'world's making, and the world hath the power of 'a creator over it, and may govern and direct it as 'they pleaſe. Now you well know how trivial theſe 'breaches of contract are thought; even the groſſeſt 'make but the wonder and converſation of a day. 'Is there a man who afterwards will be more back-'ward in giving you his ſiſter or daughter? or is 'there any ſiſter or daughter who would be more 'backward to receive you? Honour is not concerned 'in theſe engagements.' 'Pardon me, dear Sir,' cries Nightingale; 'I can never think ſo; and not 'only honour, but conſcience and humanity are con-'cerned. I am well ſatisfied, that, was I now to diſ-'appoint the young creature, her death would be 'the conſequence, and I ſhould look upon myſelf as 'her murderer, nay, as her murderer by the cruelleſt 'of all methods, by breaking her heart.' 'Break 'her heart, indeed! no, no, Jack,' cries the uncle, 'the hearts of women are not ſo ſoon broke; they 'are tough, boy, they are tough.' 'But, Sir,' anſwered Nightingale, 'my own affections are engaged, 'and I never could be happy with any other woman. 'How often have I heard you ſay, that children 'ſhould be always ſuffered to chuſe for themſelves, 'and that you would let my couſin Harriet do ſo!' 'Why ay,' replied the old gentleman, 'ſo I would 'have them; but then I would have them chuſe 'wiſely.—Indeed, Jack, you muſt, and ſhall leave 'this girl.'—'Indeed, uncle,' cries the other, 'I

'muſt

'must and will have her.' 'You will, young gentleman!' said the uncle; 'I did not expect such a 'word from you. I should not wonder if you had 'used such language to your father, who hath always 'treated you like a dog, and kept you at the distance 'which a tyrant preserves over his subjects; but I, 'who have lived with you upon an equal footing, 'might surely expect better usage: but I know how 'to account for it all! it is all owing to your pre-'posterous education, in which I have had too little 'share. There is my daughter now, whom I have 'brought up as my friend, never doth any thing 'without my advice, nor ever refuses to take it when 'I give it her.' 'You have never yet given her ad-'vice in an affair of this kind,' said Nightingale, 'for I am greatly mistaken in my cousin, if she would 'be very ready to obey even your most positive com-'mands in abandoning her inclinations.' 'Don't abuse 'my girl,' answered the old gentleman with some emotion; 'don't abuse my Harriet. I have brought 'her up to have no inclinations contrary to my own. 'By suffering her to do whatever she pleases, I have 'inured her to a habit of being pleased to do what-'ever I like.' 'Pardon me, Sir,' said Nightingale, 'I have not the least design to reflect on my cousin, 'for whom I have the greatest esteem; and indeed 'I am convinced you will never put her to so severe 'a trial, or lay such hard commands on her as you 'would do on me—But, dear Sir, let us return to 'the company: for they will begin to be uneasy at 'our long absence. I must beg one favour of my 'dear uncle, which is that he would not say any thing 'to shock the poor girl or her mother.' 'O you need 'not fear me,' answered he, 'I understand myself 'too well to affront women; so I will readily grant 'you that favour; and in return I must expect ano-'ther of you.' 'There are but few of your com-'mands, Sir,' said Nightingale, 'which I shall not 'very cheerfully obey.' 'Nay, Sir, I ask nothing,' said the uncle, 'but the honour of your company 'home to my lodging, that I may reason the case 'a little more fully with you: for I would, if possible,

'have

'have the ſatisfaction of preſerving my family, notwithſtanding the headſtrong folly of my brother, who 'in his own opinion, is the wiſeſt man in the world.'

Nightingale, who well knew his uncle to be as headſtrong as his father, ſubmitted to attend him home, and then they both returned back into the room, where the old gentleman promiſed to carry himſelf with the ſame decorum which he had before maintained.

CHAP. X.

A ſhort chapter, which concludes the book.

THE long abſence of the uncle and nephew had occaſioned ſome diſquiet in the minds of all whom they had left behind them; and the more, as during the preceding dialogue, the uncle had more than once elevated his voice, ſo as to be heard down ſtairs; which though they could not diſtinguiſh what he ſaid, had cauſed ſome evil foreboding in Nancy and her mother, and indeed even in Jones himſelf.

When the good company therefore again aſſembled, there was a viſible alteration in all their faces; and the good humour which at their laſt meeting univerſally ſhone forth in every countenance, was now changed into a much leſs agreeable aſpect. It was a change indeed common enough to the weather in this climate, from ſunſhine to clouds, from June to December.

This alteration was not however greatly remarked by any preſent; for as they were all now endeavouring to conceal their own thoughts, and to act a part, they became all too buſily engaged in the ſcene to be ſpectators of it. Thus neither the uncle nor nephew ſaw any ſymptoms of ſuſpicion in the mother or daughter; nor did the mother or daughter remark the over-acted complaiſance of the old man, nor the counterfeit ſatisfaction which grinned in the features of the young one.

Something like this, I believe frequently happens, where the whole attention of two friends being engaged in the part which each is to act, in order to impoſe on the other, neither ſees nor ſuſpects the art

practiſed againſt himſelf; and thus the thruſt of both (to borrow no improper metaphor on the occaſion) alike takes place.

From the ſame reaſon it is no unuſual thing for both parties to be over-reached in a bargain, tho' the one muſt be always the greater loſer; as was he who ſold a blind horſe, and received a bad note in payment.

Our company in about half an hour broke up, and the uncle carried off his nephew; but not before the latter had aſſured Miſs Nancy, in a whiſper, that he would attend her early in the morning, and fulfil all his engagements.

Jones, who was the leaſt concerned in this ſcene, ſaw the moſt. He did indeed ſuſpect the very fact; for beſides obſerving the great alteration in the behaviour of the uncle, the diſtance he aſſumed, and his overſtrained civility to Miſs Nancy; the carrying off a bridegroom from his bride at that time of night, was ſo extraordinary a proceeding, that it could be accounted for, only by imagining that young Nightingale had revealed the whole truth, which the apparent openneſs of his temper, and his being fluſtered with liquor, made too probable.

While he was reaſoning with himſelf, whether he ſhould acquaint theſe poor people with his ſuſpicion, the maid of the houſe informed him, that a gentlewoman deſired to ſpeak to him.——— He went immediately out, and taking the candle from the maid, uſhered his viſitant up ſtairs, who in the perſon of Mrs. Honour, acquainted him with ſuch dreadful news concerning his Sophia, that he immediately loſt all conſideration for every other perſon; and his whole ſtock of compaſſion was entirely ſwallowed up in reflections on his own miſery, and on that of his unfortunate angel.

What this dreadful matter was, the reader will be informed, after we have firſt related the many preceding ſteps which produced it, and thoſe will be the ſubject of the following book.

End of the EIGHTH VOLUME.